



REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 06

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**Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince
Charming**

(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)

by

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Synopsis

Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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Chapter 501: The Harvard Pig

I better go to sleep. I'm a mass destruction weapon for animals. No wonder those two attacked me.

Qin Guan finished his work and got on a travelling bus with Cong Nianwei under the anxious gazes of their tutors.

It was better to call their trip an adventure rather than an academic exchange. Talented students from different universities would get to know each other during the trip.

The relationship between schoolmates was better than an ordinary friendship. With proper handling, it would help one a lot in the future. Besides, talented students from different industries would communicate with each other easier.

Among all the celebrities from Columbia, it was Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei that attracted the most attention.

"It's Qin Guan!"

"He always skips classes, yet he is still ranked at No. 1!"

"That's his girlfriend, Cong Nianwei!"

"The female Asian Kong Kim who can pull off a whole design project by herself?"

"She is different from the monster in the legend. She's a pretty girl!"

All the straight-A students on the bus were introverts. One could imagine how hard it was for them to recognize someone.

On the back of the bus, led by Rongzhi, the students of the IT Department were staring at Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei like drooling idiots. They admired Cong Nianwei just as much as the boys at Tsinghua University.

A female straight-A student, as pretty as a beauty in a cartoon... The trip would be perfect.

Pink bubbles filled the bus. This was the first time Qin Guan was ignored like that. The tutor began to count everyone like a babysitter, when suddenly somebody started shouting outside.

"Qin Guan, I'm coming!"

"Come on! Let's go all over America!"

Sitting in his seat, Qin Guan recognized the guys without even looking at them. It was Lan Jin and Xu Xiaoxiao. The two bored guys were jealous of their summer camp trip. In order to enjoy a free vacation, they had decided to participate at their own expense.

Columbia was one of the best universities after all. They kept shouting, but the tutor didn't even look at them. He finished counting the students and then shouted to the driver, "Let's go!"

The bus had a lion print on it, which was the symbol of Columbia University. The vehicle roared as it headed to their first destination. Qin Guan noticed the car tailing after the bus. It was a large hummer with two girls and two boys inside. Xu must have called them.

Before he could discuss it with Cong Nianwei, the tutor began talking.

"Our first stop will be Massachusetts. Do you understand?"

Understand what? As a foreigner, Qin Guan tried his best to recall the history of the state. Didn't American colonists slaughter nearly all the Indians? Doesn't Massachusetts have the finest spinning and weaving industry in America?

Rongzhi craned his neck over, reminding them, "It's an education-oriented state. Even its elementary school education is No. 1."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were enlightened. It sounded just like the Shandong, Hubei and Jiansu provinces in China. There was great pressure there.

The tutor continued his speech.

"Our first stop is Harvard and the next one is MIT. They are in the same state."

Suddenly, Qin Guan recalled his mischief with Harvard. The league game had been long ago, so he hoped that nobody remembered him.

After three hours, they reached their destination. A Harvard professor with a foxy smile was waiting for them by the entrance.

The two professors hugged each other warmly like old friends. Their greetings sounded strange though.

"Wow! The pig at the entrance always reminds me of the animals bred inside."

"According to an old Chinese saying, pigs can eat tigers. I think lions are the same as tigers."

Qin Guan cast a look at the sculpture by the entrance. It was a pig's head.

"Good news for you. We can teach all students well, even if they are pigs."

"Wow! Do you mean that the world's richest and most intelligent men have been expelled by Harvard?"

The students followed them silently, entering the famous campus.

Xu Xiaoxiao and Lan Jin looked around them and asked Vivian and Liu Tianxia shyly, "Shall we do it?"

"It's a disgrace. Besides, this is not Columbia."

Vivian cast a supercilious look at him. "That's why I want to do it. Otherwise, I wouldn't have made such a long trip. I'm busy during vacation."

Chapter 502: Troublemaker

"Are you loyal friends of Qin Guan? Leave this to me!"

Vivian and Liu Tianxia spread the flag and banner, which had the phrases "Qin Guan's Fan Club Arrives at Harvard" and "Fans of Qin Guan, what are you waiting for?" printed on them. On the back were large photos of Qin Guan. In two minutes, they had attracted all the students' attention.

"Is that a sports champion?"

"Impossible. Maybe it's about some party? Oh no, they are fans of some star!"

"Is a star coming here?"

"Why would a star come here?"

The professors turned around to locate the source of the noise.

"Isn't he handsome?"

The Harvard professor didn't say anything. He just turned around, murmuring, "I'm gonna crush you with my IQ..." Before they could reach the building, the square was filled with fans.

Some young men playing football on the lawn saw the flags from afar.

"What's that? The guy on the banner looks familiar."

"It's Qin Guan... Those are his fans... He's from Columbia..."

"F*ck! I know him. Do you remember the mischief during the game with Columbia?"

"The "Harvard sucks" sign?"

"Exactly! The guy on the photo is one of the culprits. I'd remember him even if he was burned into ashes!"

His friends felt the same bitter hatred for their enemy. "What shall I do? Should I beat him?"

The leader watched the group of Columbia students and the fans gathering under the banner, shaking his head.

"We should beat him with our strategy, not by force. Harvard students are no bullies."

"It seems that they are here for the academic exchange. When we get to the canteen, we can..."

...

The atmosphere during the academic discussion was hot. Qin Guan, who acted like the college mascot, nearly fell asleep during the meeting. Shocked by his looks, Harvard had sent a team of boys to the meeting, so that Qin Guan wouldn't distract everyone. The two groups were equal, which made the Columbia professor quite resentful.

After the meeting, they went to the public canteen. Half of it was occupied by Qin Guan's fans. When they entered the room, they were welcomed by loud cheers.

"Qin Guan, welcome to Harvard! We love you!"

The excited girls, led by Vivian, greeted their idol. They were holding food, flowers and gifts in their hands.

The college mascot, who had nearly fallen asleep and drooled during the meeting, attracted everyone's attention.

Once again, looks were exceeding one's IQ. The straight-A students had teared up.

"Excuse me!" Some strong men squeezed through the crowd. "Are you Qin Guan? Welcome to Harvard. We are your loyal fans."

Silence prevailed in the canteen. In a few seconds, people started whispering to each other.

"Why is the sports club here?"

"No idea! They must be training for the competition."

Qin Guan was confused. When did so many strong guys become my fans? He looked at them, finally understanding. His perfect memory helped him recognize the guys who had chased after him after the game.

They are here for me! What should I do?

Qin Guan's brain was functioning at high speed. Maybe going on the offense will be better. There's a key for each lock after all.

Qin Guan smoothed down his hair and smiled, which Sister Xue strictly forbade him.

His eyes were clear and sincere. His face was pure and warm. He looked like the bright moon.

Everyone was shocked when he took the hands of the sports club leader.

"Thank you so much for being my loyal fan."

Cong Nianwei was the only one who had understood that her boyfriend was in trouble.

The leader flushed. "Why... Why are you holding my hands?"

As the girls around them screamed, Qin Guan said, "I'm paying back the favor. Shaking hands is a natural form of expression."

"Qin Guan! I support you!"

"Qin Guan! Shake hands with me!"

The crazy girls cast fierce looks at the strong men. How dare you compete with us! This is disgusting!

The sports club leader had lost, but there were still some guys that were immune to Qin Guan's charm. A cunning-looking guy stepped forward.

Chapter 503: Competition

"Qin Guan, you are a talented Columbia student. Welcome to Harvard and the academic exchange program. Of course, during the exchange, we should combine hard effort with fun. Shall we have a sports activity to relax after a hard-working day? Do you guys want to admire Qin Guan's abilities on the court?"

The guy was very charismatic. Both the Harvard students and some Columbia students looked excited over his suggestion.

"Of course!"

"Qin Guan, I support you!"

I'm doomed. Qin Guan looked around, only to see a group of thin short guys, stocky Xu Xiaoxiao and smart Lan Jin.

Putting on a warm smile, he raised a question.

"Columbia students are no professional athletes. Won't the competition be unfair for us?"

The guy winked at him. "It's no big deal. We just want to compete against you. Am I right, my friends?"

"Besides, you can choose any sport you like. We have all kinds of equipment and facilities here."

"Yes, Qin Guan! Anything you like! We support you!"

Qin Guan was enlightened.

"Anything I like?"

"Sure!"

"Okay, I choose ping pong."

The strong men froze at once, while the Chinese students burst into laughter.

"Chinese ping pong players are the best ping pong players..."

"Who can play ping pong? I don't even know the rules!"

After a short discussion, they rejected his proposal. "No can do. No one could beat you at that. Plus, we prefer outdoor sports! Everyone enjoys those!"

It seemed like they wouldn't give up until Qin Guan made a fool of himself. Okay. There's a key for each lock. Who cares!

Qin Guan nodded at them. Then the crowd followed him and the athletes to the court.

The students hanging out there were shocked by the big crowd. When they were informed about the situation though, they volunteered to help.

Actually, they were interested in the competition. The only Columbia athlete did not seem like a very good player. With such a good chance of beating their opponent, anyone would be happy to participate.

Qin Guan went to the locker room with his sportswear. As he changed, he analysed the advantages of both sides.

The power-oriented sports, which included shot put, discus, javelin and hammer throw, could be dealt with.

Dash races were a lost cause though. There were several black men on the other side.

There were only a few choices left: the high jump, the long jump and the pole vault.

Qin Guan went out of the locker room and told Cong Nianwei his idea. Cong Nianwei burst into laughter.

"Do you believe in me?"

"Sure! You are my girlfriend!"

"Long jump. Trust me!"

"Why?"

"Idiot! Your fans don't care about the result of the competition. They are just intrigued by your glamor. If you run and crawl back like a dog, they will leave without looking back. Don't pay attention to the others. Just try to look as handsome as possible. Understand?"

Qin Guan raised an eyebrow. It's that simple?

He had unconsciously gotten used to victory. I'll just try my best.

He hugged her around the shoulders and handed her his clothes. "Watch me and cheer for me!" Then he strode out. Before leaving, he waved back at her.

Holding his clothes in her arms, Cong Nianwei smiled. "Idiot! You don't need to show off with me!"

It was a hot summer afternoon. The temperature rose even more. Qin Guan was wearing a black tank and a pair of shorts that complimented his perfect figure.

His muscles looked smooth and graceful. He looked like the favorite of the gods, like a pearl shining among plain rocks.

Screams rose from the crowd. Qin Guan turned around and waved at his fans, which made the screams get louder.

"Bro, we outsmarted ourselves."

"If we beat him, they will vent their anger on us!"

The sports club leader was biting on his nails fretfully. "Who cares? It's not our fault if he's inferior to us!"

"Let's beat him! Give him a lesson! We'll reveal his true colors to his fans."

Making a decision, they walked over to Qin Guan. "Which sport do you choose?"

The handsome guy nodded at them. "The triple jump."

Chapter 504: National Athletes

"Okay." They all relaxed. Watt was good at the triple jump. They would win that competition.

They walked to the court, smiling kindly at each other. The onlookers sat quietly in their seats.

"Hello, I'm Watt. Who will go first?"

"I'm Qin Guan. This is your home court. After you!"

Watt was a slender man of about 1.90 meters. The tight muscles on his body indicated his speciality.

He was happy about Qin Guan's suggestion. He was excited to crush such a handsome guy with his outstanding power.

The referee blew his whistle and the thin man began to run from afar. His high speed produced a breeze as he passed by Qin Guan.

One!

Two!

Three!

Watt took a leap and landed into the sand pit. The linesman held up the white flag, indicating that there had been no foul.

"16.01 meters."

The audience took a deep breath. That distance meant nothing to outsiders. In order to get an idea about the score, Rongzhi searched online. He found the rules and regulations of the triple jump, as well as the statistics for Chinese athletes.

Sixteen meters was the standard of a national-level athlete. Twelve meters was the standard for third-class level athletes in China, and 15.25 meters was first-class athlete level. In other words, 16 meters was the standard for top Chinese sportsmen.

Qin Guan was no athlete though. In fact, he had never done this

before!

By that time, Qin Guan was already on the starting line, raising his eyebrows with a smile. For him, this did not seem like a competition, but a walk in his yard.

Suddenly, he moved.

His arms started swaying as he sped up, his heart beating faster and faster. His long legs were the symbol of strength and beauty...

"Qin Guan, I love you!"

"Cheers, Qin Guan!"

He jumped high into the sky like a dancing butterfly. Then he landed and bounced up again like smooth running water. His shoes stomped just behind the line, barely a few centimeters away.

Then he took his final leap. Looking natural and relaxed, he returned to the embrace of the breeze and landed on the sand with a smile.

Bang! There was another footprint in the sand pit.

"14.85 meters..." That was Qin Guan's final score.

"What a pity! Watt is better."

"Are you kidding? You can't compare an athlete to a star. All things considered, his score is pretty good."

"Of course! My boyfriend can't even reach the pit."

What a useless boyfriend...

Qin Guan's friends were stunned. Is this his first time doing this? He could be a national second-level athlete, not far behind first-class athletes. Is he even human?

The Harvard athletes were also stupefied. Only professionals could understand.

Qin Guan was feeling wonderful. He had just copied Watt's movements and spotted his shortcomings.

He could imitate Watt, but because of their different physical condition, the same movement couldn't result in the same outcome.

Watt was taller than him and he had been training for many years. Thanks to his height, arm length, wind, acceleration and aerodynamics, their scores were inevitably different.

As long as Qin Guan copied him, that difference would remain the same. If he could analyse all the factors involved and choose the most suitable method though, he might make a surprising breakthrough.

Qin Guan was lost in thought, trying out different methods in his mind. He tried to control his muscles and posture in strange ways.

Watt finished his second try. 16.28 meters!

"Next!" Before Qin Guan could try out more ways, the referee called him. He decided to test his new theory.

He just moved with the wind. The speed of the wind was just right. Left leg... Right leg... That's too far... Damn it!

The audience sighed. Qin Guan had failed in his second jump. He was sitting down on the sand.

"The score is... One meter!"

"Ha ha!" His opponents laughed at him. Slender legs, huh? You just fell into the sand without bouncing up. We thought you were good at jumping, but that first jump must have been just a coincidence!

Chapter 505: The Crazy List

Extreme joy begot sorrow. Qin Guan performed at once. He was in very low spirits now. He hung his head down, his short hair hiding the sorrow in his eyes.

He passed by them on purpose. As they sneered at him, he started crying. He just moved his lips, showing no response at their malevolence as he walked past them sadly.

This irrigated his fans, who had been disappointed at first. An idol couldn't be good at everything though. Qin Guan was good at studying and acting. They couldn't ask any more of him.

As they watched his lonely figure, they got angry. F*ck! How dare you bully our idol! This is nothing but a mistake. He's already made a good jump!

Qin Guan's opponents had no idea about the misfortunes that would befall them in the future. No girl would go near them during the rest of their time at Harvard.

They were currently watching the third try of the handsome boy, who seemed to be crying. Ha ha! You'll land outside the pit!

As Qin Guan began running from the starting line though, they sensed his fierce confidence. The glowing man looked like he was flying in the sky, the golden sunshine shining on his back like angel wings.

Farther... Farther...

Qin Guan landed in the pit again. The referee ran over to measure the distance.

"16.79 meters! No foul!"

Deafening cheers burst out as girls from both Harvard and Columbia hugged each other excitedly. The boys around them enjoyed the feeling of the girls in their arms.

They were really grateful for Qin Guan. You eat the meat, bro. Just leave the soup to me.

Rongzi, Xu Xiaoxiao and Lan Jin cheered loudly. Then, as if they'd suddenly remembered something, they began to beat their chests and stomp their feet.

Qin Guan was only one centimeter away from reaching the standards of an international athlete!

Vivian was pressing the shutter like crazy. She would share the wonderful moment with her friends at OMG.

Qin Guan's opponents were stunned.

"Sorry for the mischief back at Columbia, but I don't want to lose."

Qin Guan walked over to them with a sincere smile, stretching his hand out.

Some people were born with a surprising charm. The closer he got, the more anxious they became.

"We accept your apology. The Columbia football team really sucks though!"

"Ha ha! Agreed!"

The sweat on Qin Guan's forehead was sparkling under the sunshine. His smile was like a blooming flower.

The bus left, leaving behind legends about Qin Guan. He had more loyal fans now than he had before.

That evening, when everyone had fallen asleep at MIT, Vivian posted a vivid article on OMG.

"This is a travel blog about our idol. If you are interested, please follow me to observe Qin Guan's daily life."

"It's the first day of the trip. We are at MIT now. During the daytime, we visited Harvard, where some interesting things

happened. I hope you'll enjoy reading about them."

When the users clicked on the post, they saw countless pictures of Qin Guan. There were pictures of Qin Guan's back, of him and Cong Nianwei on the bus, of Qin Guan's bored expression during the meeting, of his wonderful leap in the competition...

The girls loved them. The most excited ones were already on their way to Qin Guan's location. The list of Qin Guan's new fans at Harvard grew.

There were more than 30 pretty signatures, plus some ugly ones signed by men. They all made the girls both excited and sad.

Some excited girls realized their locations were on Qin Guan's route.

"His next destination will be Connecticut! I'll go to Yale and wait for him!"

"Why is California his last stop?" It was because California was the farthest away from New York.

Those living far away from his route went crazy.

"What's the governor of Texas doing every day? Riding horses? Cowboys are stupid!"

"New Mexico is always ignored."

"My university is also famous. Why is Qin Guan skipping it?"

"Which university are you studying at? Tell us!"

"The William Paterson University in New Jersey."

"Ha ha..." A university that was not on the list...

Chapter 506: Traps

The online discussion about Qin Guan was getting more and more heated. Girls were rare at MIT though, so the students were not influenced.

Harvard was MIT's arch enemy. The hostility between Harvard and Yale was a kind appreciation towards each other, but Harvard was practically bullying MIT.

The two world-renowned universities were located in the same small city. As the latecomer, MIT had to bear Harvard's behavior passively. MIT was near Charles River. In order to reach Boston, its students had to cross a bridge. Because of Harvard's influence, the bridge had been named the Harvard Bridge. MIT had tried its best to change that annoying name, but to no avail.

Some Harvard students were planning on following the group of Columbia students to MIT, with the aim of bullying the students there again. They wanted to watch the world burn.

At an MIT dorm, some boys were typing on their laptops. Suddenly, one of them told his friends, "Hey, come and see! There is a celebrity coming to our college."

Science and engineering geeks hated people like Qin Guan, who were cunning, rich, and good at flirting with girls.

"Wow! It's a pity that we barely have any girls at our college. Shall we plan something for him?"

"What do you think?"

"Sure!"

"I know where those money-oriented guys from Columbia are staying. Shall we go?"

"Yes!"

After making careful arrangements, the boys fell asleep with

smiles on their faces.

The next morning, they hid around the corner of the hallway, staring at the dormitory where Qin Guan was staying. It was time for harvest.

The door opened and the celebrity came out.

It was a pretty girl with long black hair and fair skin. Her face looked like a flower blooming in the morning sunshine.

A goddess!

The slender girl was full of energy. She looked like the first snow on a summit.

"Bloody hell! A girl!"

"A goddess!"

"We made a mistake!"

They suddenly realized they had made a terrible mistake. Before they could figure out a solution, they rushed over to the girl.

I'm the hero who will save the girl! Suddenly, friends became enemies. "Hey, beautiful! Stop!"

Cong Nianwei was shocked. Wow! Her eyes are so beautiful!

Smiling and drooling like silly, they dashed into different directions without hesitation.

Bang! A hand was caught in a rat trap.

"Ouch!" a boy cried out. When he saw Cong Nianwei's long curled eyelashes, he tried to calm down. "It doesn't hurt! It's just like getting attacked by an oyster."

This f*cking hurts!

Suddenly, something flew over. Before Cong Nianwei could react, a head blocked her way. The thin boy had been hit by a large eraser.

Despite the white powder all over him, the boy was mesmerized by Cong Nianwei's smile.

Life is so beautiful!

Before Cong Nianwei's smile could fade away, the final trap was triggered.

Crack... Bang... Ouch!

Cong Nianwei stepped aside instinctively to avoid the final attack.

A small bucket of dirty water fell down, landing on the head of a third boy. There were still some dirty cloths in it. With that strange hat on his head, the boy looked like a clown that had escaped from the circus.

Lying down on the floor, the three boys tried their best to fight against the traps. Cong Nianwei couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Her smile shocked them. They just sat there, lost in their romantic fantasies.

Chapter 507: Mischief

"What's the matter, Cong Nianwei? Why are you up so early?" Wearing only a pair of shorts, Qin Guan came out of his room, rubbing his eyes. "There's so much noise! Is something going on?"

The guys were shocked by his presence. They hadn't gone to the wrong dormitory after all. The two of them were staying together.

"Give me a good morning kiss..."

Qin Guan kissed Cong Nianwei on the forehead before glancing at the people outside the door.

"What happened? Who are they?"

"No idea. As soon as I opened the door, they rushed over. Then... Look..."

Qin Guan bent down to check the trap and picked the dirty cloth up before letting it go disdainfully.

Then he pulled Cong Nianwei into the room.

"It's just freshmen mischief. What shall we have for breakfast?"

Qin Guan closed the door, breaking the hearts of the three guys. Why do pretty flowers always belong to somebody else? Why do pigs always get the cabbages? We won't give up. No matter the goalkeeper, a good player can always score.

Exchanging meaningful glances with each other, they decided that Qin Guan was their No.1 enemy. They followed Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei to the canteen.

"Is there something wrong with my eyes? Is that guy..."

"You are right. I can see him!"

Everyone in the canteen was attracted by the boy who had entered the room.

He was wearing a white T-shirt with a large mysterious character

printed on it. His black hair looked golden under the sunshine. He looked warm and beautiful as he walked into the canteen surrounded by a group of people. His smile made everyone feel warm.

"Is he her f*cking boyfriend? He's quite different from the guy we just saw."

"He had just gotten out of bed."

"Will our plan work? We are obviously no competition for him."

"Don't worry, just ask the people around him. Everyone has their shortcomings."

However, they didn't get a general idea about Qin Guan's background until the visitors from Columbia entered the meeting room. Suddenly, they saw a group of people walking on campus in a formidable array.

"What the f*ck! Are they from Harvard?"

"Yes! Ring the alarm!"

"They are meeting the guys from Columbia!"

After spending a happy day together, the Harvard students had been reluctant to say goodbye to the Columbia students, so they had followed them to MIT.

Of course, they could also take advantage of this chance to bully MIT in the process. They were fond of bullying those bookworms during sports events.

Harvard also wanted to host the guests from Columbia.

"What are they going to do?"

"Those shameless guys! They are playing football on our lawn!"

"Those bullies!"

"Even Columbia, who has the worst team in the Ivy League, is better than us!"

As masters of mischief though, they thought of a plan fast.

"Call more people... Here, like this..."

"Fetch that thing we made last time..."

"Wow! That's so naughty... I like it!"

They all got to work while Harvard and Columbia played football.

"Hey, Watt. Is the audience increasing?"

"They might be attracted by our charm!"

Watt showed off his muscles, facing the spectator stands. As the audience screamed, he threw the ball out of the court.

"Here you go!"

A boy from MIT picked the ball up and handed it back to Watt in admiration.

"Thanks. I'll give you an autograph later." Watt took the ball and walked back to the center of the court happily.

"Qin Guan, be careful!"

He threw the ball at full force. Suddenly, the ball exploded in the air.

As the wind dispersed the smoke, everyone saw Watt standing there, ashes covering his face. His hair looked smoky. The remains of the ball were lying by his feet. Suddenly, a small balloon rose from the broken ball, with a colorful banner that said "Long Live MIT!"

"Ha ha! Wonderful! Take pictures!"

Chapter 508: Bikinis and Kapoks

All the onlookers from MIT took out their phones to record the wonderful moment.

"That explains why MIT was friendly with Harvard..."

As the sun set, the gloomy Harvard students and Cong Nianwei left. There was another heated discussion waiting for Qin Guan at the next stop.

"MIT pranks are the best! Qin Guan got scared. It was so cute!"

Even the local Boston media published the story about the three universities, and so did Connecticut, which was even closer to New York.

Thanks to the news spreading online, there were girls waiting for Qin Guan's bus on the way, holding flowers and applauding warmly, offering their spontaneous support in exchange for an autograph.

The number of posts about Qin Guan on OMG were increasing, spreading around campuses like a rolling snowball.

The route of the bus was calculated by the netizens. They crossed many states and counties from the East Coast, heading to their last destination in California. The students away from their route followed their bus in their cars.

Some were waiting for them by the road to greet them and show their support. The bus kept moving, leaving the girls and their admiration behind.

As they visited the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton University and Duke University, there were more and more cars tailing them. Blonde girls waved flags under the blue sky as they drove at high speed. This was the first trip joined by so many beauties from top universities.

In Chicago, Illinois, a group of bikers was driving at full speed on the highway, followed by police cruisers. The capable policemen had been waiting for them by the road for three days.

"Please slow down at once. Pull to the curb and wait to be checked..."

"Ha ha! Those idiots!"

The motorbikes began a game of chasing, when the bikers suddenly saw something strange up ahead.

Happy country music and laughter could be heard from a distance. Girls with black, brown, red and blonde hair were standing by the roundabout, waving flags and dancing to the music. It looked like a parade.

The bikers slowed down, trying to figure out what was happening.

"F*ck! That's the daughter of the head of a Chicago gang!"

"Where is she?"

"Look! The blonde girl. She is Old Sam's daughter. It's said that she is studying at Chicago University."

He was right. The Columbia group had just left Chicago University. There were about 100 bored people following them. Their number increased as they passed by states and counties, attracting the drivers' attention on the way.

"Damn it! There is a truck up front!"

The policemen were drawing near. The bikers had lost the game at the most familiar section of the road.

The trucks had been attracted by Qin Guan's team. To the drivers, those beautiful girls were the most wonderful view on their long journey, better even than the view along the road.

By the time the smoke dispersed, the bikers were crying in the police cruisers.

Qin Guan enjoyed the sea breeze, the beach and the delicious food. After a long journey across both the East and the West coast, they finally reached their destination in California.

They visited the California Institute of Technology and Stanford University. Qin Guan was already familiar with the holy land of film production that was Los Angeles.

Sea breeze. Beach. Beautiful women. Deck chairs. Bikinis. Perfect barbecue!

His friends and fans were holding a party on the beach. Qin Guan was the center of the attention.

Beautiful girls were wearing the same blue bikini and fake tattoo on their backs, lying on deck chairs under the umbrellas. The tattooed letters on their tan skin expressed their feelings.

I love you, Qin Guan.

Vivian took a picture of them. When Qin Guan appeared on the beach, the girls jumped up from their chairs screaming. They pinned large, red kapok flowers on their hair and gathered around Qin Guan. They left fast, leaving the flowers on Qin Guan's head. Qu Xuemei was looking at him with a strange expression in her eyes.

"Well done! Your girlfriend is studying, while you are enjoying the sunshine and the beautiful girls here. I envy your life!"

Qin Guan scratched his head proudly. Then he pulled a long face in reaction to Qu's words.

Chapter 509: The Luxury Car Advertisement

"Okay, your trip will end here. You had a really long vacation. Back to work now!"

"You have three jobs in Los Angeles. One is a film called 'Mean Girls', the second is an MTV show a singer has invited you to personally, and the last one is an advertisement. Cheers, young man! This night will be your last chance to relax!"

Qin Guan wanted to die. The blue sky and green water did not seem as beautiful anymore. "Sister, I am not your slave. Time is swift. I want to enjoy myself!"

"The advertisement is for a Cadillac SUV. It will go global, actually. The salary is three million dollars..."

"Just tell me when and where. Time is swift. I want to work to death!"

Qin Guan changed his attitude at once. Meanwhile, Vivian experienced the first success of her career.

"Hello, I'm the editor of 'Humans & Geography'. I'm interested in your posts on OMG. Can we talk privately?"

Thanks to Qin Guan, a real-time broadcasting program on the fun life of celebrities was about to start. It was a delightful change brought about by the Asian boy.

The next day, Qin Guan left the group to go to work. His loyal fans watched him go reluctantly. Following the advertisement shooting team, Qin Guan stepped on a steep hill path on the West Coast.

The sea was on his left, and rocks were on his right. The cliff was above him, while perilous peaks and pines were below him.

On that sparsely populated but extremely beautiful site, Cadillac

would shoot an advertisement for its latest SUV.

Taking into account the demands of Chinese customers, whose purchasing power had been rising lately, the design was taller and more magnificent.

There were luxurious leather seats and a large inner space inside, which would surely win over Chinese high-end customers.

To satisfy their desire to show off, the logo on the headstock was much larger than that on other models. One could see it even from 10 meters away.

Qin Guan was the first Chinese man to drive the car. He stood on the cliff, waving at Cong Nianwei and Qu below him, who looked as small as dots.

The place where they stood was his destination. His job was simple. What he had to do was drive the car around the turns and take a handsome pose on the deserted beach.

He fastened his seat belt in great spirits.

The cameraman installed a small camera right before him and sat in the passenger seat, carrying another manual camera.

Crew members on and under the cliff were waving flags at each other. Everything was ready. An employee knocked on the window and waved a flag down, indicating that the shooting could begin.

Qin Guan turned on the music and smiled at the cameraman before starting the car.

"A good car and good music make for an enjoyable trip..."

The cameraman recorded his smile carefully with his camera. Qin Guan's performance had begun early.

It was the famous Fate Symphony. The camera was rolling, recording everything.

First, his hand. There was only a hand with slender fingers visible on the frame. Then an iron wrist watch the same color as

the car, expressing the taste of the owner.

Another camera in the backseat was capturing the elegant back view. The tidy grey shirt of the driver showed his unique charm.

The camera moved to capture his eyes. Most of the driver's face was in the dark. Only his sparkling eyes and long eyelashes were visible. The shape of his eyes was beautiful. His pupils were black, the light reflected on the window looking like stars in deep ponds.

The camera shifted again. The beautiful hand covered the controller as the driver stamped on the accelerator. The beautiful car and the handsome man finally broke away from all constraints. They looked like they had wings!

The cameraman and director was holding on to the handle. His tongue was tied both from admiration for the handsome guy and fear.

Qin Guan smiled. Unlike his small Ford, driving a luxury car was amazing. That explained why men always wanted luxury cars.

Qin Guan was driving fast. He felt unparalleled well. This reminded him of the crew on the other side of the ocean, the steep mountain paths, and the road he had driven through.

There was also a scared man sitting on the passenger seat there, and the driver had the same delighted smile on his face.

Chapter 510: Troublesome Female Stars

Qin Guan smiled at the lens, looking free and splendid. Amid the sound of the Fate Symphony, he turned the steering wheel in a restrained way.

It was just the first turn, but the people in the car seemed to be flying up in the sky. Qin Guan moved his shoulders slightly, his arms stretching and relaxing.

The cameraman dared not cry out, but he was weeping silently. Qin Guan opened his mouth wider and wider, until he was laughing happily.

He sped up on the rugged road. Not long afterwards, the road started gradually becoming even. Qin Guan's view was broader now, indicating that they had left behind the most dangerous part of the road.

The beach was flat, the setting sun drooping over it. Its orange light brought the sea and the sky together as the waves sparkled.

Qin Guan stomped on the brakes and turned the steering wheel to take a last leap. After a beautiful turn, the silver car used the force of friction to stop on the beach. Qin Guan looked out front and took a perfect pose.

As soon as the car stopped, the cameraman unfastened his seatbelt and got out. After taking a few steps, he threw up, shocking the crew.

"What about you? Are you okay?"

Qin Guan shut the door and ran up to the gentle young man, feeling a little guilty.

"I'm fine. Let's check the playback. Quick!"

The director waved at his crew. Before leaving, he patted Qin Guan on the back. "Good job!"

He walked dizzily back to the car, praying silently. Please! The shooting must go on! Please! I'll never drive with that angelic-looking monster again!

Everyone gathered to watch the playback on a laptop. The exterior of the car looked perfect. Even the tire tracks on the road were clear. The interior of the car looked just as good. The texture of the leather seats made it look like an oil painting.

The lips, eyes, beautiful wrist watch, elegant movements and splendid smile of the model were perfect, and so was his last pose. Every shot was like a picture telling the story of a talented young man.

"Perfect!" Everyone started cheering after watching the film. Few advertisement actors could do this in one shot, let alone give such a wonderful performance.

The director of Cadillac was shaking hands warmly with Qin Guan, who was about to leave. Qin Guan had saved them a lot of money.

Cong Nianwei was waiting for him under the sunset, wearing a big straw hat. Qu cast a supercilious look at Qin Guan behind her sunglasses. After working hard, Qin Guan needed some food to reward himself.

Qu became the shameless third wheel, grinding her teeth as she followed the lovers. Looking at the map, they found their next destination: HOUSTON.

HOUSTON was a chain restaurant famous for its various American dishes. Its delicious food made it popular among the locals in California.

A waiter led them to their reserved seats. The open kitchen was just across from them. There were no partitions, so every customer could see the chefs at work.

They seated themselves and realized none of the patrons were

focused on their food. None, but a blonde lady at a table on the left side of the restaurant. She had thick lips and a straight nose. Her mysterious deep blue eyes were her most charming feature.

As insiders of the fashion circle, Qin Guan and Qu recognized the girl at once. It was Paris Whitney Hilton, one of the heirs of the Hilton family. She was a frequent guest at Hollywood fashion events, but she was more famous for her romantic affairs than her work.

Well-behaved actors considered her a troublemaker.

Qin Guan shot a look at the window and saw some reporters outside, taking pictures of the controversial star and trying to guess why she was in the restaurant.

"Look at all those reporters, Qin Guan! Will there be any trouble?"

"Don't worry. They will behave. They won't dare enter the restaurant."

"That's not what I meant. If they saw you, wouldn't they fabricate more stories?"

Qin Guan paused before smiling again. "Impossible! They have no time to look at me. Paris Hilton is over there!"

The waiter served them their steaks.

There was a whole rare ribeye on each plate. Juices were dripping out, mixed with a little blood. The meat was so tender, it melted in their mouths. The salty mashed potato and parsley dressing increased their appetite even more.

There was also a unique sauce and pepper powder produced by the restaurant.

The feast was a big surprise for everyone. The prices were also reasonable, which was why the place was so popular. The average was about 40 dollars each.

Chapter 511: Three Women

The three of them began eating their food without paying attention to their surroundings. Soon, Hilton's friends arrived.

As Qin Guan had expected, the famous girl had not gone there alone. Paris Hilton's friends were really famous, which made the pack of reporters get excited. They lifted their cameras and started pressing the shutters like crazy.

Hilton had been waiting for Madonna and Britney Spears, the most popular female singers in America. Either of them could make the headlines of any newspaper by herself, let alone if they appeared in the same picture.

By the time Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked up from their plates, the situation was even stranger.

At Hilton's orders, there were some Spidermen hanging by the windows, blocking the light coming off the street lamps. The three ladies greeted and kissed each other.

Qu swallowed her golden chips, murmuring, "Those three here... What a coincidence!"

"Coincidence?"

"They are the two singers of the music video. They contacted me to invite you to shoot it with them. They are releasing an album together."

"Really?" Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were stunned, when suddenly Britney turned her head around.

"Hey, isn't that the handsome guy we invited to our music video?"

The other two turned around as well. Hilton was shocked at first glance.

"Who is he? What music video?"

"Our company will release a joint music video. Madonna found him while reading some magazines. We picked him to be the protagonist of our video. He must be an Asian model. That's all I know."

As the other two stopped talking, Madonna warned them, "Don't look down on him. There's gossip about him everywhere online. He is a Columbia student. Even his vacation trips attract reporters. He is really popular now."

Paris Hilton's eyes were shining brighter and brighter. I like popular guys. I'm the Gossip Queen after all!

"Shall we say hello to him?"

"Wow! You like him?"

Hilton nodded without hesitation. She looked like she had discovered her favorite kind of jewellery at an auction. He's mine!

"Let's go!" Britney was not the sweetheart her agency made her out to be. She wanted to watch the whole world burn. She was as much of a rebel as Paris Hilton.

Before Madonna could say anything, they stood up. Madonna couldn't help but sigh, shaking her golden-blond curly hair.

The two princesses were really bold. Judging by their status and popularity, they could just wave at Qin Guan and the Asian model would walk up to them seductively. Actually, they didn't even need to approach the model personally. For the sake of their dignity, Madonna decided to follow the girls.

In the eyes of the reporters, they were just greeting some friends, not looking for a boyfriend.

"Hi, Qin Guan. Can we sit here?"

"How are you, dear?"

Not good. I nearly choked. Qin Guan had an ominous premonition as he saw the looks the three ladies were shooting at

him. When they had stood up and come over, he'd almost choked on his tuna salad from the shock.

"Cough, cough..."

Qu stood up in time. "Hello, I have met Linda from your agency. I am Qin Guan's agent." She had to protect Qin Guan from any gossip in this occasion. The Spidermen nearly crashed the windows in their effort to take pictures.

This was breaking news. The three ladies had approached a mysterious young man together, greeting him warmly and urgently! This was headline material!

It was a pity that Qu's Tai Ji didn't work. Hilton, who was a cunning girl, sat down in Qu's vacant seat, right next to Qin Guan.

"Hey, I'm Paris. Are you alone here? I have never seen you before."

Her large innocent eyes sent him seductive messages. Cong Nianwei was invisible to her. Britney was a little annoyed. She liked bad boys herself, so Qin Guan was not her cup of tea.

His raised eyes looked straight at her heart though. A good boy can also be a bad boy.

Madonna was the calmest one among them. Smiling, she sat down across from Qin Guan, stretching out her hand. "I'm Madonna. Do you know me? We'll be working together tomorrow."

She was a real superstar. Even though Britney had won a Grammy, she was still a little girl.

"It's nice to meet you, Qin Guan. I'm looking forward to working with you."

The two of them shook hands. The reporters outside were disappointed by the blurry photos.

Cong Nianwei noticed that Qu looked terrible. Her outstretched

hand was ignored, left hovering in the air. Cong Nianwei, who knew the capable woman well, looked at Hilton with a sympathetic expression.

Chapter 512: A Mighty Girlfriend

She was feeling sympathy for Qu, when suddenly a full bottom squeezed into the gap between her and Qin Guan. Britney smoothed her blonde hair down and sat on Qin Guan's left without hesitation.

"Hey, I'll also be cooperating with you..."

Are you flirting with the man before his girlfriend?

"We are having a hot party tonight. It's perfect for a man like you. Will you honor us with your presence?" Paris Hilton turned his face to hers.

"Oh, Qin Guan, I know nothing about you. Shall we talk and get to know each other better?" Britney turned his face in a different direction.

They were too busy fighting over the attention of the Asian man to notice the smile on the Asian woman's face.

Qu smirked. Cong Nianwei noticed her murderous expression.

Sandwiched between them, Qin Guan felt extremely embarrassed. The two women were staring at his face, their hands caressing his arms.

The reporters went crazy at the scene. "Bloody hell! Shall we raise funds to order a steak?"

They were too poor to enter that restaurant...

Finally, Madonna resolved the dilemma.

"Girls, behave yourselves." She looked at her juniors kindly. "Our actor here is flushed. Wow, you have some sauce on your mouth."

Cong Nianwei watched in surprise as Madonna held Qin Guan's jaw with one hand, picked up a napkin from the table with the other and cleaned the sauce for him.

Qu, Cong Nianwei and the other two girls were stupefied. The reporters outside went mad. What striking news! They tried their best to get closer.

"Stop! Don't push me!"

Horrified, the man in front watched the glass crack, white fissures appearing on it.

"F*ck! Back off! You broke the glass! Help!"

As they screamed, the glass was finally crushed. They all fell into the restaurant, rolling around on the floor. The manager was speechless.

Madonna had no dignity. She had scanned Qin Guan from head to toe boldly right away.

I like a good figure. Madonna actually liked to rob the cradle.

The manager walked over to the reporters angrily as the chef rushed out with a sharp knife. The reporters paid no attention to them though. Countless long and short cameras were taking pictures of Qin Guan and the ladies.

Flashes were twinkling. To everyone's surprise, Paris Hilton took a handsome pose before the cameras, nearly lying on top of Qin Guan's body.

Madonna was sitting there elegantly, with her back to Qin Guan. She acted like nothing had happened.

Cong Nianwei blinked under the lights of the cameras, speaking for the very first time.

"Let my boyfriend go!"

Her voice was not loud, but it was loud enough for Britney and Paris Hilton to hear. The two American girls finally noticed her.

Wow, she is his girlfriend. We thought she was an assistant. She looks average.

Britney pushed out her chest proudly, casting a meaningful look at Cong Nianwei's chest.

It was rude to point out someone else's disadvantage. Cong Nianwei was very irritated by the look.

"Come here, Qin Guan."

Like a tame boyfriend, Qin Guan did as she told him. He rushed over to Cong Nianwei, avoiding a terrible fight.

Without him in the middle, the two girls leaned naturally towards the center. Cong Nianwei threw two empty plates at them, aiming right for their breasts. Your boobs are big enough to hold them, aren't they?

Qin Guan made a grimace at them and smiled at Cong Nianwei. Madonna was in shock. "Are you okay? I'm sorry for my mistake. Didn't you see the two plates coming?"

Cong Nianwei stood up and pointed to her own head. "Big boobs equal small brains. You are lacking in IQ."

"Sorry for our mistake," Qu added cleverly. "Your clothes are stained. Linda told me that your hotel is nearby. You better go change clothes. There are so many reporters here!"

She changed the topic, for fear that the brainless girls would do something terrible. Paris and Britney nearly cried out when they saw the sauce on their breasts. They had no time to appreciate the handsome man as they covered their breasts with the tablecloth.

Chapter 513: The Music Video

Qu looked at Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei. Taking advantage of the riot, they all sneaked away.

"Hey, I wasn't finished! Don't be late tomorrow. What about you two? Can you return to the hotel?"

The three ladies left the restaurant as soon as possible, while Qin Guan, Cong Nianwei and Qu went to their hotel hurriedly.

After taking a shower, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei lay down in bed, their shoulders touching. A soft light was reflected on the quilt.

"Qin Guan."

"Yes?"

"I don't like those three. Neither the older one, nor the younger ones."

"Me neither."

"Can you turn down the job?"

"No problem. Can I ask you a question though? I have cooperated with many actresses before. Why did you dislike them in particular?"

"They laughed at my boobs..."

"Good answer." Qin Guan got up to answer the phone, hiding his smile in the process. My girlfriend is so cute.

Qu was shouting at him from the other end of the line. Qin Guan hung up and returned to bed.

"Qu said we can turn down the job if we are willing to pay the consequences. Plus, we would have two days to ourselves in Los Angeles!"

"How much would you lose?"

"200,000 dollars."

"You have to get up early tomorrow. You can't be late for the shooting. I'll come with you, just to be safe."

He was so lucky to have such a reasonable girlfriend.

The accident the previous day was nothing for them. They were living a simple life, so they had no idea about the influence of those three ladies in America.

Early in the morning, the newsboys were shuttling around the city. Unlike the residents of the bustling city, the people in the suburbs had just opened their eyes.

The Los Angeles Times was the highest-selling newspaper in the city. It always published real-time news about celebrities, but this was the first time it featured a full-page headline.

"Three female stars competing over Best Actor Award Winner."

On the picture under the headline, Madonna was wiping Qin Guan's mouth, while Britney Spears and Paris Hilton were sitting on either side of him. Cong Nianwei, his real girlfriend, was just a blurry figure in the photo. In the other photos, the readers could see the three of them clearly. By then, they had already left the site.

As the king of gossip, "The Sun" had also published a report, although not a very detailed one. The photo of the three women leaving had been highlighted, and the titles went along the lines of "Asian Best Actor Winner abandoning three American girls over his true love. Which is better: a pretty girl or a mature woman?"

The report was full of unreliable speculations.

Sleeping in his hotel, Qin Guan had no idea about the news, which had reached thousands of households and shocked fans all over the country. In several hours, he had become the rumored boyfriend of the three famous stars.

The shooting location had nothing to do with the affair. There were no newspapers, no beach, sea or coconut trees around. It was actually a studio. Unlike the large stages built for hot singers and dancers, the set looked like the office of a gangster.

There was a big brown desk, a large crystal ashtray, some "Godfather" cabinets, and a black leather couch in the room.

The dresser was carefully working on Qin Guan's face. The Asian model was welcomed warmly by the crew. His black hair was perfect for the role. After getting permed, it was sculpted into a vintage hairstyle.

Qu opened Qin Guan's clothing case, shocking the prop master. It was full of Armani Haute Couture. The model had to be very successful.

Qin Guan went out of the fitting room, but the two singers took their time in coming out. Qin Guan presented himself in the most shocking manner.

He arranged the sleeves of his white shirt, whispering to Cong Nianwei in his most gentle voice. He was wearing a vintage British black suit, the straight pants reaching his shoes elegantly.

His short hair had been curled. His eyes were fixed on his girlfriend, full of love and affection. The corner of his mouth was raised in a smile. Qin Guan was in a good mood, despite the fact that it was about 30 degrees in the studio and he was wearing an autumn outfit.

"I like him..." Britney murmured to herself, covering her heart, which had been shot by Cupid's arrows. Madonna was staring at Qin Guan's long legs. The expression in her eyes was very intense.

The prop master moved a screen away to reveal the set.

A music video was much more complicated than an advertisement. It required editing, background music, and many other things. Fortunately, Qin Guan was only an actor. He would

just perform. That was simple enough for him, considering he was a professional actor.

Chapter 514: A Strong Backbone

Qin Guan had underestimated the two unreliable women. During the shooting process, he found it difficult to express his pain.

The music video had no plot. Qin Guan's role mainly involved interacting with Madonna, which made Qin Guan sigh in relief. Madonna was much better than Paris Hilton, who had shown him her boobs just like that.

The director sat down behind the camera as Qin Guan sat in the rotating chair in the center of the studio. An assistant lit a slim white cigarette and handed it to Qin Guan.

The lighting engineer turned off all the lights on the ceiling, leaving only those on the sides. Half of Qin Guan's body was in the dark. The light hit his long legs and the side of his face.

Several beams of light and shadows were formed on his face, highlighting his straight nose. He looked like a dangerous man hiding in the dark. Every cell in his body was shouting in the darkness, but he still remained elegant.

He was a mafia boss at the dawn of his life.

An enthusiastic street girl in a colorful skirt entered his large office. She tried to flirt with the cool mafia boss by using her charm. There was background music playing during the scene.

Madonna was a natural stage queen moving flexibly to the music. Suddenly, Cong Nianwei caught herself liking the hot singer.

She danced enthusiastically around Qin Guan, radiating tenderness and love through her eyes. She looked like a moth darting towards the fire. If she failed, she would die.

Qin Guan touched his chair with one of his feet. He didn't move or say anything, but there were flames dancing in his eyes.

Smoke was rising from his fingers, yet he didn't move. Everyone

could feel that he was obsessed with the girl, including the director and Britney, who was staring at Qin Guan like a drooling idiot.

"Acting in a music video is a waste of his abilities," the director told Britney.

Suddenly, the two actors strayed from the script. Madonna stopped dancing and took the cigarette from Qin Guan's mouth. As she smoked it, the cigarette burned brighter.

"Hey, it's not supposed to go like this. Never mind, it still looks good."

Where are your principles, director?

Qu nearly tore a poster into pieces, but Qin Guan's formal girlfriend was extremely calm. She didn't know this was a temporary performance. Sometimes, ignorance was bliss.

As the shooting went on, there was a riot in Qin Guan's heart. His expression didn't change though.

He pushed the woman in front of him away and stood up fiercely. The vintage silver watch chain swayed over his chest sexily.

Then he was supposed to turn around and stride over to the couch, sit down and appreciate Madonna's dance from that comfortable position. It was a pity that Madonna did not follow the script. What she did next shocked everybody.

Stopping Qin Guan with her hand, she wrapped her legs around his waist. She expected that, because of her weight, Qin Guan would have to sit back down on the chair so she could ride his body.

Qin Guan was no common man though.

Despite the fierce attack of her 50 kilos, he didn't move or sit down.

Madonna looked like a monkey hanging from a tree, trying to climb up the trunk.

Standing still, Qin Guan looked at Madonna with a poker face. They were communicating with their eyes.

Are you tired?

Of course! Sit down!

Never! My girlfriend is here. Don't mess with me...

They looked at each other silently. Nobody tried to stop them. Everyone was too absorbed into the scene.

Qin Guan cast a look at Cong Nianwei. His legs were shaking slightly as the annoying monkey on his body tried to beat him.

I can't rely on the director. I have to use my charm.

He spoke to his girlfriend with his eyes. Come here.

Cong Nianwei looked at him in confusion. Suddenly, Qin Guan nodded at her.

Chapter 515: Famous

The director shut off the camera, smiling to himself. Cong Nianwei got permission from him to enter the set.

She was getting close to Qin Guan and Madonna, when suddenly Qin Guan pressed Madonna's head to his shoulder. The monkey turned into a koala tightly attached to a tree. Before Cong Nianwei could explode, Qin Guan craned his neck towards her and kissed her on the lips.

He was embracing Madonna, but kissing Cong Nianwei. Asian people were really smart.

"Wow!"

Britney pressed a hand against her chest, completely out of breath. What a meaningful scene! It could be titled as "betrayal" or "choice".

The door was shaking in the wind, the light beams going on and off as the young lovers kissed each other sweetly. The woman in the boy's embrace was enjoying the moment.

Wow! His chest felt really sexy. His shoulders were so broad, and his back was so strong...

Madonna wasn't aware that she had become the most miserable heroine of the video. Suddenly, a noise woke everyone up. It was Paris Hilton, one of the three women in love with Qin Guan.

The music video had nothing to do with her. Her best friend Britney had actually refused to tell her about Qin Guan's schedule.

She is afraid of me! Our friendship is really weak...

She was no stranger to Los Angeles though. She had easily discovered the location from someone else.

She had rushed to the studio with some entertainment newspapers in her hand, planning to use them as an excuse.

As soon as she entered the studio though, she came across that exciting scene. I should be the one he kisses!

Angry, she threw the newspapers and her handbag on the floor. The noise broke the silence. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's lips parted reluctantly.

Madonna looked up from Qin Guan's embrace, turning in Hilton's direction in confusion. So did Britney, who was actually crying.

The reporters following Hilton wouldn't let such striking news go. Wow! Everyone involved in the affair is shooting a music video here. Wow! Madonna is hanging from Qin Guan's body. The video was totally worth the wait!

This would sell like crazy.

Some of the keener reporters were lucky enough to take some pictures of the kiss. They were all thinking of countless possibilities in their minds.

Suddenly, Qin Guan told Madonna gently, "Shall we finish this part?"

Please get off my body.

The media's presence made Madonna change her attitude at once. She jumped off of Qin Guan, acting like nothing had happened.

That was an advantage of being fit.

Finally free, Qin Guan took Cong Nianwei's hands and whispered to her, "I'm so tired. This is more difficult than sports. Can you give me a massage?"

Cong Nianwei cast a supercilious look at him as the director waved at everyone. "Ten-minute break!"

What a brave man!

Nobody saw the mini DV in his hand, which had kept working

during the whole process.

The security guards pushed the reporters outside. Hilton and Britney walked over to Qu Xuemei and Qin Guan, who were sitting by the set.

"What's the matter?" Qu looked very annoyed by their presence.

"I just wanted to show you this. Please don't sue us. We are all victims here."

Hilton spread the newspapers. There were countless photos and headlines about Qin Guan.

Words and phrases such as "it is said", "it is speculated", "mystery" and "maybe" filled the pages. Qu and Cong Nianwei read through the reports in surprise. Suddenly, they realized something.

"Qin Guan is famous?"

"Yes, he is famous for his handsome looks. He's the most popular type of man all over America."

If these news had been published in China, Qin Guan would have gotten punished for his bad behavior, which would have naturally reflected on his morality.

In America though, entertainment was different. A man pursued by beauties was popular among film companies. They didn't care about the reason. They just wanted to attract an audience and make money.

Qu was not worried about Qin Guan now though, like the time when Qin Guan and Li Bingbing had been gossiped about. Chinese people were more tolerant when it came to foreign beauties.

Only Qin Guan was annoyed by the news, because this meant that his ordinary life was over. He had become a celebrity now. Wherever he went, people would stare at him. This was terrible!

Chapter 516: An Invitation

Qu was pondering how to take advantage of this to maximize Qin Guan's profits, when suddenly Hilton said, "I'm having a big party tonight. Will you come?"

"Thank you, but I'm busy." Qin Guan's eyes were still fixed on the newspaper.

"All of us will be there. Dr. Luke and some famous music producers will also attend. Very famous people will be there!"

"This has nothing to do with me. I'm not a singer. Right, Qu Xuemei?"

As all those names reverberated like thunder, Qin Guan didn't even look up.

Biting her lips, Hilton finally said, "I heard that you opened an accounting firm and a C-level gallery in New York."

"Yes, so?" Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked up together.

"You know, there is always artwork at hotels. If the customers like it, they can buy it through the Hilton hotels."

Cong Nianwei nodded. There was such a service at some top hotels.

"Besides, our contract with KPMG is about to expire. Our financial manager is planning on choosing some new accounting firms. Everyone likes a good firm."

"Would you please attend my private party tonight?"

"Sure! We'll come together!"

Where is your dignity?

Qin Guan accepted the invitation immediately, which made Hilton very happy. She had originally thought it would be impossible to please the handsome man. Thank God that he was

tender with women.

The poor girl thought that the man was feeling sorry for her and didn't want to hurt her feelings. She thought that was why he had pretended to accept her invitation.

She was actually overthinking. Qin Guan was just concentrated on finding clients for his firm.

There was no time for them to talk any further. The director shouted at them, "Attention, everyone! Let's shoot the next scene!"

Madonna, Britney and Qin Guan entered the set. In the next scene, both women would be in his office at the same time. Qin Guan was sitting on the couch, Madonna lying on his chest tame as a kitten.

"Three, two, camera!"

Britney pushed the old wooden door and saw the man and woman embracing on the couch. Madonna was wearing a mini dancing skirt, while Britney was in a suit short with two thin straps. She looked very sexy.

She was unhappy with Madonna's position. Pursing her lips and swaying her bottom, she danced her way to the couch and sat down on Qin Guan's other side, resting her head on his chest next to Madonna's.

Cruel reality was about to teach them a lesson though. Suddenly, Qin Guan opened his eyes. There was no love in them, only indifference.

The women were smiling happily as he stood up and left, fixing his own shirt. A long shadow was visible on the floor. Britney and Madonna looked weak and helpless in the semi-dark room.

The poor women had given their hearts to him, only to be abandoned relentlessly. Qin Guan left the room, feeling like an unfaithful lover.

The rest of the music video had nothing to do with him. He had to deal with a troublemaker now.

Hilton had made Cong Nianwei angry. The girl was a classic nymphomaniac. Ignoring his official girlfriend, she had tried her best to be around Qin Guan.

Qin Guan had no time to talk to them though. He just entered the fitting room. Hilton had been about to follow him, but she was stopped by Qu.

"Hey, he is changing clothes!"

"I'm sorry." Her expression was not apologetic though.

It was July in Los Angeles, so the temperature was very high. Qin Guan had been wearing a suit during his performance, so even his underwear was soaked in sweat.

When he came out of the fitting room, his style was completely different. His loose shirt, baggy shorts and slippers made Qin Guan look like he'd come from Miami.

He let out a long breath before he told Hilton, "You can send the party address to Qu Xuemei. Oh, is there a dress code? Or a formal invitation?"

Flattered, Hilton shook her head violently. "No, no. I'll make the guest list with my secretary. The guests will be famous people from the music and film industry. It's not a formal party. You can wear anything you like. Everyone will dress casually."

"Can I wear these?" Qin Guan pointed to his slippers.

"You could come nude, actually. I'd be okay with it." Hilton covered her face. "I'm terribly sorry!"

Chapter 517: The Party

Cong Nianwei was speechless. She didn't understand why she was excited. Maybe in Hilton's eyes, even Qin Guan's farts smelled good.

By the time Hilton came back to her senses, the three of them had already left. Even Britney, her beloved enemy, couldn't stand her.

"Do you know why he is always running from us? You are too desperate. At least one of us must be his cup of tea. It's your fault! You scare him away!"

"I feel strange. I have never dated an Asian man. I don't care if he has a girlfriend, we can still keep in touch. No one in the entertainment circle has any integrity these days. Besides, he is a man."

Madonna, who was the most experienced one, shook her head. "You don't understand. He is not a toy. You have to show him your heart. He is a noble knight."

Hilton agreed with Madonna, nodding violently. "I will tell my grandpa that I'll put an end to my romantic affairs. I'll ask for his help. I want to marry Qin Guan."

"You must be dreaming!"

"You are the last one he would choose among us!"

Her so-called friends both showed her their middle fingers.

Such good friends...

It was a starry night that reminded people of Van Gogh's famous oil painting. The first cool breeze of the scorching summer started blowing.

Of course, Qu wouldn't let Qin Guan dress how he pleased for the party. After all, Qin Guan was a small celebrity in America. She was the chief editor of VOGUE. Image was really important.

Black was the safest color for a gentleman, and a white dress the best choice for a lady.

The party was held at a villa on the Hollywood Hills. When Qu drove the rented convertible into the parking lot, she realized the party was magnificent. There were luxury cars of all brands in the parking lot, all of them tasteful and fashionable.

A staff member led them to the entrance. After identifying them, they welcomed the guests into the villa. It was a large, luxurious villa with an outdoor garden and pool. The lamps made it look as beautiful as it was during the daytime.

Some models and actresses were not let into the villa, so they lingered around, trying their best to attract the tycoons with their sexy dresses and poses. They had poked their noses into the queen's party through all channels, eager to get to those famous, rich guys.

Actually, Hilton's party was a feast for actresses seeking a good chance and tycoons looking for beautiful girls. Her parties were famous for their craziness.

As soon as Qin Guan entered the villa, he felt the party's difference compared to the party at Columbia. The latter had been strictly focused on business connections in the finance circle, while the former brought together strange people of all kinds.

There were avant-garde designers there, dressed in shocking ways. Qin Guan could recognize at least three of them. There were also guest writers, fashion writers and magazine representatives. Qu could recognize about eight of her peers.

There were also talented music producers in attendance. They were handsome and easy-going, but they had a weird temper. Dr. Luke was their representative.

Of course, there were also people from film companies. Hilton's parties were always full of energy.

Qin Guan had originally considered himself a nobody, yet all the guests would greet him as they passed by.

"Hi, Qin Guan. How are you?"

"Hey, handsome guy!"

Strange smiles were pasted on their faces. It was so horrible! Qin Guan walked around in fear.

"What's wrong with them?" he asked Cong Nianwei and Qu.

"No idea. We will just deal with it by sticking to our fundamental principles."

"Okay."

They walked to the spare living room at the center of the party, which was decorated according to American style.

There was a half-meter tall stage and long independent buffet tables there. Waiters were shuttling between the guests with bubbling champagne on their trays.

It was the background wall that scared everyone. There were four large posters of Qin Guan hanging on the wall. There were introduction cards under each poster to indicate the shooting time and place.

That explained the guests' strange smiles. It seemed that this was not a private party, but Qin Guan's own initiation. How embarrassing!

Qin Guan stood there stupefied. Soon, he was surrounded by people. "He is the actor on the picture. Hilton is obsessed with him. She must have spent a lot on him. He is so handsome!" an old rich lady without morals was saying.

"I have seen the news. It's a pity that he likes women!" That was You-Know-Who.

"Ha! That's fine." A different opinion? Qin Guan cast an appreciative look at him. You are just jealous. You must be a

normal man. Thank you so much!

Chapter 518: Deal

Qin Guan realized he was a celebrity. Qin Guan actually knew the man, although the man didn't know him.

It was Nick Carter, a member of the Backstreet Boys. According to "The Sun", he was passionately in love with Hilton.

Considering the current situation though, the man needed a confirmation.

"What are you looking at? Have you never seen a handsome guy before? Listen to me, Paris is just obsessed with you temporarily."

Nick was as alert as a porcupine lifting its thorns.

"Are you challenging me, bastard?" Nick couldn't stand Qin Guan's expression. He walked over and stood in front of him. He was 1.85 meters tall with short blond hair. The big boy didn't want to lose face before his enemy.

Qin Guan shrugged with a smile. Then he pressed Nick's blond hair down, letting it go and watching it bounce back up.

"It's so elastic!"

"Motherf*cker!" Before Nick could hit the Asian man on the face, a woman spoke from behind them.

"Qin Guan!" It was Paris Hilton in a pink dress. She was about to rush up to Qin Guan, as if there was no one else present. Cong Nianwei pulled Qin Guan away though and hugged Hilton herself.

"Calm down. All problems can be solved through a negotiation. Understand?" Holding Hilton's hand, she pulled her away.

"Let's have a private talk."

Before her voice could fade away, they disappeared in the crowd. Nick had no time to fight with the annoying Asian guy. He went after them, leaving Qu and Qin Guan behind. The two of them exchanged a helpless look.

"Why is Hilton doing all this?"

"God knows..."

Qin Guan was surprised that Cong Nianwei wanted to negotiate with Hilton. As he headed for the buffet, he felt a little pleased with himself. His girlfriend seemed jealous. Being handsome is a sin.

He had no idea how Cong Nianwei was dealing with Hilton. She was telling her that Qin Guan was her boyfriend.

Cong Nianwei led Hilton to a corner of the garden. The Asian girl was not as weak as she looked.

"You must be really brave to dare hug a man before his girlfriend! Didn't your parents teach you about honesty and honor?"

Hilton was massaging her hurting hand with a grimace. "You are just old-fashioned. Hugging is a form of greeting. Besides, handsome guys belong to everybody. They are no one's property..."

Suddenly, she paused. The girl, who was the same age as her, smiled at her softly.

"We are childhood sweethearts. We have been together ever since we were babies."

With that smile on her face, Cong Nianwei seemed gentle. "I am the woman who understands him the most. I'm not with him for his looks, but his soul. We love each other."

At her words, Hilton realized that the lovers harbored different emotions, emotions unique among her acquaintances.

Suddenly, she felt admiration and envy. Lowering her voice, she said, "But he is really handsome... Better than all the boyfriends I have ever had."

Cong Nianwei smiled and shot a meaningful look at her. "If you accept my proposal, you can observe his studies and daily life for a

month. That way, you will get to see another part of him. You will be regretful. Deal?"

"Deal! Why not?" Hilton agreed before setting her own terms.
"Listen..."

The two girls, who had completely different personalities and complexions, whispered together.

While Qin Guan was enjoying the buffet, Cong Nianwei and Hilton returned to the living room hand in hand, looking like good friends. Qin Guan had no idea what had happened, but he felt much better now.

Nick also returned from outside. He stood next to Hilton, pretending to be calm.

There were people performing on the stage. Some stars tried to perform during the break to highlight their presence. Hilton was interested in nothing but Qin Guan though. She looked at him again and again without moving.

Nick thought for a moment and gave her a cantankerous smile. Then he patted Hilton's shoulder and walked to the stage, blowing her kisses.

Some beautiful girls had just stopped dancing. Taking advantage of this, the musicians hastened to drink some iced beer.

Chapter 519: Kicking Up A Fuss

Nick got on the stage with a big stride and waved at the keyboard player. "Hey, could you please accompany me? I want to sing a song."

The musician looked up and saw Nick, the member of a popular band. The other members of the band were making noise for their friend, making sure Nick had everyone's attention.

As a professional singer, Nick was not nervous at all. The bigger the audience, the more excited he was.

Picking up the microphone, he spoke in the direction of Hilton, "I would like to dedicate this song to Paris Whitney Hilton, the beautiful princess who has conquered my heart. I hope she can reserve a place for me in her heart."

The blonde boy was radiating tenderness and love through his eyes. The girls under the stage were screaming. This was not surprising, as the band was popular all over the world. All members of the band were very handsome.

Nick didn't pay attention to the girls though. He was concentrated on Hilton. As the music began, he started to sing.

It was a lovely love song. All the party guests stopped chatting, getting absorbed in the beautiful music and the handsome boy on the stage.

"It's so beautiful..."

"I admire Hilton so much. This song makes me feel like I'm drunk..."

Hilton was looking at Qin Guan though.

"Wow! She really likes Qin Guan."

"Impossible! The party queen is hiding in a corner!"

Two annoying voices were suddenly heard. As expected, they were Hilton's frenemies, Britney and Madonna.

"It was shameless of you to come here!" Actually, Hilton had sent them invitations when they had still been friends. Their friendship had ended unexpectedly easily though.

"Stop blaming us. Nick is singing for you on the stage, while you are lost in thought. How is that polite?"

Britney saw Nick cast a look at them and realize Hilton was absent-minded. Wow! This will be good...

She was right. Nick dared not blame his goddess. Instead, he blamed Qin Guan. He finished his song and gestured at the audience. Everyone fell silent, waiting for his next move.

"Hello, everyone. Does anybody feel that this party is different than usual?"

"Is there anything special about it?"

"It's interesting as always."

"Right!" Nick continued. "Did you notice that there are photos and posters of a guy hanging around us? Do you know him? Tell me!"

"Of course!"

"It's Qin Guan! A hot top model!"

"He was the Best Actor Award Winner at Cannes."

"Really?" Nick had just come to Los Angeles from the UK. He had no idea about the spreading news about Qin Guan. He nearly choked on the stage.

"Well, it seems that the man is a celebrity in America. Would you like to see him on the stage then?" the smart guy changed the topic in a flash.

"Of course!"

"Is Qin Guan here?"

Some audience members began to scream. He was the most talked-about person in the American media. Famous stars of different ages were competing over that title.

"Let's give him a round of applause then!" Nick pointed to the buffet area. "What are you waiting for, Qin Guan? Come on!"

Qin Guan, who had a piece of sausage in his mouth, was shocked when everyone's eyes were turned on him. He pointed to his own nose. "Me?"

"Yes! That's Qin Guan. Clap for him!"

Everyone was clapping their hands, just like people had done at Cannes. Qin Guan put down his fork and wiped his mouth. Then he got on the stage, bracing himself.

Hilton had no idea what was going on. She was talking happily to Cong Nianwei.

"What will he perform? He looks so handsome on the stage!"

Cong Nianwei cast a supercilious look at her. She realized that things were not going well. Nick continued to exert himself.

"Was my song beautiful?" he asked the audience, taking a flirting pose.

"Of course!"

"Did you like its feeling?"

"Of course!"

"Do you want that feeling to get better?"

"Of course!"

"Of course!"

The general enthusiasm peaked. Some people were whistling as Nick kept speaking.

"Nobody has heard Qin Guan sing, right?"

"Of course not!"

The mysterious Asian model had only appeared on the cover of a magazine. Nobody had heard his voice. Most of the guests were members of the music circle, so they were curious to hear it.

"May we have the honor of hearing him sing at this wonderful party?"

"Good idea!"

Chapter 520: Medley

Everyone was interested in his suggestion. People were curious about the guy's singing voice. He was more handsome than Nick after all.

Cong Nianwei couldn't help grimacing. She had been tortured many times by his bathroom singing. Considering his professional singing experience, Qin Guan would be facing a great challenge.

The ever-victorious general seemed to be suffering a setback.

However, Qin Guan answered calmly, "Okay, but I don't know any English songs. Actually, I'm too busy to have time for music."

Dude, most of the guests are musicians. Nick chuckled to himself, while Qu frowned and looked at Qin Guan's seat. He seems strange.

Suddenly, she saw a large empty glass with a straw in it. The liquid had been nearly finished. Qin Guan must have drunk it with his food.

Qu sniffed at the glass and detected a subtle smell of alcohol. It was a fruit cocktail. It tasted good, but its power was great.

Qin Guan had drunk a full 500 ml of it without noticing. That explained his strange smile.

Damn it! Nobody knows what he will do in such a state. He has never touched a cigarette or drunk liquor during work.

Qin Guan had gotten the microphone from Nick. The angry audience fell silent.

"Everyone knows that I come from China. My native language is Chinese. Music should be a mixture of many artistic languages. Don't limit yourselves to European and American pop music. You should look further and broaden your horizons. All musical prodigies and famous composers have learned from other people's strong points. American music should be unique."

The drunkard was giving the musicians a lecture. He looked like an apprentice blaming a criminal for an unsuccessful crime.

"Pay attention to my song. You might never have heard it before. Professional composers and publishers could take advantage of this chance to record it."

Qu was preparing to face the music the next day. Only the three ladies, who had no idea about Qin Guan's ability, were waiting for the song in awe.

As expected, the song was remarkably fierce and original.

"After crossing so many mountains,

And rivers

The central Red Army finally reached the North of Shaanxi
Thousands of households..."

It was a famous folk song from North of Shaanxi.

Both Cong Nianwei and Qu crashed their cups in their hands.

The miserable audience was stupefied. What a high-pitched voice! What a melodious tune! Its country vibe couldn't be expressed with words.

Some people took notes, writing down the strange musical notes. They were inspired by that song, which seemed to have come from a completely different world.

When they began to get used to Qin Guan's voice, he changed to another song. He seemed like he wanted to sing a medley.

"The swan and the geese... In the sky... Fly in rows... The river was long... The grass was withered... Sweet lingering music was played on the lute..."

It was a Mongolian folk song. Qin Guan's voice was average, but his good memory helped him remember all kinds of songs.

The songs attracted the audience. M, a producer interested in

songs with an exotic charm, was really excited.

"Wow! I have no idea what the lyrics mean, but these songs are great!"

"I think I fell in love with the second one," a lady fanning herself with a sandalwood fan murmured.

Suddenly, Qin Guan knelt down and stretched his hand out for the fan. Feeling extremely flattered, the lady handed him the luxurious fan, which was decorated with jade and pearls. He is worthy of the fan. Look at that bright, jade-like smile of his...

Qin Guan winked at her naughtily, which made Hilton feel depressed. I have a fan too!

Qin Guan spread the fan and covered half of his face with it with the most elegant gesture in the world. Suddenly, he changed into another person, an enchanting, graceful man.

The light went through the hollow patterns of the fan, scattering on his face. The reflection of the jewellery was sparkling in the dark.

His eyes looked mysterious under his long eyelashes. His lips looked tender and beautiful under the red light.

Chapter 521: The Dance

He opened his thin lips and raised an eyebrow, his winks and smiles making him look like an ancient lady from a Chinese painting.

Silence prevailed. Even the waiter paused, for fear of disturbing his performance.

It was a clean, even tune. Qin Guan retreated with a faint smile on his face, looking slightly drunk. The keyboard player nearly moved to support him, but he stopped when he saw Qin Guan's next move.

He moved his sleeves and smiled at the audience. Then he turned around and covered his face with the fan.

Even drunk, he still looked as glorious as ever.

"The moon has just left the sea..." This was not the hoarse voice of a man. It was the power of Mei School.

"It's gradually rising to the middle of the sky.

Heaven and Earth are visible under the moonlight.

Chang'e has left the Moon Palace..."

It was the classic Peking Opera "Drunk Concubine".

To American people, even the shouts of African tribes sounded like wild songs. Everyone was shocked by Qin Guan's performance. The handsome man was such a beauty! He looked like a foreign myth come alive.

As the audience lost its mind, Qin Guan folded the fan and changed his tune again.

Pingtan, Kunqu Opera and Suzhou Opera were the three most famous operas in Suzhou and Hangzhou. Kunqu was the most popular one all over China.

Most people from North China liked it even better than Peking Opera, as its melody was more elegant and smoother than that of Peking Opera. It warmed their hearts when they heard it.

The royal concubine Qin Guan had played was a noble beauty. Suddenly, he turned into a boudoir maiden showing off with her orchid-like fingers.

Such a gentle girl could only have grown up in an ancient water town south of Yangtze River.

"No longer busy, I live at leisure, Thinking where I can find pleasure. Writing heartbreaking verses by day, What of love can a lover say? Sitting in my room day and night, The fair scene beautifies my verses, Even in candlelight. For better or worse, if you are worthy of her love, you'll be gifted a new life from above.

Qin Guan was totally absorbed in the opera as the alcohol in his blood rushed to his brain. Excited, he was not satisfied with those familiar songs. He wanted to give a crazy performance on that stage, before such an amazing audience.

So that's what he did.

"The river flows East.

The stars worship the Big Dipper..."

Cong Nianwei wanted to hide in a corner, but Qu started moving towards the stage.

"I want to live another 500 years..."

Dr. Luke had originally been angry with Paris Hilton for pulling him from his studio and making him come to the party just to introduce an Asian star to him. Suddenly, he was interested in Qin Guan's strange melodies and different kinds of songs though.

He was not interested in his musical ability, but he liked his diverse style. As a professional musician, he could distinguish between natural sound and ordinary people's voices.

Qin Guan could probably release a CD. Many stars much worse than him had published their own albums. Dr. Luke would soon find out that he was completely wrong though. Qu got on the stage too late. Qin Guan had already gone too far.

"Come on, everybody! The dance is very simple! It's so easy and funny! Come on! All together now!"

Qin Guan stuffed the fan into his collar and began to dance. He was planning on ending the concert with a South Korean song.

"Oppan... GANGNAM STYLE..."

He made the sign of victory like a villain. Then he stood with his legs wide apart, squatting a little. His hands seemed to be holding imaginary reins as he began his horse-riding dance. It was PSY's popular song "GANGNAM STYLE", which would become wildly popular many years later. Thanks to his copycat mania, he could remember it even while drunk.

He didn't forget to shout at the audience, "Come on, follow me! GANGNAM STYLE!"

The rebellious American boys were the first to be deluded. Following Qin Guan, they turned their crotches towards Nick. They thought it had to be a method one used to provoke their enemy.

He deserves the most beautiful ladies!

The girls in the short skirts joined the delighted group, completing the grand scene.

Nick was surrounded, everyone making strange gestures at him. If one made an ass out of themselves, they couldn't complain if people rode them.

Chapter 522: Getting Away

The members of Nick's band were itching to move, but were too afraid of hurting his feelings. Suddenly, Qin Guan switched to another dance.

He opened his arms and started twisting along to the rhythm. His students followed him at once. His flirting gesture also attracted the older members of the audience, who started dancing in Nick's direction.

By then, Qu had finally reached Qin Guan. Before her hand could touch his shirt, the Best Actor winner shouted and jumped off the stage.

He went up to Cong Nianwei and hugged her around the shoulders.

"Dance with me!"

Cong Nianwei would rather die. She struggled, but it was in vain.

"Twist around, twist around..."

She felt like she was riding a tiger she couldn't dismount. She had to move with Qin Guan. The onlookers cheered the lovers on. When others began to copy them, Qin Guan turned on a blower. Colorful scraps of paper and balloons were blown away by the strong wind.

Qin Guan opened his arms and embraced it.

People always wished to be immortal. If he ignored the dirt in his hair, Qin Guan felt like he still mattered. I'll go home by riding the wind...

The festive atmosphere reached its peak. Qin Guan's funny steps were easy to copy. Suddenly, Qin Guan rushed up to Nick, whose hair had gotten messy from the wind. He lifted his middle finger at him and shouted loudly, "Gangnam Style!"

Before Nick could fight back, Qin Guan had jumped up on the stage again.

He felt as if the lamps on the ceiling were as many as the stars in the sky as they swirled above his head. His steps were as weak as if he was walking on cotton. He stomped violently on the floor to confirm that it was still there.

The audience thought that this was a new dancing move. Everyone shouted together, "Come on! Once more! You are so cool!"

Qin Guan stomped again, clapping his hands. He looked like an old woman square dancing. "You are my little, little apple..."

Cong Nianwei was laughing so loudly that she could barely stand up. Just as Qin Guan was about to show them a new physical exercise, Qu Xuemei grabbed him.

"What are you doing? Get down!"

As she pulled him away from the stage, Cong Nianwei and the others gathered around him to check on him. Nobody knew that he was acting crazy because he was drunk.

Hilton was admiring Qin Guan. It seemed that Cong Nianwei's plan would fail before it was even put into practice. Qu and Cong Nianwei turned down her invitation to spend the night there and pulled the tall man out of the villa together.

Their convertible roared to life, leaving the bustling party with the legendary Asian dancer and singer. It was said that he was the master of all musical arts and skills not related to Euramerican pop music. Besides, he was extremely funny. He was exactly the kind of guy who livened up a party.

Qin Guan was not aware of this. Cong Nianwei struggled to get him into their room as he laughed like a fool.

The next day, the bright sunshine of South California sneaked in through the curtains as Qin Guan was brushing his teeth in the

bathroom, trying to recall what had happened at the party the previous night.

He had only some vague memories of the crazy party, but Cong Nianwei, who was carefully spreading sunscreen on her face, was refusing to tell him anything. Before Qin Guan could figure things out, Cong Nianwei pulled him out of the hotel. She was eager to walk around the city.

Chapter 523: The Walk of Fame

When they decided to enjoy a rare day off and take a break from work, they discovered the real tragedy of Los Angeles.

Anyone who wanted to visit South California had to forget those postcard pictures of the blue sky and the green ocean designed to appeal to tourists living at high altitudes.

A person residing there or a traveller who would like to visit the Walk of Fame had to put up with two things.

One was the terrible traffic jam, and the other was the haze.

In 2003, when the sky above Beijing had still been clean and blue, Los Angeles had already been foggy. As a result, Qin Guan had to abandon public transportation and rent a bike.

In Los Angeles, the bicycle was the fastest and most convenient transportation vehicle. The temperature that day was a surprising 33 degrees, which was a miracle for July.

Qin Guan was happily riding a double bike with Cong Nianwei along the jammed road. As they passed the cars one by one, he saw the people in them looking at him with the same sympathetic expression in their eyes.

In five minutes, they realized why.

The air humidity was so high, that they felt like they were sitting in a sauna. Their clothing was soaked with sweat and water, making them feel really uncomfortable.

As the trip advocate, Qin Guan could only pedal with all his energy. Finally, they stopped at the crowded Walk of Fame.

"Excuse me? Where can I park my bike?" he asked the staff with a smile.

The young man burst into laughter and pointed to the parking lot.

Qin Guan turned to Cong Nianwei proudly. "I must be getting more and more attractive these days. Everyone is enchanted by my smile."

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. "Stop showing off! Wait..." She took a mirror out of her backpack and handed it to him.

His face was half-pale and half-tanned, because he had been wearing a helmet and a pair of sunglasses. It was so funny!

"Yes, you are really attractive... Now clean your face with a tissue!"

Qin Guan wiped his face sloppily and winked at Cong Nianwei. "It doesn't matter. We'll get washed later!" What do you mean?

Before Cong Nianwei could figure it out, Qin Guan pulled her towards the Walk of Fame.

That tourist attraction was a must for visitors. There were more than 2,500 refined waterstone and brass stars on the 18-block street, standing in memory of great figures of the entertainment circle, including actors, musicians, directors, producers, bands, drama groups, fictional characters, and so on.

Qin Guan had chosen the Walk of Fame as their first stop.

They searched carefully among the stars for the only three Chinese names: Anna May Wong, Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan.

The two men were very famous, but as a romantic woman, Cong Nianwei was more interested in the Chinese actress. Even Qin Guan had to admit that she was the epitome of mysterious oriental beauty.

In the 1900s, the Chinese had been considered third-class citizens in America, inferior even to black people. However, the ordinary girl had earned her own spot in the film circle of Los Angeles through hard effort. No words could describe her life properly. In an era when communications had been underdeveloped, she had had fans and admirers in all European countries, which had been

no small feat.

She had been the first Chinese person to get a star on the Walk of Fame.

Qin Guan caressed the pink star gently with his fingers as he looked at Cong Nianwei proudly.

"One day, I will have a star here. My name will be on this very road."

Coming back to her senses, Cong Nianwei told Qin Guan, "I have faith in you, but I've heard that the owner has to pay a maintenance fee to the Hollywood Historical Fund. It's about 15,000 dollars..."

Qin Guan stood up immediately. "This is not urgent. It can wait till later!"

The two of them left, laughing happily.

"I'm not lying... I'm rich..." said the boy.

The tourists thought that the couple looked familiar.

"Was that the boy from the newspaper?"

"It seems so. What about the girl? She seems successful..."

Successful? She was Ms. Right herself!

Chapter 524: Shakespeare Outdoors

They were planning on finding a place out of the sun to avoid getting a sunstroke. In Los Angeles, In-N-Out Burger was the best choice. It was just like McDonald's in China.

Thanks to its simple food, the Southern California hamburger chain met the strange needs of the natives. There, one saw people eating hamburgers everywhere around them. It was hard not to be influenced by them.

As a foodie, Qin Guan was deeply influenced by a strong young man at the cash register. The fat man weighed a full 100 kilos, but felt no shame in blocking the view of everyone behind him. He was living proof of what a real foodie could become through hard effort.

There were three kinds of hamburgers on the menu: hamburgers, cheeseburgers and two-plus-two burgers (which included two meat patties and two slices of cheese). No matter how big one's stomach was, one two-plus-two burger would be enough for them, as one could also add anything they liked to their burger.

The extra patties cost about 1.09 dollars each, which was a reasonable price.

"30 patties and 30 slices of cheese, extra mayonnaise and vegetables..."

The waiter did not look surprised by the order as he typed on the keyboard quickly.

The hungry lovers waited about 10 minutes for the fat man to finish. When they took a seat with their own tray, they forgot to eat. The sight of the giant hamburger that guy had ordered was astonishing.

They were curious about how he would eat it. The burger was almost half-a-meter tall.

The guy took out a patty and a slice of cheese from the burger and swallowed them along with some lettuce. He ate it all piece after piece!

Why did you even order one burger?

To save money! This way, the guy didn't have to pay for two burgers!

That was what was amazing about that place. However, after someone had ordered a hamburger with 100 patties, the store had updated the rules and regulations, putting a limit of four meat patties and four cheese slices per burger. Unfortunately, that regulation wouldn't be put into practice until 2004.

Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan finished their ordinary, yet delicious food as fast as they could.

In the afternoon, the city felt like a seaside resort. Tourists could spend the whole afternoon on the beach, sleeping and relaxing.

At sunset, the couple found a place among the crowd on the beach. There would be a free Shakespeare play presented by a local theater company.

It was an outdoor play, so the night breeze was blowing gently as they watched. The stage was on the soft beach, and the lights were basically some large lamps originally used by the staff of the beach administrative bureau.

It was a simple play, but the actors were very dedicated. They were wearing wigs and dramatic makeup.

The partings and reunions of the characters shocked Qin Guan, who knew very little about Shakespeare.

During the break, the director approached the audience to invite one of the tourists to guest star on the play. It would be a very interesting experience.

"Is there anybody who wants to act with us?"

There were some heated responses.

"What's next?"

"We want to know what the role would be. Is it too difficult?"

Although everyone was curious, they were also afraid of making a fool of themselves before an audience.

One had to know oneself and their enemies.

The bearded director was smiling cunningly.

"Alas! It's a very famous play and a favorite of romantic girls all over the world. Which play do you think it is?"

"Romeo and Juliet!" a loud yell echoed all around.

"Bingo! It's a very popular play. Most people have played it in middle school. Are there any volunteers?"

However, the passionate audience was just as cunning. Someone in the crowd asked a question.

"There are so many characters in that play. Which scene are we talking about?"

What a smart guy! The director tried to tempt them. "The one after Juliet dies. Who had a dispute with Romeo at the graveyard?"

"Paris!" the audience shouted excitedly.

"Exactly! Is there a confident young man who thinks he can fight Romeo?"

Most of the audience liked the role, as it had few lines and required only simple skills. Besides, the actor would interact with the heroine!

"Me! Me!" everyone started shouting.

Cong Nianwei nudged Qin Guan. "Wouldn't you like to try a different performing method? Give it a try!"

Chapter 525: Oh, Juliet

Before Qin Guan could say something, the director said, "Did you get a postcard from our staff when you arrived at the beach? You could write down your comments there and leave it to us or take it home as a souvenir."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked down at their Audrey Hepburn postcards, the most common postcards sold in stores all along the Walk of Fame for one dollar. They were very good quality.

"There is a handwritten number at the bottom right corner of the card. I'll draw a number to pick the lucky guy."

Everyone laughed, waiting to be summoned.

"It is said that God spent seven days creating the world. Seven is a lucky number. Please come here if you have number seven!"

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked at their cards. Cong Nianwei's was number seven, and Qin Guan's was number eight. Cong Nianwei calmly exchanged cards with Qin Guan.

Qin Guan glanced at her helplessly and stood up slowly, lifting the card up under the brilliant night sky.

"Here!"

Everyone cheered for him as he walked over to the director.

"Welcome, my boy! Go to the makeup room. I wish you a pleasant night!"

The director couldn't see him clearly in the dark, so he thought that the young man was a tourist. Maybe he can't even speak English.

Qin Guan entered the simple makeup room, which was crowded by actors. During the break, everyone remained silent to protect their voices.

They all cast a hurried look at Qin Guan and then lost any interest in him. He seemed like an ordinary Asian boy with a dirty face.

The prop master handed him an old European style suit. The whole makeup process was skipped. In their eyes, Qin Guan was only a volunteer.

Qin Guan did not feel dissatisfied about the arrangement. He took the suit and asked an assistant for a script. He was a professional actor after all. He started reading the script while the leading actors got ready.

"Come on, lucky audience member. It's your turn!"

"I'm coming..." Qin Guan put down the script and put on the loose suit.

Before leaving the tent, he cleaned his face with some wet tissues. The dust and sweat on his face were wiped away, revealing his natural beauty.

"Hey! Don't you think he looks familiar?" an old black actor asked one of his colleagues.

The younger actor didn't take him seriously. He looked at Qin Guan's back and said, "No idea. He is only a tourist picked at random by the director. Rising stars are too busy searching for job opportunities. They would never come to a place like this."

"That makes sense. But I still feel a little strange. I'll go take a look."

The black man, who trusted his intuition, went out of the tent and walked to the stage.

There was a long table there. It was Juliet's coffin.

Qin Guan was in the middle of the stage in his funny suit. A strong light was shining down on his head, making him sweat in combination with the summer heat.

Qin Guan was calm as he looked at the crowded audience. This was just a play. Just another scene in a film.

The narrator stopped talking. When a crisp knock was heard, Qin Guan moved.

Holding a bouquet of plastic flowers, he walked to the graveyard of the Capulet family to offer them to his beloved Juliet.

The director was acting as the narrator.

"The younger generation of the two families suffered many mishaps in their lives. Their miserable ending buried the conflicts of their parents..."

Qin Guan walked to the coffin slowly, pausing half a meter away from it. Squatting down with shaking shoulders, he lay the bouquet down by the coffin and fell into deep thought.

Chapter 526: Vigor

"Wow! He seems good."

"Hush! Stop talking! He is far from good. He is wonderful!"

The audience talked in whispers. Qin Guan felt neither constrained nor hurried, as they had originally imagined.

By then, he was in character. He was Paris, the man who had fallen in love with Juliet. If it hadn't been for Romeo's interference, he would have made her happy. His own heart had been buried along with Juliet.

Suddenly, Qin Guan knelt before her grave, shedding tears of sorrow as he delivered his lines loudly.

Everyone was shocked by his performance. There was no more whispering, only astonishment at his perfect performance.

The beach was as silent as a grave. Everyone was absorbed into the play. Qin Guan buried his head into his loose costume, his grieving, desperate voice bursting out of his throat like an injured beast.

"I came to visit you, dear Juliet." The words were full of admiration and fear, for he didn't want to disturb her in her eternal sleep.

Suddenly, Qin Guan couldn't go on anymore. Choking on a sob, he said, "Oh Juliet! Why were you so obsessed with that bastard? Did he poison you? If you had known how much I loved you, you would never have left this beautiful world..." Qin Guan looked up, his eyes filled with love.

The women in the audience couldn't control themselves. They felt sympathy for Paris, even though they were moved by the romance of Romeo and Juliet.

Why did you abandon such an outstanding young man? This

nobleman was handsome, rich and blessed by his family. Can only forbidden love be true love? Could love at first sight be worthy of your life and your parents' happiness?

As they began to weep, Qin Guan moved closer to the grave.

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones..."

He spread flowers around the grave, his tears sparkling on the petals.

His performance attracted some locals, who stopped on the beach, even though it was a tourist resort. In Los Angeles, even a taxi driver could have an opinion on a film, just like their peers in Beijing.

"It's difficult for an Asian guy to interpret Shakespeare."

"Doesn't he look familiar?"

"Is this a good play? I think entry is free."

"That volunteer looks familiar! He is wonderful!"

Qin Guan's face was covered in tears and snot. It was a pity that this was a play. If it had been a T show, he would have been recognized immediately.

Before he could run out of tears, Romeo rushed to the scene. Thanks to his elegant costume, he looked much more handsome than Qin Guan.

When he saw his love rival kneeling before the grave, he asked impolitely, "What are you doing here?"

Infuriated, Paris stood up from the sand. The audience suddenly realized that Paris was much taller than Romeo...

Romeo's vigor instantly diminished. Taking advantage of this, Paris stepped forward angrily. Romeo felt the impulse to escape. The man across from him was about to kill him.

However, the play had to go on and he had to stay there.

Suddenly, Paris shouted loudly, "I should be asking you that! You are that banish'd haughty Montague, who murder'd my love's cousin. It is that grief that killed this fair creature!"

He pointed to the grave fiercely. "Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued farther than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: Obey, and go with me; for thou must die."

His resonant voice echoed all over the beach. If the play had taken place at a formal airtight stage, the audience would have experienced a shocking performance.

Chapter 527: Performing

Some tourists began to take pictures. That splendid moment was definitely worth recording. A South Korean girl recognized Qin Guan from the photos.

Her roar was like thunder on the silent beach. "He is [Qin Guan Obar!](#) Qin Guan, look at me!"

The girl was too excited to control herself. South Koreans were fond of beautiful things, but they went too far. Their obsession over gorgeous designs and their perfection-oriented makeup skills had become a kind of disease.

As a result, a naturally handsome guy was like a tower of light in the dark for Korean girls. The girl was one of Qin Guan's loyal fans, who had purchased his album. That was why she was able to recognize him in that strange costume.

Few people in the audience spoke Korean, but everyone recognized his name.

"Qin Guan? Is that his name?"

"Qin Guan? That sounds familiar."

"I remember! He was the Best Actor Award winner at Cannes! And remember the fake news scandal in New York?"

"Britney Spears, Paris Hilton and Madonna are fans of his..."

"He's a f*cking celebrity!"

"What is he doing here?"

"Just read the posts on OMG. Do you know what he does for a living?"

The screams had ignited a bomb. Some audience members began to move towards the stage. Qin Guan realized the situation was out of control. If he tried to escape, there would be a riot on the beach. The play would be destroyed.

He was aware that escaping was not the best solution. For the sake of the other actors, as well as his career, he couldn't leave before the play was finished.

The best solution was to tame the audience with an even better performance. Then they would realize that he was not Qin Guan, but Paris himself.

Suddenly, Qin Guan shouted at the stunned Romeo angrily, "Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued farther than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: Obey, and go with me; for thou must die!"

His thunderous voice brought everyone back to reality.

Romeo came back to his senses as well. He was familiar with the lines. He had repeated the same lines and actions every day, the passion and dreams of his youth gradually fading away. Suddenly, he found his feelings again.

The young man was always serious about his performance. As an experienced actor, he felt stimulated by Qin Guan's sparkling eyes.

He finally felt better. As he recalled his best memories, he no longer felt suppressed by Qin Guan and was able to express his own enthusiasm.

"I must indeed; and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man. Fly hence, and leave me; think upon these gone. Let them affright thee, I beseech thee, youth! Put not another sin upon my head by urging me to fury!" he shouted back.

The shocked audience teared up, and so did the director.

It didn't matter that theater had a small audience. A shocking performance could always tug at people's heartstrings.

Romeo looked a little hysterical. "I beseech thee, youth! Put not another sin upon my head by urging me to fury. O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself; for I come hither arm'd against myself. Stay not, be gone; live! And hereafter say, a

madman's mercy bade thee run away!"

The prop master handed two swords to them. They each held one as they stood face to face.

Qin Guan saluted Romeo in a formal manner as they looked at each other.

Romeo attacked and Qin Guan fought back.

Violent sparkles flew. There were cruel flames in their eyes as they attacked each other ruthlessly.

Korean, refers to a handsome young man.

Chapter 528: My Girlfriend

As the two swords were moving faster and faster. Qin Guan roared, "I will avenge my fiancé!"

The iconic line woke up the audience, who came back to their senses and lifted their cameras. The fierce fight attracted more and more spectators.

"Wow! Fabulous! Let's take a look before we go home."

"Okay!"

Suddenly, Qin Guan fell to the ground. Taking advantage of his fall, Romeo rushed up to him and stabbed his chest with his sword.

Qin Guan looked down at the sword slowly before raising his head proudly. It was a pity that he couldn't remain still. He knelt down on the beach and lay there in sorrow.

No one had expected this. The audience had actually thought that the plot would be modified because Qin Guan was playing that part. Paris still died though, just like he did in the original version...

No one would dare alter Shakespeare at random. Unlike Asian people's attitude towards the Four Great Classic Novels, Western people were strict about their own classics.

As he lay on the beach, Qin Guan summoned all his remaining strength to stretch his hand out towards the grave, love lingering in his eyes. During his last moments, the only person he could rely on was his enemy. How ironic! His longing for Juliet was greater than his dignity though.

Panting, he said in a low voice, "If thou be merciful, open the tomb and lay me with Juliet."

Then he died... The star-like light in his eyes was extinguished, and his strong arms lost their vigor.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Death put an end to the drama. A quiet smile lingered on the corners of his mouth, making him look like he had fallen asleep.

A soft clapping sound woke everyone up. Qin Guan bounced up from the sand and looked at Romeo, smiling in satisfaction over his successful performance. Romeo was smiling just as wide, feeling elated about realizing his dreams again. The two actors shook hands like close friends and said together, "Thank you!"

Then they turned to the audience and took a deep bow to show their respect. Applause was heard all around them.

"Well done!"

"Wonderful!"

"Thank you for a perfect performance!"

"Qin Guan, I love you!"

"Stop!" Qin Guan roared when he saw some passionate girls rushing up to him, shocking the whole audience.

Does he want to give a speech?

Qin Guan glanced at them and took a microphone from the director.

"One, two, three... Where are you, Cong Nianwei?"

I have to find her before I escape from here...

The smart girl, who had sneaked closer to the stage, raised her hand. "Here!"

"Come here!"

Qin Guan waved at her, taking his costume off. His shirt was soaked in sweat. Freed of that burden, Qin Guan felt free and relaxed as he took Cong Nianwei's hand.

He did not feel nervous as he faced the audience. The director was worried about his next play though. He hadn't expected to

pick out a star as a volunteer.

"Good evening, everyone!" Qin Guan said. "I think you know me. I'm Qin Guan."

"Qin Guan, I love you!"

"Me, too! But I like this girl best. She is my girlfriend!"

"Oh, no! The rumors were true. He has a childhood sweetheart!"

"I'm really sad... But I will still support him!"

Chapter 529: Girls

"After my trip, I will get back to work and my everyday life. In Los Angeles, I was lucky enough to cooperate with three beautiful celebrities."

The locals were enlightened. Cooperate with three celebrities? This explains all the rumors. He sure is handsome enough to be liked by three celebrities.

"Will you release a music album? Are you good at singing?"

Qin Guan smiled like a gentle breeze in the restless summer. His smile comforted the audience.

"That's not my goal. I like my job, but no one is perfect!"

His fans felt sad, but they cheered up again soon. Our idol is too busy anyway.

"In the following days, I will be attending another film audition. Today, I had a rare day off, so I came here with my girlfriend to have fun on the beach and watch the outdoor Shakespeare play."

"Did you like the play?"

"Of course!" everyone echoed. That was the power of a free play.

"It was my honor to participate in this play today. Only personal engagement can make people realize an actor's hard work. Look at my T-shirt. It's soaked in sweat. These great, unknown actors play here every day, trying to show you the greatest plays in the world."

"Tell me, were you moved? Shall we give them our best regards?"

"Of course!"

"Of course!"

"I hope the whole audience, my fans included, will ignore my presence. Please show your appreciation to these lovely people and their splendid performance!"

"As for me, I'll go look for some food with my beloved."

There was laughter and sighs all around. Before returning the microphone to the director, Qin Guan suddenly recalled something.

"By the way, in order to thank my fans, anyone who watched this play will get a poster with my signature from my fan club's website by showing their postcard. The offer will be valid for one month."

The depressed girls cheered up again.

"Ha ha! I got three postcards! Keep your cards, dad and mum!"

"It's unfair. I'm not a tourist!"

"Silly girl! There are some geeks on that website. We can flirt with them!"

"Good idea!"

The director took the microphone and embraced Qin Guan warmly. He got a postcard with the number eight and a 100-dollar bill pinned at the back.

Best wishes to artists all over the world...

...

The trip back to their hotel was uneventful. Qin Guan was driving as fast as he could. Thanks to him, the drama group had received their biggest donation that year.

Besides, those plain postcards had suddenly started increasing in value. Local fans tried their best to get some extra cards from the tourists.

After dining and wining to satiety, Qin Guan fell asleep. Actually, he would be happy performing anywhere.

He woke up the next morning with a satisfied smile.

Cong Nianwei would pack and return to New York alone, while Qin Guan would attend the audition in Los Angeles. This was his

most important job before returning to New York.

If fortune favored him, he would get some good roles in Los Angeles and start his journey in commercial films. Gold and silver were not afraid of fire, but they needed to melt on the stove first.

"Mean Girls" was a teen comedy with a small budget. No special effects or famous stars were involved in the film. The actors had been selected from inexperienced candidates. The female leads had already been decided.

The director had failed to find the hero from the actor resumes though. This was because the film had been adapted from a nonfiction book called "Queen Bees and Wannabes". The writer, Rosalind Wiseman, the scriptwriter, Tina Fey, and the director, Mark Waters, were all looking for a handsome actor.

As soon as Qin Guan arrived for the audition, he got a reality check.

The audition had been deliberately decided to be held at the school where the film would be shot. There were children playing sports on the grounds.

The female actresses were getting acquainted with the environment as Qin Guan and Qu approached Mark.

"Hello, director. This is Qin Guan. He is here to audition for the role of Aaron."

Chapter 530: Competing for a Role

Mark was in a good mood. The school president had allowed him to shoot on campus during summer vacation, provided that the crew would not interfere with the summer activities.

When he heard Qu's voice, he turned around. At the sight of Qin Guan, he grew excited.

"Ask the prop master for a polo shirt. Then walk to that position on the playground. Right there. Yes... Stand there and look back at me!"

"No problem."

Qin Guan felt strange about the director's casting method. A few minutes later, he walked out of the fitting room in a summer football jersey. The loose shorts and shirt couldn't cover his charm though. He still looked like a celebrity on campus. Even the students training on the school grounds were distracted by him.

The players served as a background as he stood there.

Mark was 20 meters away from him, making a frame with his fingers and zooming in on Qin Guan. As he walked farther and farther away, the man in the frame looked more and more dazzling.

No matter how far he went, he always spotted Qin Guan among the crowd.

Mark slowly returned from the other side of the school grounds.

"Is it okay for you if we start today?"

This was a surprising but most welcome question for Qu and Qin Guan.

"No problem!"

With this problem solved, the producer could save some money.

The director asked Qin Guan to go to the fitting room again. Then he and the heroine walked to the shooting site. It was an ordinary classroom, where the assistant director was negotiating with a group of people.

"Sorry, but we have decided on the protagonist... Yes, five minutes ago. Tough luck..."

"What are you saying? Are you kidding me?"

"We have already started filming. Sorry!"

The assistant director asked the group to leave politely.

Everyone went out of the school. The manager of the group, a domineering white lady, vented all her anger on the others.

"I want to know who seized this chance from us. Five minutes ago? Mark and the producer didn't even give us a chance! You are the Best Actor of Palm Beach! You are the right age and have the right looks... They must be blind!"

Before her voice could fade away, the arrogant woman got out of the car and returned to the school.

Jonathan Bennett smiled secretly in the car. He was also curious about the guy who had gotten the part. He wanted his agent to spy on the lucky dog. Jonathan was confident about his resume. No one else in that category could have been better than him.

His agent, whose name was Alice, sneaked into the set with a group of extras.

Mark was currently sitting behind the camera as the hero and heroine talked about something in the classroom.

This was a teen film, so most of the extras had been selected from the school's students. They would just play themselves in the film. High school students were familiar with fashion, so most of them knew Qin Guan, and a few of them knew the female actresses.

They all gathered around the door, making it easier for Alice to

peep inside.

"The first scene is the first meeting. Three, two, camera!"

There were two cameras in the classroom. One was up front, and the other was in the back. Mark was sitting behind the camera that focused on the heroine. The assistant director was operating the camera that focused on Qin Guan.

Katie, the heroine, was listening to the tutor happily. Qin Guan rummaged in his bag for a while before he looked up and turned around naturally.

He was wearing a ruby T-shirt, which made a sharp contrast with his curly black hair and dark eyes. He looked like a cup of old wine.

Putting on his warmest smile, he asked the strange girl sitting behind him, "Hey, may I borrow your pencil?"

The other boys were as dirty as monkeys, but there was not even a speck of dust on his shirt.

He looked like the morning sun, like a secret kept between young girls.

As expected, the heroine was moved. Suddenly, the director shouted angrily, surprising both Qin Guan and the assistant director.

He is perfect! Why did you stop his performance?

Qin Guan was relieved soon.

"Lindsay! This is the awakening of a first love, not a fan admiring her idol! What are you doing? Clean yourself up! You are drooling!"

Chapter 531: Smiling

Qin Guan realized that the girl with the red hair and the blue eyes was drooling. Everyone burst into laughter.

Alice retreated silently, leaving the school without looking back. Jonathan Bennett was surprised to see his agent lost in thought. She didn't complain about the director's favoritism or raise her voice to get the attention of the media.

She just sat there quietly for a minute and then sighed. "Let's go to the next audition..."

"What happened, Alice? Who got the part?" Jonathan asked curiously.

"Qin Guan..."

"That explains it..."

Silence prevailed again as the car roared to life.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan repeated the simple scene. He had no idea why he had gotten the part so easily. He was definitely right for the role, but according to the producer, his biggest advantage was his commercial value.

He might never have starred in a commercial film before, but he was loved by three celebrities. All their fans would pay to watch a film with him.

It was difficult for a distracted actor to reach the summit of their career. Only those who concentrated could reach the other shore. That was why the director kept complaining about Lindsay's absent-mindedness.

It took them three takes to finish the scene. None of the figurants objected. They had gotten to enjoy Qin Guan's smile three times! That was definitely worth all that work!

The only one who was disappointed was Mark. After the scene,

he shouted at everyone to get changed.

Qin Guan massaged his sore cheeks and was about to change clothes, when suddenly Lindsay grabbed his sleeve.

"Qin... Qin Guan..."

"Yes?"

"Hello. I... I'm Lindsay... I like you..."

What a direct confession!

"I... I have seen your poster and... advertisement. I... I'm also a model..."

Lindsay was getting more and more nervous by the minute. Qin Guan nodded. "I know. POPO chips, right?"

"Yes, that was me. I... I like you so much..."

Qin Guan found the stammering girl both funny and annoying. You were a child star. Don't turn into a lovesick fool for me!

Qin Guan didn't know that actors had their own idols. He changed clothes and sat in a convertible with some other female actors.

As they drove to the playground. Qin Guan shouted at the heroine, "Hi!"

The sun was shining behind him, the green grass serving as his background. The boy was smiling softly, saying hello with his beautiful voice and trying to get acquainted with a stranger as he went through campus.

The heroine didn't take advantage of this chance though. The beautiful girl used to be his girlfriend.

The girl with the red hair left with her new friend without looking back. She didn't know how sad the boy felt.

The fat school janitor watched the filming for a long time. When the heroine left without hesitation, the righteous woman cursed,

"That f*cking b*tch!"

The heroine really made her blood boil.

Fortunately, there was only one scene like that in the film. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been called "Mean Girls", but "How the Fans Killed the Heroine".

The scene was finished without trouble and Qin Guan returned to the fitting room.

The production stylist had worked as an assistant for the shows of some famous brands. It was his honor to meet a top model like Qin Guan. It took him a long time to decide about Qin Guan's outfit. The next scene was the first long interaction between Qin Guan and Katie, so he had to be dressed perfectly.

Chapter 532: Diamonds Cut Diamonds

It was a pity that his choices were limited. He could only choose between jeans and T-shirts. This was neither the Armani backstage area, nor the Fashion Week fitting rooms.

After pondering it for a long while, the stylist picked out a light blue shirt for Qin Guan. The rest of the crew were casting supercilious looks at him.

When Qin Guan put the clothes on though, they all held their breath.

The director began filming nervously, complaining to the stylist for dressing Qin Guan so nicely. It was hard enough for the heroine to control herself already.

As soon as the camera started rolling, Qin Guan became soft and gentle.

"Will you come to the party tonight?" he asked Katie with a tentative smile. He seemed uncertain about inviting her. His long arms were lying on the desk between them.

"Okay!" the girl answered happily.

Qin Guan looked down. Then he looked up again with determination. "Don't bring any other boys."

What would you think of that?

The most popular boy in school had given a love letter to his favorite girl. What could she do but rush up to him?

This was how Lindsay felt. She was so absorbed in his smile that she didn't hear the director or notice Qin Guan leaving. She kept giggling in the empty classroom.

The other actresses couldn't stand her anymore.

They were the same age and just as beautiful as Lindsay was, but she was the heroine and they had to play the scheming b*tches. It

was unfair!

They were jealous that she was Qin Guan's partner! This was a dream shared by all young girls. As a result, they isolated Lindsay.

"Please! You are an actress! Act like a professional!"

"You are at work! Stop drooling!"

"Don't scold her. Maybe she really wants to interact with Qin Guan. Daydreaming is not a crime after all."

The three blonde girls glanced at Lindsay with a scornful expression in their eyes and then left laughing.

A few minutes later, she came back to her senses. "Huh? Did I hear someone laughing just now? I have no idea what happened. I'm hungry..."

The girls' efforts had been in vain.

Meanwhile, a strange scene was taking place at the school cafeteria, where the crew was dining. There was a big empty space around Qin Guan. No one except Qu dared sit by him. The principal made an attempt, but retreated when he saw the angry looks the girls were giving him.

As a latecomer, Lindsay was fearless. Not paying attention to the girls around her, she sat down across from Qin Guan, took her hamburger in her hands and fixed her eyes on him.

The beautiful guy, who was a feast for the eyes, made the unsavoury food seem delicious. Qin Guan was speechless. He felt uncomfortable to be thought of as a snack.

The three girls rescued him by gesturing silently at him, hinting that he could leave. Then they came and sat down across from Lindsay.

"Hey, look at me! Finish your hamburger before you leave. Don't I make your food taste good too?" Karen whispered to Lindsay ferociously.

"Don't lose face, girl! Keep eating..."

Karen nodded at Venus, who picked up a fork and ground it against the table.

The sound was terrible. The whole scene was like a real-life "Mean Girls".

Stupefied, Lindsay nodded like a robot. Satisfied at her victory, the female janitor appeared behind them.

She stretched a large palm out to them and said loudly, "The president is right! Actors are always breaking the law. You like destroying everything! Wait till I catch you! Ha ha!"

"You have to pay 20 dollars. You damaged the table!" The woman was actually a spy.

Their agent took out some bills. You are losing money before even making it, princesses!

The school reminded everyone of their own student life as they expressed themselves, showing their true colors.

Chapter 533: The Paramount Business Operation

Everyone looked younger. The seniors were much better, while everyone in their twenties became high school students again.

Why was Qin Guan not influenced?

Please, he was actually older than 50 years old.

In the afternoon, Qin Guan would be working with the cunning Karen.

They would be filming a masked ball together. As a beautiful girl, she had dressed up as a bunny. She was wearing a white bikini, two long fluffy ears and a tail.

The prop master had tried his best to dress the girls right. As the hero, Qin Guan was just wearing a football team uniform. Fortunately, he didn't need to put on a helmet.

The extras crowded the room. They were getting paid 8-10 dollars an hour, so the director was hoping that the scene would be finished as soon as possible.

Mark began to shoot.

Using her most innocent voice, Karen told her ex-boyfriend, "Do you know that girl Katie?"

Qin Guan nodded. "Yes, she is pretty nice. I invited her to the ball tonight."

The happiness on his face hurt her heart. Without thinking, she said, "Beware of her. She has fallen in love with you."

Qin Guan was happy to hear that. It felt like he had found some meat in a plate of cheap noodles.

His expression made Karen even more depressed. "She has written your name on a T-shirt and put it on underneath her

clothes. She has told everybody about it," she added.

Qin Guan was stunned.

"You are really handsome after all. She also collects any tissues you have used. She wants to use an African spell to make you fall in love with her."

The muscles on Qin Guan's face stiffened. "What?" he managed to say.

"Interesting! He doesn't rely on his appearance. He is actually a good actor."

"Yes! Generally speaking, popular boys don't understand weirdos."

It seemed that there were many weird students among the cast.

The scene went on. That scheming b*tch Karen was watching Lindsay across the dance floor with Qin Guan.

When Qin Guan turned around, Karen told him, "Please don't laugh at her. She might be a weirdo, but she is my friend."

Qin Guan eventually yielded and the two of them kissed each other.

Karen was laughing internally. B*tch! So what if you are the protagonist? Qin Guan kissed me first!

The cameraman worked extra hard on the scene. The couple looked beautiful as they moved before the camera.

Qin Guan was the first to wake up. He pushed Karen away, saying, "What are you doing? We have broken up!"

Karen locked her arms around his neck tight. "When? I didn't agree to that. You are so charming... I'd never break up with you!"

He was her one true love. Feeling the deep love of the campus belle, Qin Guan closed his eyes and hugged her thin waist.

They kissed like crazy among the crowd, as if there was no one

else present. Of course, there was no tongue involved. Qin Guan just pasted his lips on hers. He was a gentleman after all.

Karen had a favorable impression of Qin Guan. Lindsay is right. He is a nice guy...

"Cut!" the director shouted at them cheerfully. He was very satisfied with the scene.

By then, it was already dark outside. Their work was finished for that day. Qin Guan said goodbye to the director and left. He hadn't realized that the distributor of the film was Paramount Pictures, which was famous for its commercial success.

Ever since Qin Guan had been cast, the PR Department of Paramount Pictures had been working hard.

The next morning, there were news about the film in many big city newspapers, including The Los Angeles Times.

"The protagonist of 'Mean Girls' has been selected. Jonathan Bennett lost to Asian actor Qin Guan."

"The most fashionable teen film and the most fashionable leading actor..."

"Many fashion brands, including LEE, are sponsoring 'Mean Girls'. Each actress is wearing more than 40 different outfits."

Paramount made good use of Qin Guan's popularity in the fashion circle. They not only managed to get new sponsors for the costume department, but also promote the film indirectly.

Chapter 534: Adapted Script

Although he was the protagonist, Qin Guan was not aware of this until he saw the news online during breakfast, while he was scrolling through the posts on OMG.

News about him were posted nonstop on the website. His fan Vivian had made a PPT of his photos during the trip and shared it with the other netizens.

In two days, it had already been downloaded 10,000 times. The latest news brought about some strange nicknames though.

"Let me see who the three beauties are fighting over..."

"F*ck off! Britney is mine!"

"That b*tch Madonna found another young man."

"Who is Qin Guan? Is he Superman?"

Britney and Madonna's huge fan clubs were not friendly with Qin Guan, although they were shocked by his posters and advertisements. If Qin Guan was a nobody, then he had to be a notorious megalomaniac.

Bored people everywhere were waiting for striking news to distract themselves. Qin Guan was anxious about the response of another minor group though. The group was curious about the male protagonist of "Mean Girls".

The film was being adapted from a non-fiction book in which a boy made love to a girl. All the readers wanted to ask him if he had. Everyone left a meaningful smiley face under the post.

"Please stick to the original version. Please!"

Qin Guan was confused. When he arrived on set, he asked Tina about it. She laughed and waved at the principal of Paramount Pictures.

"Darling, let this cunning man explain everything to you."

Fox was straightforward. This was also a problem he was facing with the crew. If the script stuck to the original version, the film would be classified as R. Most of the audience would be high school students though, so the film had to be PG-13.

As a result, the sex scene had been cut temporarily.

Qin Guan was scared to hear this. He had originally thought that this was a typical teen movie, but the director had made a wise decision.

After checking with the scriptwriter again, Qin Guan went to the fitting room.

Fox, who had met all kinds of people in his career, shrugged.

"Other actors are eager to have a controversial plotline, but he is happy to cut it."

The scriptwriter picked up the script again. "He is a really smart man. Is this his first commercial film?"

"He was clever enough to avoid an unusual film, but he chose a young audience. His character is lovable, and he won the Best Actor Award at Cannes, so he should be a good actor. Unless he chooses to use his best advantage, which is his looks..."

"I think he knows himself really well. He needs several successful small-budget commercial films in order to upgrade his status. He might be a newcomer to Hollywood, but he knows the game rules well."

They were actually overestimating him. It was the woman behind him who had chosen the script for him.

The shooting went well. The main plotline could be shot in one go. In less than a week, Qin Guan filmed his final scene.

It was the ending of the film. The heroine realized who she was and expressed her true self. She won the crown at the school New Year's Eve Party and apologized to her classmates, whom she had

deeply hurt.

Feeling happy for Katie, Qin Guan walked over to her.

He was dressed formally for the scene. He looked melancholy in his black shirt and suit, but the spotlight was on his body. He bent forward to talk to Lindsay, his long eyelashes unable to cover the shyness in his eyes.

The older people on set smiled meaningfully.

This was the most pure and beautiful love in existence.

To Qin Guan, this felt like a Walker Bro Pancake House coupon. To students without much pocket money, eating out with a coupon was just as sweet.

Chapter 535: American Blog

Lindsay's heart was beating nervously. This was her last chance to kiss Qin Guan. He looked really handsome that day...

As the cameraman zoomed in on Qin Guan's face, she put her arms on his shoulders.

There was a slow, soft song playing. Lindsay was watching his face shyly, exuding tenderness and love through her eyes. "Are you feeling sick?" Qin Guan asked his partner affectionately.

"No."

"Did you drink?"

"No!"

Qin Guan smiled at her. His eyes looked like a new moon. Qu swallowed her saliva, feeling jealous of the perks that actresses enjoyed.

Before everybody came back to their senses, Qin Guan kissed Lindsay on the lips.

The director eyed the cameraman. Three cameras were pointed at the dancers, light pouring onto their bodies. The camera on the ceiling was rising slowly.

The lovers were kissing each other as if there was no one else present. The camera was rising higher and higher, until it reached the ceiling.

It had been five minutes. What was the director doing? When would this scene end?

Lindsay was thanking God silently. Becoming an actress had been the wisest decision of her life. She was really enjoying it.

Crack!

The camera had reached the top. The sound woke up the

director.

"Cut!"

Thus ended Qin Guan's part in the film. What he needed was to rest in a quiet corner. After five minutes of kissing, he was experiencing an oxygen deficit.

Qu was talking with the director as all the actresses gathered around Qin Guan.

"Qin Guan, can I have your MSN?"

"Me, too!"

The girls, who were the same age as Qin Guan, had forgotten about their small conflicts during filming and decided to take advantage of these last moments to be with him. The good-tempered actor had impressed them with his looks and kindness.

A girl tried to confess her love to him, but he answered her with a few words. His rare morals were precious.

It was thanks to the director that they had met such an outstanding gentleman. The girls had now higher boyfriend standards.

As soon as Qin Guan left the set, the company published the news online. The insiders of the film circle were happy to see the news published on a fresh platform.

It was a blog run by some geeks.

Due to the timeliness of the updates and the convenience of the news dissemination, many users in the United States tried to use blogs to share their first-hand news about the stars.

Film companies and fashion insiders started official blogs.

Professional blogs were flourishing like mushrooms after the rain, but Metefilter became a pop culture phenomenon.

Metefilter was a blog where stars and fans discussed film

plotlines, TV series actors and performances, as well as other related topics.

The users had heated live discussions, and countless companies, agents and stars also visited the site.

Although there were always special teams working on official blogs, some lucky fans would see their favorite star on their blogs.

The website was also famous for its heated discussions and rude words.

Qin Guan was reading a script in the car as he headed to the Mike Nichols' Company. An old friend and colleague of his had recommended him to the director as soon as he had said yes to a new film.

He had been lucky enough to audition for the investor, producer and director of the company.

He owed Julia Roberts big time.

Meanwhile, Qu was still thinking about Vivian's call. "Do you think it's necessary to start your own blog on Metefilter? I've heard that fans there are not friendly."

Qin Guan, who was still absorbed in the script, smiled. "I'm not worried about that. I'm more worried about my blog not drawing enough attention. That would influence my status. Film companies all over the country would know."

Qu sneered at him. "Don't worry, you'll have more than enough fans. If you are not afraid, you can ask Vivian to set it up for you."

"It's settled then!"

At the temporary office of the Nichols Company in Los Angeles, the curious old man finally met Qin Guan, the actor who had been strongly recommended by Julia Roberts.

His eyes were sparkling behind his glasses. Unlike other directors, he was not shocked by Qin Guan's looks.

As Qu introduced Qin Guan, Nichols sprang up from his chair and took Qin Guan's arm.

Chapter 536: IMG and China

"Come on, boy. Show me your muscles!"

Qin Guan did as he was asked.

"Good! Do you have a moustache?"

Qin Guan and Qu shook their heads in unison. Qin Guan was still in his twenties, so he would not get a beard until several years later.

Nichols didn't let Qin Guan go though. "Did you learn anything from powerful, confident high-profile actors?" he asked suddenly.

Qin Guan was stunned at first, but he gave the right response quickly. "Do you mean something like this?"

Qin Guan stood up slowly, taking off a pair of imaginary gloves. His movements were elegant and arrogant, like those of experienced actors. Anyone around him would be careful instinctively.

"No, you have to look even more brutal and barbaric... Like a proud man with a high social status who always knows what he needs..."

Before his voice could fade away, Qin Guan had already changed. His expression became fierce and aggressive with pride. Although he was smiling kindly, anyone would be able to feel his inner power. He was someone on top of the social pyramid.

Staring at Nichols, he said, "I think an audition would be unnecessary. The part is mine!"

That was unparalleled boldness!

Qu felt scared, but Nichols burst into laughter.

"Yes, young man. You are quite right. It will be my honor to have you act in the film."

The child-like director had decided to cooperate with Qin Guan.

The two of them shook hands warmly. Before they left, Nichols stopped Qin Guan.

"I almost forgot! The theatrical version of 'Closer' has been on Broadway for some time. You can watch it when you return to New York. It might enlighten you."

That explained why the German director was so successful and kind with actors.

Qin Guan had misunderstood the old man. Nichols was famous in the film circle for his honesty.

He relied on acting skills instead of personal fame. Many stars had burst into tears during filming because of him. If one met his demands though, then nothing else mattered.

He asked Qin Guan to watch the play to get familiar with the plot in advance. He wanted to avoid making another actor burst into tears in the near future.

Qin Guan had spent too much time in Los Angeles. It was time to return to New York, where Cong Nianwei and Xue Wanyi were waiting for him.

Sister Xue had reached an agreement with IMG and ELITE. They were just waiting for the leading actor to make the final decision.

Sister Xue was sitting calmly in the meeting room of the IMG headquarters. Anyone who knew her would notice her nervousness by observing her moving thumbs.

The people sitting opposite her were the talented clients of the two agencies and the principal in charge of the model promotion for the top four fashion weeks.

They were the best at discovering models and estimating their potential and value.

The two parties remained silent until an assistant led Qin Guan

in. Qu had completed her task successfully. Now she could return to VOGUE to meet with Qin Guan's fan club and talk about the blog.

"Nice to meet you! I'm Qin Guan," Qin Guan said with a smile, surprising everyone.

The Asian woman had to be a monster. She had tempted them into signing an unfair agreement with some cooperative terms and letting the top model go easily!

They realized they had been cheated. That so-called exchange with a mysterious country had been a trap. They would not be making the best of two worlds. They would be suffering a big loss!

The principal panted angrily as he noticed Sister Xue's proud smile.

If he had been Qin Guan's agent, he would have become famous all over the world in three months, not taking on the occasional job like he was now!

"Thank you for this opportunity. I'm honored. I also want to thank Ms. Xue Wanyi, my agent, who let me enjoy life after studying and working hard for so long..."

Everyone was stunned by his words. Qin Guan continued in a kind voice, "I am only able to be a part-time model because Sister Xue tolerates my requirements. There is a set system in the industry, and this job requires discipline and punctuality."

"As the two top companies in America, both IMG and ELITE are concerned about that."

Qin Guan glanced at everyone around him. They were nodding at his words.

"There is a Chinese saying about strict order enforcement and prohibitions. The larger a company is, the stricter its principal will be."

Chapter 537: Negotiation

"I admire you, sir, but I don't want to be restrained by this admiration. Fortunately, some of my seniors have been very tolerant about me. They want to start a studio with me without any additional terms."

"I appreciate benefactors of the circle like you. Thanks to your adherence to the rules, I can do my work more easily."

The people across from him looked ashamed at the mention of the word "rules". Is this guy trolling us?

This was a confirmation that the young man was a wild beast instead of the sheep they had originally thought. They instantly gave up on their plan to control him. His unstrained style and part-time regime were big flaws.

On the other side, Qin Guan's attitude helped other male models get more chances, so he was not that much of a threat after all.

Sister Xue saw a chance and broke in.

"Now you have all seen Qin Guan. If there's some difficult job, just call me. If Qin Guan is available, he will do his best to help you."

Under normal circumstances, her opponents would have sneered at her. On second thought though, they exchanged a hostile glance and decided to unite in order to fight a common enemy. When they left the meeting room, they would be arch enemies again.

If their own models failed an audition, the best solution would be to recommend Qin Guan. The harm would be much smaller that way. That was the reality of the situation. Profit always prevailed.

Sister Xue's suggestion lightened up the atmosphere. Everyone was eager to see what the Chinese woman would bring to the American fashion circle.

The "Chinese Foreign Model Exchange Association" sounded very noble and official. It had been established by Qin Guan just a few days earlier, and it was actually a semi-official Chinese exchange organization that would lift China's veil to the international fashion circle. From then on, there would be Chinese models working internationally. A Chinese trend would start.

"Great! Let's get back to the topic now. May we have the honor of meeting the real leading actors, Ms. Xue?"

Qin Guan was quickly brushed off by the profit-oriented businessmen. He rubbed his nose awkwardly and turned his eyes to the door.

"Of course, one minute..."

Sister Xue stood up to open the door, smiling to herself. She was both relieved for Qin Guan and glad about the bright future of Chinese models.

Crack! The door opened and a group of top Chinese models in traditional Chinese costumes walked in.

The cheongsam was one of the most elegant costumes of Chinese women. It complimented their curvaceous figures like nothing else.

Chinese women were the best interpreters of ancient costumes. The costumes looked like mysterious stories on their bodies.

The cheongsams made their thin shoulders fuller and their slender waists softer. They covered the broad hips of Asian women and made them look graceful.

Several tall Asian women walked in gracefully one after the other. The details of their robes unfolded before everyone's eyes like a dreamy ancient country. The fine handcraft and ingenious composition were full of oriental mystery. This was high fashion at its best.

The principals were attracted by the gorgeous costumes. They

were insiders of the fashion circle after all. The models distracted them as they picked up their resumes, where their height, weight and awards were stated clearly.

Then they started talking to each other in low voices.

"This is Du Juan, 179 cm. She looks gloomy. She is perfect for high fashion!"

"That explains it. She is a dancer from Shanghai. A girl from South China..."

"She has won plenty of awards in China. She also has a nice figure..."

"Wow, she was discovered by Mr. Cai!"

He was right. Du Juan had been discovered by Cai Zhiwei when she had been a freshman. Her great potential had inspired many fashion insiders to try to promote her.

Mr. Cai, who had graduated from the Warton Commercial College, was considered a fashion godfather in Shanghai. He was the director of the Chinese branch of the McCann Worldgroup, one of the largest advertising companies in the world.

"Shall we keep her?"

"Of course."

Fierce sparkles started flying among them. They would begin competing over her soon. They had all marked down Du Juan's name.

Du Juan's beauty made the next models pale in comparison. They couldn't impress anyone who was familiar with top models.

The principals thought there was only one pearl among the girls, when Lv Yan, the last model, suddenly walked in.

Sister Xue had tried to make her look different by making her wear a scarlet robe. Chinese people believed that scarlet suit girls with fair skin. A girl with darker skin would have looked ugly in

that robe.

Qin Guan smiled bitterly. It seems like Sister Xue is not confident about my taste.

Chapter 538: A Smile Among The Noise

See, Qin Guan? This is all because of your terrible taste. Everyone will point out your mistake.

Too bad that she was wrong.

Even though she'd had limited training, the girl was as tough as weed. She anxiously showed all her advantages to the audience, presenting a perfect mix of beauty and camera sense. She was smiling generously, with her mouth wide open, her height and figure making the robe look fierce.

Her steps were steady, and her attitude on the stage was aggressive. She was from an ancient water town by the Yangtze River, yet she looked like a sandstorm in the desert.

She strode over to the judges and took a quiet but vigorous pose.

The audience went crazy.

The strange taste of foreign people was quite different from theirs. In their imagination, Chinese beauties had narrow, phoenix-like eyes, thick lips and dark skin, and were tall and flat as a board.

That was a Chinese Aphrodite in their minds.

When they saw a girl that fit their taste, they were really surprised.

"Wow! What did I just see?"

"She was born for the top. Do you know why I'm smiling now? Because those arrogant French will lower their proud heads before this Asian beauty."

"I'm sure that the Europeans will spend a lot of money on her..."

"Keep?"

"Definitely!"

Their voices got louder and louder with excitement. Lv walked out of the door, trying to cover the tears running down her face.

Sister Xue was as still as a statue. She couldn't understand those crazy Americans.

Qin Guan burst into laughter. Patting her shoulder, he whispered, "You should treat me to dinner. I found a huge treasure for you. She's both a cleaner and a top model!"

Sister Xue came back to her senses immediately. I'm such a lucky dog!

She turned around to the principals, expecting to get good news.

After all, the girls had been selected very carefully. Any large agency would consider them only a drop in the ocean. They could hire them all. It would be easy to reach an agreement on the salary.

The only exceptions were Du Juan and Lv Yan, who were hired separately by IMG and ELITE. Their contracts were of the highest value. In the next three years, their whole schedules would be arranged by the two agencies. When their contracts expired, the companies would re-evaluate them according to their own needs and development.

This meant that the two young birds would fly up to a broader sky with a thin Chinese thread fastened to their feet. They would have the chance to choose now.

The meeting ended in harmony. The models and the agents were talking happily to each other. Before leaving, every principal hugged Qin Guan goodbye.

"I'm so sorry about your decision, Qin Guan. You have been born for fashion. You should dedicate yourself to the God of Beauty."

"Alas! The world of beauty is filled with disappointment. That's the meaning of its existence."

Those weirdos were lovely when they talked about art and

beauty. Qin Guan could only smile in reply.

He was still the best among all the surrounding Asian beauties.

He retired from the meeting room, followed by Sister Xue.

Somebody sighed behind him. "I wish I were a firefly lighting up a flame for him..."

"If you were a firefly, there would be no lamp on your bottom..."

Qin Guan was shocked by the Chinese girls. "Chinese people can be really great. Those proud Westerners admire him so much!"

Soon, Qin Guan became a good example for all Chinese models striving abroad. He acted as the leader of all Asian models.

Sister Xue believed he could organize an army and set on a small-scale expedition in Europe if he wanted to.

Qin Guan was no commander though. He left Sister Xue with the blog team cruelly and went home to get some sleep.

Spring nights were always too short. Qin Guan had been working really hard during summer vacation.

Sister Xue was a mighty tiger though. Qin Guan's promotion reached its peak with her participation as the team discussed the functions of the blog.

Chapter 539: The Official Blog

They decided on the structure, promotion and administration of the blog.

In the evening, Qin Guan's official blog was set up on Meterfilter. A Chinese guy had finally found his place among American stars.

The whole process took only 10 minutes. The website confirmed all the true information about Qin Guan. An American blog belonging to him had been born.

It was a pity that this was in late July 2003. Blogs had not been accepted by common people in China yet. Portal websites had not realized their value.

Full name: Qin Guan

Gender: Male

Occupation: Student, actor, model

Bio: He made his debut very young. In 1998, he won the New Face Competition. In 1999, he became a B-level model. He has represented many fashion brands in Asia and starred in numerous advertisements. In 2002, he came to America and was discovered by CK. He showed his extraordinary splendor during the New York Fashion Week. He was later discovered by famous Italian designer Giorgio Armani. He is currently an ambassador of Armani, Tiffany, Vacheron Constantin, L' Oreal and other top international brands.

Advertisements: Armani Fragrance series, L' Oreal, Cadillac and others.

Achievements in Film and TV: He was discovered by Director Zhang Jizhong. He has acted in many Chinese period TV series and was deemed "unparalleledly handsome". He was later cast by Director Zhang Yimou in his film "Heroes", which was the start of his journey in the film industry. When everyone thought that this

was it for him, he came to the US, where Director Gus offered him a part in his film "Elephant". This was his first leading role in a film.

TV Series: "The Legend of the Swordsman"

Films: "Elephant", "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind", "Mean Girls"

Awards: Winner of the 1998 Chinese New Face Competition, Best Actor Award Winner at the 56th Cannes Film Festival

Qin Guan's past struggles were all presented to the public. His fans heard the news from Sister Xue and poured into the blog.

"Congratulations! I'm so happy!"

"We can finally learn about our idol's activities as fast as possible. No more gossip!"

"Yes! I'm tired of all those fake news circulating in the media!"

His fans were increasing rapidly. Some people who were attracted by other gossip websites, as well as the audience of Qin Guan's films, also visited the blog.

The team was watching the number of fans increase silently. One thousand, two thousand... The increasing number slowed down until it reached more than 60,000.

Qin Guan's fans were attracted by his own popularity. If the stars he had cooperated with had promoted the new blog, then the number would have been even bigger.

Qu Xuemei and Sister Xue were conservative though. It was not a good idea to boast about his blog before Qin Guan reached a higher commercial value.

What they were worried about the most came true.

The visitors of the blog were mainly film, TV and fashion fans who had visited Qin Guan's blog by chance.

When they realized who he was, they got excited. He is the guy from that recent affair! The news spread as the audience gathered on the website.

"Stop working your magic on Britney! You just want to benefit from her popularity!"

"Best Actor at Cannes? I'll take a look at his work!"

"Go to hell! You just rely on your looks!"

The disharmony in the comment section shocked Vivian, who looked at Sister Xue helplessly. "What should we do?"

Rongzhi rolled up his sleeves excitedly. He was the administrator of the blog. "Leave it to me. I'll destroy their computers."

Qu shook her head. "Don't worry. Look at the response of our fans!"

After a short silence, Qin Guan's fans came back to their senses and began fighting back.

"Qin Guan is worthy of Britney, Paris and Madonna!"

"Based on what? His popularity and influence in America? He is a typical case of sensationalization!"

"Yes! People who become famous through their romantic affairs don't stand the test of time!"

The fans gave uniform answers, guided by the president of Qin Guan's fan club.

"Come on! Shout with me! Why is Qin Guan the best?"

"Because he is an angel fallen from Heaven! Look at his face!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

Meanwhile, Sister Xue arranged the content of the different sections with Rongzhi.

"Upload Qin Guan's cover photos and advertisement videos. Don't forget to give links for the most popular brands in Qin Guan's resume."

"No problem..." Rongzhi's fingers were dancing on the keyboard. When the warfare on the forum subsided, the users realized that the content had been updated.

There were beautiful photos, fragments of advertisements and posters on the blog now. They occupied the whole screen when one clicked on them.

Chapter 540: The War Across the Great Wall

Qin Guan's handsome face and elegant figure took over countless screens.

"Do you see him? He's the reason behind the affair!"

"I just want to lock him in my basement. I don't want to share him with anyone else."

Qin Guan's fans expressed their heartfelt wishes while fence-sitters rushed to Qin Guan's side after seeing his photos and advertisements.

"I was just a passerby, but now I've become his fan."

"Anyway, I like his face..."

"The administrator is really cool. I can use the downloaded photos directly on my desktop."

"Yes. I'm using his underwear poster as my desktop background!"

The vigor of the two opposing sides was diminishing.

"So what? He is nothing but a man relying on his pretty face."

"Yes, Madonna is the queen of pop music! And Britney is so hot..."

They didn't take Qin Guan's talent into consideration. When the two parties reached a deadlock, another force joined the battle.

"Qin Guan is the most charming man I have ever seen! You American guys are unbelievable!"

"Obar Qin Guan is so handsome!"

"On behalf of his fans in Singapore..."

A group of Asian fans emerged, some of them fighting back in their own language for the sake of convenience.

Rongzhi, who was extremely talented at his job, said that accommodating to the compatibility of different languages was a piece of cake for him.

This function was discovered by other stars on Meterfilter later. Their teams complained to the website administrators, offending the Meterfilter CTO.

The strange foreign words shocked the American fans, who didn't know what they meant, but knew that they were written in a different language.

No one had expected a Chinese actor and model to have so many fans from so many different countries.

The attackers' voices started fading away, but it was the Chinese fans who made them fall completely silent. Using all kinds of ladders, Qin Guan's Chinese supporters climbed over the Great Wall and reached the battlefield.

Chinese girls finally had a chance to get in touch with their idol.

"Wow! It's Qin Guan's new advertisement! It's so beautiful!"

"No! It's beyond beautiful!"

In seconds, his fans reached 100,000, scaring the American visitors.

On the forum, posts were refreshed so rapidly that people barely had any time to read them. The American visitors were trembling in a corner. What's happening? Can someone tell us?

They couldn't read those ancient, mysterious characters, but the other side could read and fight back in English, which annoyed them to no end.

In 10 minutes, the attackers left in defeat. From then on, Qin Guan's fans became known for their vigor.

That strange phenomenon became a tradition on the forum. As a result, American fans were inclined to use Chinese characters to

express their feelings, and so did everyone who disliked Qin Guan. They borrowed Chinese textbooks from Columbia so they could understand their enemies.

None of them were aware that the textbooks were written in the complex form of Chinese characters, which made it much more difficult to learn Chinese.

These events didn't influence Qin Guan's team though. As soon as the Chinese fans got to the battlefield, the outcome was determined.

The battle ended and a new link appeared on the blog. The fans got excited about the news.

In August, "Heroes" and "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind" will air in North America, the advertisements of L'Oreal and Cadillac will be broadcasted all over the world, and Qin Guan will appear on "America's Next Top Model" as a guest judge and attend the 2003 Berlin Film Festival.

The fans, who were divided into two different groups, felt like partying. Qin Guan's American fans were celebrating, while his Chinese fans were sobbing.

The Chinese fans shamelessly spoiled the film "Heroes" for everyone.

During the exchange, fans from different countries became a harmonious family. Their love for Qin Guan broke the borders of languages as they cheered for him together.

Qin Guan had no idea about this. He was just lying on the couch, drinking beer and watching TV. Cong Nianwei watched the whole process and sent the link of the blog to all her friends and relatives.

Chapter 541: Mixed Reviews

Unaware that he had been betrayed by his girlfriend, Qin Guan was making financial plans for the holidays.

"Shall we go to the cinema tomorrow? 'Heroes' will be in theaters in North America."

"Which one do you want to watch first?"

Both of his films were being distributed by Miramax. One of them was a foreign film introduced in North America, while the other was an indie film. Miramax had assigned different significance to the two of them.

Qin Guan wasn't concerned about that. Shrugging, he said, "We can watch 'Heroes' at the nearby cinema, then watch 'Confessions of a Dangerous Mind' the next day."

Cong Nianwei stared at Qin Guan with a meaningful expression in her eyes. "So they are in theaters on different days?"

"Of course. Don't look at me like that. I'm melting..."

"Stop!"

It was wonderful to be back home.

The next day, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei went to the cinema with Sister Xue's tickets.

The Chinese commercial film had been publicized in North America for a whole month. The American youth paid to see the film thanks to their love for Jet Li. They were also curious about the mysterious Asian film.

The first screening started at nine o'clock in the morning. It seemed that the cinema was confident about the film.

The big screen turned on. About 60% of the average-sized theater was occupied, which was a gratifying achievement.

Cong Nianwei was interested in the film, but Qin Guan was nervous.

It was easy for a Chinese audience to enjoy a foreign film with an English audio and Chinese subtitles. Fans of American, Korean and Japanese TV shows were a good example of this.

American people couldn't follow subtitles though.

In the film, actors were shouting at each other in Chinese, and the emperor was giving a lesson to the audience in standard Mandarin. The English subtitles were flashing by quickly at the bottom of the screen.

Qin Guan's reading ability was enough to read them, but the young people around him were frowning.

"What is he talking about?"

"No idea. The subtitles are too fast."

Idioms were extremely important, but English sentences were always too long. In half an hour, the confused audience began to leave. Cong Nianwei was worried. "What's the matter?" she whispered to Qin Guan.

Qin Guan tried to comfort her. "We'll just rely on the reviews tomorrow and the box office statistics."

To their delight, most of the audience stayed till the end of the film. Qin Guan couldn't control public opinion, but he would definitely buy some newspapers the next day.

As they walked out of the cinema, Cong Nianwei burst into laughter and pointed to his lips. "You look strange with that beard on!"

Qin Guan smiled in reply. No matter how much facial hair he had on, he would always be a good actor.

The two of them walked home chatting and laughing. The next day, Qin Guan bought some shrimp wontons from a Chinese

restaurant for breakfast and bought some newspapers on the way home.

When he returned, Cong Nianwei had prepared some round pancakes. She put a plate of pickles on the table as Qin Guan finished the newspapers.

The box office of the opening day had been more than 100 million dollars. His film was at the top of the weekend box office.

This was an uncommon achievement during the summer, but the reviews were much more interesting than the box office.

The audience was divided. Qin Guan's fans were crazy about the film, while his haters couldn't wait to diss it.

The mainstream media talked very highly of the film. They thought it was as mysterious as Chinese culture and wanted to travel among China's beautiful mountains and rivers, which were as beautiful as Wonderland.

Each scene was meaningful, and each actor left a memorable impression. Their words were as elegant as poems, expressing the essence of Chinese culture and philosophy.

Some reviews came from prestigious art lovers and insiders of the film circle, including directors, photographers and producers. Everyone thought it was an outstanding visual feast.

Of course, some people, who were fans of Jet Li, were fond of popular Kung Fu stars.

There was also a group of people who disliked the film. They ranked it with an F, which was the lowest possible rating.

Most young people hated it. They couldn't follow the dialogue and had no idea what was going on. What does the director want to say? That the ancient Chinese could fly in the sky?

Chapter 542: Kneeling On The Keyboard

Fans loved the film, but those who disliked it did not pay much attention to it.

Qin Guan sighed as Cong Nianwei finished her wonton. The shrimps were small and elastic, with the typical sweetness of North American species.

She swallowed a mouthful of soup and told her depressed boyfriend, "You didn't like the pancakes?" Qin Guan had nearly torn apart the small pancakes.

"No, I'm just feeling down. I'm a star in America, so I don't understand why there were no news about me in the newspaper."

Cong Nianwei took a pancake, put some pickles on it and rolled it up. Then she stuffed it into Qin Guan's mouth.

"You had five minutes of screentime. How could they judge your acting? Finish your breakfast quickly. Your big event is in a few days!"

"You are the lead in 'Confessions of a Dangerous Mind'. Few indie or artistic films are distributed by Miramax. You'll be scared by the overwhelming reviews then!"

As he chewed, Qin Guan's attention was diverted from the newspapers. As a Chinese foodie, for him delicious food was the solution to everything.

The mainstream media didn't pay much attention to Qin Guan's role in "Heroes", but Qin Guan's fans liked anything he did. After leaving the cinemas, they would post on Qin Guan's blog right away.

So did Qin Guan's haters.

"Look at that funny guy with the beard! He is not handsome at all!"

"He is a servant of Jet Li in China!"

As his fans got angry about the comments, someone said calmly, "How did you find this actor and his blog then?"

This enlightened everyone. Suddenly, Qin Guan's fans began to make fun of his haters.

"You must be big fans of his! Thank you for your contribution to the box office!"

Qin Guan's haters left the blog helplessly.

Wood was the No. 1 fan of Britney Spears, so despite his extreme hate for Qin Guan, he had bought a ticket for "Heroes".

Now he was looking at his computer screen angrily. Why did I buy a ticket? I'm such an idiot! Did I do it just to get to know my enemy?

Who knew how many silly guys had bought tickets for the foreign film for the same reason, thus helping it reach the top of the American box office for three days.

"Confessions of a Dangerous Mind", which was an indie film directed by George Clooney and distributed by Miramax, did unexpectedly well at the box office on the day of its release. The minority film made as much profit as "Heroes", which shocked all movie critics.

As the old gentlemen went out of the cinema with their high top hats and walking sticks, along with their old companions, the reporters were enlightened.

The fans of the novel and the generation that had been influenced by Chuck were yearning for something. This was not a film targeted at young people.

As a result, the reviews were not as mixed as those of "Heroes". The audience didn't pay much attention to the plot, but they were passionate about Qin Guan's performance.

They felt like they had discovered a gem in the sand.

"The plot was boring, to be honest, and the directing was average. The only highlight was the protagonist. That Chinese actor was outstanding."

"The film is loyal to the original overall. Its black humor is still there. It tried to copy everything, but I have to say that the best thing about it was the lead."

"I can sense the actor's potential from his resume. He could become famous all over the world."

The media praised Qin Guan as his fans celebrated on his blog. Meanwhile, he was kneeling on the keyboard at home.

"Tell me how you felt when you exposed your bottom before the camera. That explains why you didn't want me to watch the film!"

Cong Nianwei was sitting in a chair with a smile on her face. Qin Guan remained silent.

"Was it necessary for the advancement of the plot?"

"I think you enjoyed it."

"How did you feel when Julia kissed you?"

"Did Drew Barrymore see your body clearly?"

Chapter 543: The Berlin Film Festival

"It wasn't like that!" Qin Guan was upset. Meanwhile, his fans were discussing the film happily on his blog and on OMG. He pointed to the computer.

"Never believe the gossip you read online."

There were many posts about the details of the film. People analysed the film carefully, especially its sex scenes. Some fans even asked Qin Guan what he had thought of Julia's big mouth. They were jealous of him, which made Cong Nianwei even angrier.

"Why do you always go for these wild indie films? Not every indie film needs to include a sex scene! You have many choices. There are family films, war films... Be careful with your choices in the future."

"Okay, okay!" You are the boss! Your punishment is like honey for me!

People made fun of henpecked men, but they loved their women very much. There was a wide gap between men and women when it came to strength. They were not afraid of their women. They just respected and loved them a lot.

...

At Miramax's invitation, Qin Guan attended the 53rd Berlin International Film Festival. His film had been nominated for an award.

The festival had started in the early 1950s and made an international impact by the late 1980s.

Qin Guan's film proved once again to people all over the world that it didn't need any intervention from external forces, be that a nation, politician or public figure.

A good film was enough to be liked by people all over the world.

The Berlin Film Festival was one of the top film festivals in Europe. Compared to Cannes and Venice, it was much younger and more energetic.

The award season was always changing so it could compete with the other two festivals, but this didn't influence the passion of the participants.

Frustrated by his loss at the Oscars, Zhang Yimou had placed his hopes on the Berlin Festival.

As expected, his film was on the list of nominees. However, he had failed to invite Qin Guan to the festival. This was because another film that featured Qin Guan as the main actor had also been shortlisted.

As a result, he had to walk on the red carpet alone. He had also seen the name of another Chinese director on the list, one that he was not familiar with.

Qin Guan didn't recognize the name either. The guy, whose name was Li Yang, was smiling at him. His hair reached his shoulders as he hugged Qin Guan around the neck.

"Qin Guan, I hear that you are the most popular Chinese indie actor overseas. Would you be interested in cooperating with me?"

Li Yang was an easy-going man. No one, inside or outside China, had heard his name before though.

"Are you the director of 'Blind Shaft'?"

"Exactly! You must have recognized me at first sight."

He was actually a very handsome man. Qin Guan nodded.

Li Yang laughed shamelessly. "Good! Even Qin Guan thinks I'm handsome. I must show off on your blog about this!"

"Blog?"

"Yes! The forum on your official blog. I have been studying in Europe lately, so I noticed you when you won the Best Actor Award

in Cannes."

"You have made your own way in the field of artistic independent films through hard personal effort."

"People in the circle think that all geese are swans. They don't like to be exposed to the media, but you are famous here..."

Li Yang pointed at the crowd. Qin Guan looked in that direction. Everyone, regardless of whether he knew them or not, were waving at him.

"Hi, Qin Guan. I watched your film. It was excellent!"

"Indie films for the win!"

I'm so popular in Berlin? My dream has finally been realized!

Before he could tear up, Li Yang interrupted him.

"Shall we go out for dinner? My treat!"

"Sure!" Qin Guan answered happily, looking at Li Yang in confusion. "Do you know your way around here, director?"

"Ha! Are you looking down on me? I came to Germany in the late 1980s to study. First, I studied in Berlin, and then I attended the Ludwig Maximilian University of Munich. My major was Drama. Several years ago, I got my Master's Degree on directing in Cologne."

"Do I know my way around here? Just follow me!"

He actually knew everything about the European film culture. That explained why Qin Guan hadn't recognized his name. The film "Blind Shaft" was surprisingly his first film.

Chapter 544: Brine Pig Elbows

He had a unique way of selecting actors, which made his films that much more realistic.

He had abandoned professional actors and selected the most suitable ones from among the figurants. The protagonist of his film was an ordinary miner struggling in life.

Li Yang brought his newly-discovered protagonist along for dinner. The boy, who had never acted in a film before, had suddenly become the hero of an international film. What a lucky guy!

As Li Yang introduced them, Qin Guan shot an envious look in the direction he was pointing at. Then he burst into laughter.

Some actors could make Qin Guan laugh just with their appearance. The list went like this: Huang Bo (No.1), Xu Zheng (No.2) and Wang Baoqiang (No.3).

He wondered what Li Yang's team had been thinking about. Maybe there had been no team. Li Yang hadn't hired a stylist for Wang. The guy had showed up just as he was.

His yellow hair was messy, and his grey loose suit looked strange on his body. He ran up to them in a hurry, sweat glistening on his forehead.

"What's the matter, director?"

He looked admiringly at the director who had taken him abroad, with an honest expression shining in his eyes. He looked just like a Husky.

"I want to introduce a new friend to you. He is also a Chinese actor. His film is participating in the festival."

"Qin Guan, this is my protagonist, Wang Baoqiang."

"Wang Baoqiang, this is Qin Guan."

Holding back his laughter, Qin Guan stretched his hand out, shaking the guy's hand tightly.

"Brother Guan, how do you do? You are so talented. You are my idol... I am trying to learn from you."

Unprecedented passion shone in his eyes. He knew the young man was formidable, but he couldn't tell why. If my director considers him formidable, then he must be.

"Just call me Brother Qin or Qin Guan. No need to call me Brother Guan."

"Why?"

Because you have a poor accent... If Qu heard it, I would never live this down...

Wang was an honest man. Qin Guan was older than him by one year, but he admired Qin Guan a lot.

"Okay, I will just call you Elder Brother. You are so handsome!"

Qin Guan did not comment on his taste.

The three Chinese men began their short journey in Berlin, a strict city full of tall men. As a tough country, Germany was famous for its strictness and regulations. On the evening of the Berlin Film Festival though, the city looked lovely.

The mascot of the festival, which was a bear, could be seen everywhere around the city in different poses. It looked both pretty and funny.

Some stores had dressed the mascot in colorful traditional costumes, which added a sense of fun to the boring streets.

The food in Germany was no better than the atmosphere. British food was rightfully considered the worst in Europe, but German food was the first runner-up.

Even though Germany was a large nation, there were only a few dishes that could be enjoyed by foreigners. These included

sausages, pig elbows, beef, and pig knuckles. If one also took beer into consideration, then Germany's reputation could be saved.

Li Yang led them to a small household restaurant at a small corner of the city. The customers included idlers who spent their whole day drinking beer and kids who bought takeaway for school.

Most of the customers were nearby residents who wanted to enjoy pig elbows.

When the food was served, Qin Guan realized he had overestimated Li Yang's taste. In his opinion, brine pig elbows, which were a famous dish in Berlin, were just pig elbows boiled in salty water. He wondered why the other two guys were eating them with such relish, especially Wang, who was actually sucking on his fingers.

"Try the side dishes. I'm not kidding! They are delicious!"

Li Yang stared at the broccoli and pickles on Qin Guan's plate with a hungry expression in his eyes. Qin Guan had to swallow a piece of broccoli and some mashed potatoes.

They were a perfect combination! The salty pork was delicious and matched the broccoli and potatoes well. If one had it with cold beer, it seemed like the most supreme taste in the world.

The three Chinese men finished two portions of food each and left, surprising the simple, honest restaurant owner.

"If only all the customers ate as much as them!"

"If they did, we would run out of supplies and starve..."

Chapter 545: The Silver Bear

The next day, when Qin Guan stepped on the red carpet, he thought that he was daydreaming.

The reporters and fans started cheering for him loud enough to wake the dead. Unlike at the Oscars or the fashion shows in Cannes, this was his first time getting cheered on as an actor at a film festival.

"Qin Guan, look here!"

"Qin Guan, I love you!"

"I'm your loyal fan. Sign this for me!"

"Qin Guan, look at me! I'm a reporter from France..."

As the cameras moved with Qin Guan, the fans got too excited to control themselves.

The organizing committee had planned for him to stand at the end of the red carpet for several minutes. The fans were competing for a chance to take pictures with him.

"Your performance in the film was excellent!"

"Will you come to Milan this year? London would be okay too! I'll come!"

They took advantage of this chance to talk to their idol, expressing their delight to meet him. Smiling, Qin Guan took group photos with them.

"This was definitely worth the trip to Berlin."

"I can die happy now..."

Their dramatic responses couldn't influence Qin Guan, who took his seat in the hall. His seat was close to the "Blind Shaft" and "Heroes" crews.

Those two completely unrelated films were connected by Qin

Guan. Director Zhang Yimou knew Li Yang, but this was the first time George Clooney was experiencing the abilities of Chinese directors.

The festival seemed to favor Chinese indie films. The film critics and judges were fond of Chinese films.

They were obsessed with their historical implications. As a result, there were two Chinese nominees.

As the award ceremony began, George Clooney looked nervous.

The first award was the Alfred Bauer Special Innovation Award.

"The winner of the 53rd Alfred Bauer Special Innovation Award is... 'Heroes'!"

The cameras turned to Zhang Yimou, who was a frequent guest at the Berlin Festival. He had begun his journey there with "The Story of Qiu Ju". All the media in Berlin knew him.

Zhang Yimou stood up with a poker face. He looked as calm as ever, but Qin Guan, who had worked with him in the past, could feel his disappointment.

His failure at the Oscars had hurt him a lot, and now it seemed that the Berlin Festival was not interested in his film either.

Despite these disturbing thoughts, he had to remain calm before the audience and the media. If he had been a new nominee, he would have been happy about the result, but as a former winner of the Golden Bear, this award was not good enough for him.

He got off the stage with the cup, completely speechless. It seemed that the ceremony had nothing to do with him, when suddenly another Chinese nominee won an award.

"The winner of the Best Actor Silver Bear is Qin Guan..."

George Clooney pushed Qin Guan. See? So what if you Chinese directors win awards? I have the Best Actor!

He automatically protected his honor at Cannes and gave all the

credit to himself.

Wang Baoqiang, who was sitting next to Li Yang, seemed to have taken on an entirely new look. The previous day, when they had returned to the hotel, Qin Guan had sent his own stylist to help him.

Although the theme of our film is humble, our representatives at the festival should adapt to an international style.

Wang Baoqiang's appearance had changed. His messy hair was now short and clean. So was Li Yang's hair. The two men, who were wearing white shirts and fitting suits, seemed more suitable for the red carpet.

Wang was admiring Qin Guan, who was now on the stage.

"Brother Qin is great. He is the Best Actor!"

"Shall I ask Brother Qin for an autograph, director?"

"Director, did I have meat with Brother Qin yesterday?"

After delivering an emotional speech, Qin Guan got off the stage with the cute bear and embraced his director, George Clooney.

Wang turned to Qin Guan like a buzzing bee. Li Yang felt relieved to be rid of the annoying guy. Suddenly, he heard the host say his own name.

Chapter 546: Hater or Fan?

"The winner of the 53rd Artistic Contribution Silver Bear Award is 'Blind Shaft'..."

As the audience applauded loudly, the young director got on the stage as if he was sleepwalking. Wang was too excited to keep a clear mind. It was hard for an outsider to understand how happy he was. His first film had won an international award!

"Brother Qin, we won an award!"

George was confused by the result. The two Chinese directors would return home with a good harvest. He was also eager to win an award. Otherwise, the American media would be laughing at him when he returned. They would blame him for turning from actor to director.

After strict evaluation, his film was reviewed as "a film with outstanding performances but a dull plot".

George teared up as the Chinese winners celebrated. Even Zhang Yimou felt better now.

New blood was joining the Chinese film circle, so as its leader, he had to keep working hard.

People with different opinions and feelings gathered in the hall, watching the Golden Bear get awarded to Michael Winterbottom, the director of "In this World". His film, which was lucky enough to win the award, was about the war in Afghanistan.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan returned to their hotel with the Silver Bear. The moon was as bright as the award that night. Qin Guan had a good night's sleep, but his agent did not.

There was so much work waiting for her. First, she sent photos of the ceremony to the team in America.

Qin Guan's official blog was updated fast, while other media in

the US and Germany didn't spread the news as quickly. They knew that the news had to be released slowly in order to attract more attention. They would be on the morning papers the next day.

Only big websites had sent reporters to Germany. The news updates on smaller websites were inferior to Qin Guan's official blog.

There had originally been different reports about Qin Guan's presence at the Berlin Film Festival. A few fans had sent their blessings, while haters had laughed at him.

Someone had said that he would be a mere onlooker in Berlin, while others had insisted that he would only serve as foil. Some people had even sneered at him for exploiting other stars' popularity.

"He is just going to Berlin for the fame. I bet he will say that he narrowly lost the award when the result is announced."

Qin Guan's fans reacted calmly to those comments. They ignored the haters and had a discussion amongst themselves.

"Actually, I don't care about the awards. I just want to see his photos from the red carpet. I already have photos of him from the Oscars and Cannes."

"I'm a Chinese fan of his. I have red carpet photos of him at the Silver Eagle Festival. Shall we exchange pictures?"

"Sure!"

The proposal got a response from plenty of fans.

"What am I waiting for? To see his face, of course!"

"I want to see him in Armani Haute Couture!"

"I can't sleep until I see a photo!"

The blog was suddenly updated as they talked about the festival. The Silver Bear now occupied the whole page.

There was also a new article of about 1,000 words.

"He's won two Best Actor Awards now! One at Cannes and one at Berlin!"

Photos were uploaded for the fans.

"What do I see? He won the Best Actor Award!"

"He is so talented! Best Actor twice!"

"The photos are perfect!"

"Who can analyse the pattern of his Armani shirt? It's so sexy!"

"Both Qin Guan and the bear look cute!"

Qin Guan's haters left at once. Wood, who was a hardcore hater of Qin Guan, fell silent.

There was a videotape of "Elephant" on his desk. Only a few thousand copies had been released in America. One hour after Qin Guan had won the award, all the stock had been sold out.

Wood had been one of the buyers. He had bought it a few days in advance.

He had originally wanted to watch the film to find Qin Guan's flaws. Then when Qin Guan returned with empty hands, he could make fun of the arrogant Chinese actor on the forum.

It was a pity that his plan had not worked. The Best Actor Award at the Berlin Festival was the best acknowledgement of Qin Guan's talent. It was impossible for him to defeat an enemy with such acting skills.

Wood was sobbing. He had spent too much on Qin Guan. He had bought a film ticket for 10 dollars, a tape for 4.99 dollars, and a whole set of photos sold online by his fan club for 5 dollars.

I heard that there is a limited edition Citizen album with Qin Guan's signature that costs 100 dollars...

Wait! Are you crazy, Wood? Why are you planning on buying an

album of your enemy? Chinese people are wizards. I have to calm down...

Chapter 547: Silence in China

Miramax was a local film company, but it had invested a lot in media promotion. The director of the film was a controversial celebrity, so when Qin Guan and his team returned to America, they found a grand reception waiting for them.

It was the first time Qin Guan was enjoying an official welcoming ceremony. There were reporters instead of fans waiting for them at the airport.

"George, someone pointed out acutely that the film was saved by the performance of the leading actor. It didn't have any other redeeming qualities. What do you think about this?"

"George, European critics gave the film three stars because they found it boring. Do you agree with that?"

Qin Guan felt sorry for his director as he heard those harsh questions. Soon, the reporters turned to him.

"Mr. Qin Guan, this is not your first time to win a Best Actor Award at a European film festival, but people say that you can only act in indie films. What do you think about that?"

"Mr. Qin Guan, you have won two Best Actor Awards now. Do you think you qualify to star in a teen comedy?"

"I heard that no other actors had a chance of getting cast in 'Mean Girls' after your audition. Does this mean that you are a good actor, or are you just sabotaging inexperienced actors?"

"Mr. Qin Guan, why didn't you get cast in '50 First Dates'?"

The reporters seemed well-prepared. Now that Qin Guan had won a second award, some people seemed eager to steal some of his fame. As a profit-oriented company, Miramax was taking advantage of this to distribute copies of the film all over the country.

George Clooney was annoyed by the reporters. Thanks to the rest of the crew, he and Qin Guan got into a car and headed downtown. They parted when they reached the urban area.

Only when Qin Guan returned to his apartment and put the Silver Bear next to the Golden Palm did he realize that all this was actually happening. A second award! I'm getting closer to my goal!

Qin Guan was focused on getting married. Meanwhile, Sister Xue was reading through the day's newspapers. There were photos of Qin Guan with the Silver Bear on the front pages with the striking title "The indie film fairy".

The next day, the news were published by the domestic media. Chinese people didn't pay much attention to foreign films. They only knew that a director named Li Yang had won an award for his first film, while famous director Zhang Yimou had only gotten a consolation prize. Meanwhile, a strange Chinese young man had won the Best Actor Award for an American film.

The Chinese had won plenty of awards at the festival, which was a good outcome. They had no idea that on the Haijiao forum, fans of Qin Guan, Ge You and Chen Daoming were fighting fiercely over the value of the mainland actors.

Thanks to his Best Actor Award at Cannes and solid foundation on the China mainland, Ge You was neck to neck with Qin Guan. The talented actor was also a handsome man of the previous generation. Chen Daoming also had a lot of Chinese fans. The domestic prizes he had won were more than Qin Guan's.

Qin Guan's fans lost the battle, the invincible girls getting crushed by a larger population.

"A supporting actor can also win a Best Actor Award! Does this mean the actors' skills are not comparable?"

"He is really limited as an actor. He acts only in indie films abroad. Those films win prizes very easily."

"Why doesn't he act in domestic indie films, so we can evaluate his acting skills objectively?"

"Yes, the two films were not in theaters in China. Maybe he just portrayed a funny countryman!"

"The 'Blind Shaft' only tells a story of miners. It's destroying our reputation!"

That was the disadvantage of misinformation. The abundant analysis of the dark side of humans in Chinese indie films made the audience flinch. When one talked about Chinese indie films, their first thought was their depressing feeling.

That was why they did not care about the award-winning indie actor. They focused on films about realistic everyday stories instead.

As a result, the news about Qin Guan were soon pushed aside by other gossip. His influence would be decided by L'Oreal and Tiffany, which had rushed into the Chinese market in a formidable way.

The principal of L' Oreal wanted everything to be perfect. In the summer of 2003, the king made his presence known in Asia.

Chapter 548: Striking Sales

Common people were taken by surprise by the overwhelming advertising, the franchise stores that sprouted like bamboos after the rain, the giant posters in all municipalities, and all the news reported by the fashion media.

The L'Oréal agencies in South Korea, Japan, Hong Kong and Singapore were ordered to expand as soon as possible. They were determined to get a share of the large Chinese market, which was their final destination in Asia.

After his harsh previous presence in China, Qin Guan returned to his home country with L'Oréal like a king.

There were overwhelming advertisements of L'Oréal on TV, which made Chinese men survey themselves carefully. They had been taught that gentlemen should also pay attention to their appearance. Large pores, blackheads and oily skin were not a symbol of masculinity, but a skin problem.

More and more men felt compelled to buy professional cleansing lotion. They didn't want to share their products with their wives anymore.

Even the fragrance of cologne could result in more invitations from their female colleagues. Everyone had the same reaction to the advertisement.

We could date foreign girls if we looked neat enough. Men also have the right to be beauty-conscious.

The counters at shopping malls couldn't meet the demands of ordinary people, while the cosmetics shelves at large chain supermarkets like Carrefour and Wal-mart were decorated.

Smaller shelves were filled with household products. The familiar foreign brand had conquered them.

To satisfy Chinese customers, they developed more and more

products targeted at Asian women. As the trend spread, people remembered Qin Guan.

"He is Xuzhu, I remember him! He is still as handsome as ever!"

"It's said that he is studying abroad."

"He has captivated foreigners! He is an honor to us all. I'll buy something to support him!"

Although L'Oréal products were much more expensive than domestic products, some people still felt inclined to buy them.

After advertising non-stop for one month, the sales report finally reached the L'Oréal headquarters in China.

With 853 million RMB, the Chinese market had achieved the second highest L'Oréal sales all over the world. The consuming potential of the Chinese market was terrifying!

The sales of a single product for men ranked eighth in the total sales volume, which took the management team by surprise.

"The person in charge of the advertisement should be rewarded for their good vision!"

"It was wise to choose Gong Li and Qin Guan as the brand ambassadors. Ask the PR Department to pay more attention to local Chinese actors."

"Yes, the market is large enough, so we can just focus on Chinese stars when choosing representatives in Asia."

"Agreed!"

Their objective for choosing Asian ambassadors had been achieved after that shocking sales report. If other Asian stars found out about this, they would get annoyed. This could be just blamed on the other countries' smaller population though.

Unlike L'Oréal's mass-oriented promotion, Tiffany adopted a more royal style. By cooperating with the Chinese Jewellery Association, the Chinese Brand Development Promotion

Organization and a local diamond tycoon, it began its business in China in a very high-end manner. They only opened flagship stores in a few big cities in China.

They opened luxury stores in the most prosperous shopping centers. The glass walls, uniform decorating style, large halls and considerate assistants of the stores showed the company's determination to take over the Chinese market.

As the economic center of China, Shanghai became the first choice of the high-end jewellery brand. They opened six stores there and five stores in Beijing, which had a very large population. The fact that it was a political and cultural center also played a role.

Two stores opened in Tianjin, the port city in Northern China, which enjoyed a remarkable geographic location.

Guangzhou and Shenzhen got a store each. The two neighboring cities were in the lead when it came to rising trends in Southern China.

There were also stores in Chongqing, Shenyang, Chengdu, Hangzhou, Zhengzhou, Wuhan, Nanjing, Xi'an, Qingdao, Jinan, Harbin and Kunming, which were all important provincial capitals.

This was the first time Chinese people were getting in touch with foreign jewellery and concepts, such as miniature limited designer jewellery.

This amused the jade-carving masters, as well as traditional jade accessory brands. In their opinion, this was the trite expression of Chinese ancestors. In ancient China, people strived to turn waste into treasure.

It was such a stereotype!

Chapter 549: Tiffany and 798

The jewellery was actually well-received by Chinese high-end customers. It was originally only available for purchase in Hong Kong, but then it also became available on the mainland. The most wonderful thing about the collection was that it included silver pieces that cost no more than 500 dollars.

For young people with good taste that wanted to satisfy their materialistic needs, the Tiffany silver collection, with its fine design and good quality, was the best choice.

Before the meeting on the sales statistics in Asia, the president of the Asian-Pacific Area was over the moon. One month ago, he had been to Shanghai to cut the ribbon of the headquarters along with some local associations and government officials. Now he was returning to America to try to explain those strange sales to all the board members.

It was indeed very strange.

In just one month, the sales volume in China and Hong Kong had reached an impressive 30 million dollars, which was 70% of the total sales in Asia and 18% of the total sales all over the world.

This shocked the Americans, who had spent a long time trying to expand their business in Asia. They called the president of the Asian-Pacific Area back immediately.

"The sales of customized and limited edition jewellery are increasing rapidly."

"The low-end silver collection has had a huge amount of sales. Some of the most popular classic designs have already gone out of stock."

"Average-priced jewellery has not been welcomed by the Chinese. We don't have an advantage in the middle-aged and older target groups."

"In China, silver has no value compared to gold. According to traditional consumption concepts, people believe that silver shouldn't cost this much."

The senior Tiffany executives finally realized what problems they were facing. China was a developing, rising country with a strong consumption potential in the high-end market. Young people in that country were inclined to accept novelty.

The PR department was concerned about its line of business. "By the way, Qin Guan is our global ambassador for the men's collection. How are the sales going?"

The president was glad to answer that question. "I'll ask the global supplying department for help. The collection is already out of stock in China in all 16 stores!"

Everyone rubbed their hands, eager to go all out in China.

On the main street of Chang'an Avenue the traffic was terrible. The only entertainment for the drivers stuck in the traffic jam were the giant posters hanging outside the shopping malls.

Qin Guan's posters were the most distinct. Thanks to Tiffany's large investment, his face occupied the whole building of the Wangfujing Department Store. He was wearing a black suit, his silver sleeve buttons and the card holder in his chest pocket attracting the public's attention.

If one was interested in the jewellery set, they could drive directly into the underground parking area of the store. The women could buy one for their husbands.

The controversial Chinese actor caused a riot of a spectacular scale.

In the same old 798 warehouse, the indie film directors had acquired an untranslated copy of Qin Guan's film.

The 21-inch TV added heat to the scorching summer night. Everyone remained silent till the end of the film.

"F*ck! That film could get an award at Cannes!"

"Is absurd black humor in the scope of indie films?"

"The cinematography was mediocre."

Two jacks of a trade could never agree. After some angry comments, everyone fell silent again.

"He is a really good actor though..." somebody murmured to himself in the quiet, lonely night.

"Yes, he saved the film."

"His face went well with the whole film."

Everyone nodded together. "I wonder why it did..."

They all fell into deep thought. Lost in their extreme pursuit of reality, they had ignored the actor's potential. The keen foreign directors hadn't paid attention to his face though. They had focused on his nature and inner gifts instead.

"Did you watch 'Blind Shaft'? He couldn't have acted in that film."

"You are too narrow-minded. The dark makeup of the miners would have let the audience focus on his emotional performance. Who would care about his face?"

Everyone fell silent again.

"When will he return to China?"

"Soon, I think. During his speech at Cannes, he said that indie films would be his priority."

"Aha!"

"We are thinking of the same thing, right?"

"We can set up a trap for him together!"

"Sure! He is our brother. We have to do it!"

Chapter 550: Sunflowers

As they were planning on pulling Qin Guan onto their boat, Zhang Yang suddenly recalled something. He stood up excitedly and started coughing hard. He had choked on some peanuts.

"Careful! If we were not here, you would have choked to death."

Zhang burst into tears as he laughed and coughed at the same time.

"I have shot a f*cking film with Qin Guan! I nearly forgot! I have no time to chit chat! I have to claim my copyright with Two Sung as soon as possible! I will also need a distributor. Zhang Weijing! I've heard that he likes Qin Guan very much!"

The news caused turbulence in the warehouse.

"Bloody hell! You are so cunning! When did that happen? Back when he was a nobody?"

"What film? I've never heard of such a film!"

Zhang Yang put on his helmet fast and turned on the lights of his motorcycle proudly. Then he waved at his brothers in a classical old-film manner.

"Sunflowers! It was an indie film!"

Liar! It was a propaganda film for the Two Sung DV contest!

Zhang Yang and Zhang Weining thought of it as a film though. As soon as they heard about the good news from Zhang Yang, Two Sung decided to bring Qin Guan's old posters out again.

Two Sung had generously sponsored the film.

The 28-minute short film had been produced by Two Sung and distributed by Zhang Weining. The protagonist had been Qin Guan, the Best Actor Award winner at Cannes and Berlin.

This was a stain on Qin Guan's CV.

Chinese people were fond of such stains though. Qin Guan's fans had gotten to know him through those posters and that film.

As a film with a limited budget, it had screened three times a day in most cinemas.

After one week in theaters, attendance had climbed as high as 50%.

One week later, Zhang Yang had been mad with joy. Despite an investment of only 20,000 yuan, the box office had reached an impressive 5 million!

At the time, the box office of Chinese films had been very low. The film "Sunflowers" had lit up the sky like the final hope of a dark world.

The premiere had been a quiet affair with few guests. The small hall, which could only hold 200 people, had been filled with directors and distributors that knew each other.

After the film, most of them had fallen into deep thought. Their sparkling eyes had expressed their admiration of the actor.

Five minutes after Sister Xue had arrived back in China, film companies began to call her.

"Hello, we were wondering if Mr. Qin Guan would return to China to shoot any films anytime soon. We can change our schedule for him."

"Hello, this is the principal of the China Film Group. What is Qin Guan's schedule like during the next year? We are producing a film called 'The Emperor Han Wu'..."

"Hello, this is the crew of 'Dragon Buster'. Would Mr. Qin Guan be interested in participating in our TV show?"

"Hello, I'm calling from 'Crimson Romance'..."

Sister Xue put an ice pop into her mouth proudly.

After summer vacation, Qin Guan will return to college and his

firm. No amount of inglorious films will be able to stop him...

Suddenly, she received another call on her Nokia. It had to be from the film circle.

She was quite a busy bee now, so she had gotten a Nokia phone for film contacts, a Sony Ericsson for TV shows, and a Motorola for modelling jobs...

"Hi, this is Lu Chuan! You must change Qin Guan's schedule during the following year. I will be shooting an indie film that will win plenty of awards!"

You sound really confident...

"What are you talking about?"

"My budget is limited, but Qin Guan said that art is his priority. I'm just informing you. I'll be contacting Qin Guan directly later."

Sister Xue panted heavily. Another person dedicated to art... Suddenly, she got another call.

"Hello, this is Feng Xiaogang, I have a role in 'A World Without Thieves'..."

Sister Xue threw her ice pop into the dustbin.

"Of course, it's not the leading role, but would he like to audition for it?"

A supporting role... Sister Sue looked at the ice pop in the dustbin with regret. Shall I pick it up again?

As he recovered from the failure of "Heroes", Zhang Weining got a new script for Zhang Yimou.

"Another period film? Is it a commercial one?"

"Of course! We'll take advantage of the box office in North America to shoot another film. We'll make money in America! Considering the fan base we have now, the box office will be even higher!"

"This time, we will use Zhang Ziyi as the female lead and Qin Guan as the hero."

"Is that even practical?"

"Of course! His appeal is not as low as we imagined. Just look at the box office of his films!"

"We have to call him directly. As far as I know, his agent does not have full authority over his schedule."

"Okay!"

Chapter 551: Small Trouble

Zhang Weining, who was a cunning guy, didn't feel guilty for contacting Qin Guan without informing his agent.

Meanwhile, Wang Jingcao, who had maintained a casual relationship with Qin Guan before he had gone abroad, received an invitation from the Huayi Brothers Media Group. They were hoping to have a private meeting with her about Qin Guan.

The two brothers met with the top agent, who had been working with them on concept and crew selection for a long time. Wang was no longer the woman rushing about for actors with passion.

"You want me to ask Qin Guan to do the film?"

The brothers nodded. The strong, determined woman shook her head without hesitation.

"Impossible!" Before they could ask any questions, Wang explained, "Among all the films we will be producing in 2003 and 2004, there are only a few that could attract his attention. Those are 'Mobile Phone', 'Kung Fu Hustle', 'Ke Ke Xi Li' and 'A World Without Thieves'..."

"The first one does not fit Qin Guan's schedule, and Stephen Chow will take everything into his own hands, including the casting, shooting and post-production process. Huayi has no rights on the film. So, this one won't do..."

"The remaining ones are 'Ke Ke Xi Li' and "A World without Thieves'. According to my sources, you have already contacted his agent with discouraging results. Then you remembered me, someone who helped him in earlier times."

The brothers nodded awkwardly as Wang grimaced helplessly. When did we lose our way? Was it at the first intransigence? Or over our differences over films and budget? I can't remember...

She sighed before she went on, "There is still hope. As far as I

know, Director Lu Chuan has a good relationship with Qin Guan. Considering his love for independent films, I think we don't need to consider 'Ke Ke Xi Li'..."

"Besides..." she said with a bitter smile. "Your aim is "A World Without Thieves", right? You are afraid that an award-winning actor would turn down a supporting role, aren't you?" Looking at the awkward expressions in their eyes, Wang sighed again. "You do not know him at all..."

"The guy is not as ambitious as you imagine. He doesn't care about his image or status. He would never turn down an outstanding role or an attractive script. Sometimes, I believe that even money is not his real goal..."

The brothers felt relieved at her words. Suddenly, they felt respect for the great man. He seemed like an elegant man with exceptional taste.

They were confident about their films that year. Director Feng Xiaogang was one of the reasons why.

Qin Guan had no idea that a group of people were currently analysing him. He had just arrived in New York to face the troublemaker that was Paris Hilton.

She was so obsessed over her agreement with Cong Nianwei that she couldn't sleep in Los Angeles. As soon as she'd finished her business there, she had contacted Cong Nianwei.

If my friends knew what I was doing for him, they would laugh at me...

She was sitting in the gallery of the Hilton Art Fair, blushing to the tips of her ears. Lan Jin was sizing her up from head to toe. He was watching the gallery for Cong Nianwei that day.

"Are you here for Qin Guan or Cong Nianwei? Don't lie to me. I saw the news! Cong Nianwei would never invite you here! The woman is very hard to deal with! Remember that!"

"Who is very hard to deal with?"

The door opened at his words, the clay wind chime jangling behind it. Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan were standing outside hand in hand against the sunshine. They were staring at Lan Jin with a meaningful smile.

The guy silently hid Hilton behind his back when he saw the visitors.

"Cong Nianwei, you have a visitor. Do you know her?"

"Of course, I invited her here."

Before her voice could fade away, Hilton pushed Lan Jin away, her eyes focusing on the people outside.

My love, I thought my longing would fade with the distance, but I was wrong. The feeling is still fresh when I see you. My love is surging like a stream... Qin Guan, my prince!

Hilton was lost in thought again. Lan Jin was at a loss. He felt pity for her. She must have some kind of mental disorder. He pointed to his own head as he looked at Cong Nianwei. Is she okay?

Chapter 552: The Oil Painting Deal

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter at the funny boy.

"All visitors are our guests. You are in charge of the reception. Make some tea for us."

She would rather have a private talk with Hilton.

Lan Jin, who was a smart man, gestured at Qin Guan and grimaced. Then he went out of the gallery, leaving the three of them alone.

"Take a seat. Make yourself at home!"

Cong Nianwei greeted Hilton, who was still deep in thought. Qin Guan picked up a newspaper to cover his embarrassment. A TV program? Great! The first episode of "America's Next Top Model" will be airing this week?

Hilton's daydream was crushed as she returned to reality.

"Okay, okay. Let's talk about our plan..."

Cong Nianwei was smiling gently, but Qin Guan looked serious.

"This is the catalogue of the oil paintings we can provide you with, and the customized items for hotels and art centers."

Cong Nianwei took out a thick book and opened it before Hilton.

To some degree, Hilton was able to decide about the artwork placed in the hallways of the hotels, as well as in the VIP and presidential suites. This was because she loved fashion and art and had learned to appreciate art ever since she had been a child. She was very gifted in that field.

Although she had always been criticized for her private life, the rich heir was not as dumb and useless as outsiders imagined. When she talked about fashion and art, Hilton turned into a different person.

She read through the big, thick book carefully, learning about the painstaking efforts of the Chinese oil painters of the last generation.

Thanks to his director friends, Qin Guan had discovered a group of artists in the 798 district, whose dreams couldn't be stopped by the ocean.

The painters were leading hard lives. Domestic galleries wouldn't accept their work, but they still wouldn't abandon their dreams.

They had to keep living, and they would rather live on their brushes than on manual labor. They created artwork for commercial use in order to make money to pursue their dreams. It was a win-win situation. Their hobby sustained them.

As a result, the painters living in the 798 district were no longer worried about making ends meet. Both oil painters and traditional painters had found a way out. They didn't have to put up with art dealers from South Korea, who bought their precious work at low prices, or suffer through the sarcasm of gallery owners anymore.

They just wanted to make more money from their work. Cong Nianwei had provided them with an open international platform. Artists of different schools and styles had discovered a shortcut to success.

Hilton closed the catalogue, her face looking calm and serious.

"I'm really surprised to see you include all 15 schools of oil painting in your catalogue. And I'm shocked to see some really fierce work here."

"Our hotels tend to go for realistic and art nouveau oil paintings though. Of course, we also need some minimalistic paintings for the restrooms."

"As for the traditional Chinese paintings, I think they will go well with our Chinese style suites. I want the best ones though."

Watch your words. You'll have to ask the Chinese for permission

to get artwork by Zhang Daqian or Qi Baishi. You'll get artwork by professors of the China Art Academy at best.

"What do you offer?" Cong Nianwei asked straightforwardly when she saw that Hilton was satisfied with the goods.

Hilton took a list out of her purse. It seemed that she was well-prepared.

Cong Nianwei was satisfied with the offer, but she still kept her poker face on.

"Large customized landscape paintings... 400 dollars... Minimalistic customized paintings... 150 dollars... Tens of hundreds of..."

"Are you planning on changing all the paintings in your hotels? Or is it time for an annual adjustment and redecoration?"

She didn't even look up. Hilton was shocked by her questions. That cunning woman knows everything. Cong Nianwei seemed much taller to her now. Cong Nianwei smiled to herself.

Chapter 553: Your Sweetness

The head cleaner of the Hilton Hotel was Qin Guan's customer. Both Chinese and American women loved to gossip. As a result, they knew every detail about the hotel and its large-scale redecoration.

The two girls were negotiating about the prices, each with her own axe to grind. The price was getting close to a price that both sides would accept.

Suddenly, Hilton looked at Qin Guan.

Qin Guan had been reading a newspaper on the couch, as if there was no one else present. At her look, he gave her a smile and stood up leisurely.

"Take your time. I'll go check on Lan Jing. It's taking him too long to make that tea. He did not get this job based on his resume."

"Oh!"

Hilton was caught off guard by Qin Guan's smile. When they stopped talking, she fell into deep thought again. Meanwhile, Cong Nianwei made a new offer about the catalogue.

"What about this, Hilton? Is that better?"

Hilton turned back to Cong Nianwei reluctantly and fixed her eyes on the list in annoyance.

"Let me have another look..." Suddenly, Qin Guan walked over again.

"Lan Jin is boiling water for the tea, but I think it will be too hot for this summer heat. I have some herbal jelly in the fridge. Would you like a taste? Wei loves it!"

Mesmerized by his smile, Hilton forgot about the paper in her hand.

"What's that? An Asian refreshment? I would like to try it!"

She paused as Qin Guan set the tray down before them.

Hilton saw several small dishes with bows on them. all looking fine and elegant. She had no idea what they contained though. What's this black one?

Cong Nianwei winked at Qin Guan and pointed to the list. Qin Guan shot a supercilious look at her and made an impatient introduction.

He lifted gently the celadon bowl, the crystal herbal jelly inside it shaking. Then he pointed at it with his slender finger.

"This is herbal jelly, a popular snack among Chinese women. It tastes good and it's very nourishing. It's the best snack when you want to cool down in the summer. You are really lucky. This is no ordinary supermarket product. It's handmade by one of my customers, an experienced herbalist from Chinatown."

"Which taste do you prefer?" He pointed to the small dishes one by one. "There's traditional honey, condensed milk, coconut milk, red beans, osmanthus sugar... They are all good. You can mix them up with the jelly."

Hilton's eyes were fixed on his fingers.

"Anything that comes from your hand must be delicious..."

Cong Nianwei shook her head. The girl is hopeless. She poured honey onto her jelly and then enjoyed it.

Qin Guan was speechless. He mixed all the sweet dressings with the jelly, hoping to cover up its bitterness. This was the first time Hilton would taste it after all.

When Hilton took the bowl, he realized that he had been worrying unnecessarily. Her eyes were still fixed on his face as she swallowed the jelly up hurriedly.

Who cared about the taste?

"Is it good?"

Hilton nodded again and again, like a chicken pecking at grains.

Then she gave him the most splendid smile in the world, making the scorching summer feel cooler.

Glad that her plan was working, Cong Nianwei pulled Hilton's attention back to business.

"What do you think of our final offer?"

"If all goes well, my legal adviser will send you the contract in a week."

Hilton had no time to argue with her. The price had been close to her own expectations after all. She was not about to waste energy on negotiating over pocket money.

She had more important things to discuss with Qin Guan than the bookkeeping of the Hilton Hotel in New York.

When Cong Nianwei put away the catalogues in satisfaction, Hilton got up the courage to tell Qin Guan about her reason for visiting New York.

"I wonder if you would meet my unreasonable demands. Of course, I'm well-prepared to negotiate with your agent if I need to."

Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan were confused. Is this about the Hilton Hotel business? What happened?

"Do you remember that artist who gave you his card at the Hilton Art Fair?"

"Which one? I get a lot of cards every time I walk down the street."

Qin Guan pointed to a small case on the desk helplessly. "I keep them all in there, but I never call anyone back."

Chapter 554: Tasha Tudor

Hilton's mouth was wide open. "Don't you realize that painters of all schools consider you a good model?" she told Qin Guan excitedly in a shaking voice.

Qin Guan looked at Cong Nianwei subconsciously. Cong Nianwei was thinking that she was an architect, not a painter.

Hilton went on, "As far as I know, the painter didn't hand her own card to you. She found me, because she saw a picture of us together. Her agent thought we were close and was hoping that I could extend an invitation to you."

"She is a charming woman and the most famous illustrator in America. Her name is Tasha Tudor and she is an old lady worth our respect. We have become friends and collaborators, so I was hoping that you could act as her model, as a friend. Please!"

Hilton became more and more serious as she talked. Qin Guan felt strange.

"Why? Is there any compelling reason that she wants me in particular?"

"Yes. She is 79 years old, but still working. After watching your film, she saw something in you that matched her new series of countryside illustrations. She wants you to model for her latest work. Will you do this favor for an old woman?"

"Qin Guan's schedule is very tight..." Cong Nianwei, who had a favorable impression of artists, reminded them.

Hilton was full of energy though. "She said that she prefers to live and work in leisure. He can go to her studio anytime he likes."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a look. "Okay! Give me her contact information."

"Really? Great!"

Hilton gave Qin Guan a piece of paper as he stood up. "We have reached two agreements. Is there any time left to negotiate about the Hilton Hotel?"

"Of course. Our finance department and legal team are ready to proceed. Shall we go?"

"Yes, we'll be just in time. Our gallery is quite close to your hotel."

As he sat in the meeting room of the Hilton Hotel, Qin Guan noticed the doubtful expression on the manager's face.

What the hell is Paris doing? She can fall in love with this Adonis, but she can't invite him into the family business. Besides, who the hell is this QC accounting firm? It's a small firm with an income of a mere couple hundred thousand dollars. How dare he try to take over our business! Are they kidding me?

Qin Guan remained calm. Paris was on his side after all.

They introduced themselves to each other with their tongues in their cheeks. Then the manager began his attack.

"Ms. Hilton, the Hilton International Hotel Group is a branch of the Hilton Group. Our business functions independently. We have 403 hotels all over the world. According to our sources, Mr. Qin Guan's firm is not qualified to work with us in terms of scale or manpower. You may be Mr. Hilton's heir, but we cannot meet your unreasonable demands."

He tried to make the princess shrink back, but the girl gestured impatiently, interrupting his long speech.

"Who told you that I want to trust Mr. Qin Guan with our whole business? I thought I made myself clear. I just said that I would put his firm in charge of the hotel on Times Square. Understand? Only that one! Do you think that a small firm wouldn't be able to handle it? What would the staff of all the firms on Wall Street think if they heard you?"

"As far as I know, half of our business is being run by those small firms. Or does this mean that some firms are bribing you? I'm just talking about one of our 403 hotels! Don't blow everything out of proportion!"

Now that Qin Guan's influence on her had worn off, Paris restored her reputation as a capable heir. Sweat had formed on the face of the manager.

"If you have gotten the approval of the senior executives, I would like to see the relative documents. I'm responsible for this and I think a larger firm would be a safer choice."

Hilton realized that the rigid manager was about to surrender. She was no longer intimidated by him. "Don't worry, you'll get the relative documents in a couple of days. Our chain of hotels might seem like a shark, but it has grown up from a small fish. Even KPMG started small."

Chapter 555: New Neighbor

"We need to keep up with the times and try working with some new partners. Those old firms might be unable to catch up with us. If Qin Guan's firm can make more profit for our hotel, we may use more flexible methods to deal with the other hotels as well. For example, we could divide the work among the other firms..."

The manager nearly burst into tears. My princess, stop! Our staff would suffer from the additional work. This is easier said than done, my dear...

I have to accept her request. The old man indulges her. I'll give her a hotel. She can give it to that man as a gift.

He looked sadly at Qin Guan, who was sitting beside him calmly. He remained silent, as if everything was in his hands. How can he be so confident?

Qin Guan was confident thanks to the contents of his bag. The paperwork inside it showed that his profit rate was 3% higher than average. That was the best proof of his ability.

It was a pity that the negotiation ended quickly, leaving him no time to show off.

Suddenly, he felt frustrated. Hilton was begging for approval with her eyes. I want to make a living on my talent and abilities, not my connections.

Actually, he was the best example of someone making a living on their looks.

With that thought in mind, Qin Guan told Paris Hilton goodbye.

As he walked to the parking lot, he talked about everything with Cong Nianwei.

"What happened to Hilton today? She usually tries to get close to me, but she didn't today. Am I less charming than I usually am?"

He caressed his face in a narcissistic manner. "I shaved before we went out."

Cong Nianwei started the car as she answered mysteriously, "You'll see when we get home."

See what?

When they got home, Qin Guan found out that the family apartment across from theirs had been rented out to Paris Whitney Hilton.

Cong Nianwei winked at him. "I didn't want things to get out of control at that party. Hilton is obsessed with you. No one could stop her. The only way to wake her up would be to show her your true self. In my opinion, when she sees the real you, she will leave you alone... Ha ha!"

Hey, don't laugh at me like that!

"I made a deal with her. She will be able to get in touch with you and observe your everyday activities, and I will make profit for us. She sure beats Britney and Madonna with this wonderful opportunity she is giving us. I'm really clever, aren't I?"

Qin Guan followed her upstairs gloomily. "You are not afraid that her obsession for me might turn into crazy love? What if I fall for her?"

Suddenly, Cong Nianwei stopped. She turned around with flames in her eyes.

Qin Guan could picture the keyboard waving at him.

"Can't you destroy your image a little? Besides, what girl

would enjoy observing a couple every day? I bet that in one week the little princess will leave to try and save her dignity. As for me, I am very confident about myself. That's the best guarantee that my plan will succeed."

"So you will know what to do in the future?"

She opened the door as Qin Guan took her handbag apologetically. "Sure! You are the boss..."

The lovers made good use of their final day of summer vacation. They were planning on lying on the couch all day. People eventually got tired of bustling parties, dark bars, and games. They just wanted to lie on the couch in their most comfortable pajamas and watch silly TV shows and entertainment programs.

That day, the two couch potatoes watched a new TV program that showed the hidden sides of a strange industry in an unheard-of way. It was a "talent show".

CW was an American television network co-funded by Warner Brothers and CBS Broadcasting Inc. The new network naturally couldn't compete with the ratings of the older networks all over the United States.

Chapter 556: America's Next Top Model

The new TV network had rushed to buy a channel frequency and neglected the core problem of all TV stations.

It lacked a network logo. As a result, it had the lowest audience ratings. It was aiming at a distinct target group of young women between the ages of 16 and 34, so it would be easy for it to become a popular TV station if it made the right choices.

The new TV series airing on it were a disaster though. The audience ratings suffered because of the network's weak promotion. TV stations relied on viewers attracted by stellar programs. A TV station needed a loyal audience in order to attract advertisements.

This was the basic relationship between sponsors and good programs. While that network was stuck in the mud, CW was promoting "America's Next Top Model", a fresh-from-the-oven program.

CW had smartly chosen to broadcast it during summer vacation, when teenagers were still at home, and hire some controversial personas as judges. Before the first broadcast, CW promoted the program for two weeks. Now it was finally showtime.

Qin Guan's loyal fans were already sitting on their couches. They had been informed by his official blog that a new TV program would air on CW featuring Qin Guan as a judge. This was a chance for them to find out about the latest activities of their idol. They could never let such a chance go.

Of course, most of the audience had been attracted by the constant advertisements. They were wondering if the program would surprise them pleasantly.

The show began.

"Hey, I'm Stella from Indiana. I'm 175 centimeters tall..." An

average-looking girl was talking before the camera.

The girl on the couch grimaced and shouted to her mother, "Mom, come and see! How dare such a girl submit a tape to the competition! I'm prettier than her!"

Her mother walked over slowly with a plate of cookies and some juice.

"Let me see, honey..."

"There she is, mom! This is a competition for top models. Any confident girl above the age of 16 can participate, regardless of race, height or weight..."

"Oh, honey... This is a new program. Maybe it's some kind of parody. Look at those contestants. If they could be selected, then you could win this competition!"

She sat down next to her daughter and criticized the program with her as they ate cookies and drunk juice.

Women always compared themselves with others unrealistically, even if they were 100 years old and toothless.

The forum on Qin Guan's official blog was bustling.

"As a girl from Oklahoma, I think she looks ridiculous!"

"Is Oklahoma an American state?"

There were acerbic comments everywhere. People even made fun of the accessories the contestants were wearing.

The contestants were concerned about the program the most. Although many of them had already been in the modelling circle, they participated in hopes of getting more popular.

As a result, they were angry about those comments.

Soon, Tyra Banks, Jay Alexander and Qin Guan showed up, making the girls scream in glee.

"Wow! It's Tyra Banks! One of the top female models in the

world!"

"And Jay Alexander! Founder of the best model-training school!
Am I dreaming?"

"You must be dreaming! Look who they invited! It's Qin Guan,
the famous top model!"

"I wonder how he gets along with the three ladies..."

Suddenly, the audience changed its mind about the show. CW must have invested a lot to get so many big shots of the fashion circle on the show.

Everyone began to concentrate on the ordinary girls, getting absorbed in the process. Qin Guan walked on the stage calmly. The mother and daughter sitting before the TV forgot to swallow their cookies.

The 13 girls looked like ugly ducklings compared to his brilliant looks. When Qin Guan finished his performance, they all came back to their senses.

"It was cruel to have him on the show. The comparison with the girls was abysmal."

Chapter 557: Instant Data

The girl flushed. "When will the next casting call be? Can I submit an application in time?"

"The girls are ugly and the judges are attractive. This is bullying!" her mother replied nervously.

The girl pointed at the screen with sparkling eyes. "Look! Their performance is much better. Qin Guan was right. Everyone is beautiful, but not everyone can explore and make good use of that potential. I'll participate in the competition! At least then I'll know where my beauty lies!"

"Let's watch the process before you make a decision. You must know both yourself and your enemies!"

"Okay, we'll never miss an episode. Give me some advice, mom!"

"Of course I will."

There were a lot of girls who were dreaming of becoming models and many who admired Qin Guan.

Posts started popping up immediately, talking about the Asian boy.

"He's so smart!"

"And handsome!"

"Just look at his figure!"

His charm had captivated the girls.

The brilliant competition, with its fashion photoshoots and runway shows, seemed very tempting for the girls, who were eager to become famous.

This is my dream. I want to be one of them! I'm much better than them!

The first episode, which lasted about 45 minutes, came to an end

soon, leaving the viewers staring at their TVs.

The program had been fabulous. It had echoed with the ambition and excellent taste of young American women, all the while expressing the dreams in their hearts.

Thousands of people submitted an online application for the second round of casting for "America's Next Top Model". Application forms were flying in from all directions in the United States, carrying the applicants' hopes. That was the response of the young audience.

Before the viewers could change the channel though, they were attracted by the advertisement at the end.

"This program was sponsored by L'Oréal's men's facial care, a professional skincare set."

Qin Guan's advertisement followed. The audience watched it as they sat back on their couches. His fine face impressed them once again.

"How did his parents give birth to such a perfect boy? He is as beautiful as the gods in Greek myths! They must feel so lucky!"

Many girls were considering the possibility of buying the skincare set as a gift for their boyfriends. They knew that advertisements were unreliable, but they wanted to try it.

They were actually misled by Qin Guan's handsome face.

As the program ended along with the advertisement, the crew exhaled in relief. The technical director massaged his sore eyes and set his thick glasses down on his desk. He picked up the printed data from the printer as he passed by.

"Tina, could you please take the statistics table of the online discussion to the director?"

The assistant put a cup of coffee on the desk of the technical director. Then she walked out with the paper.

In another office, Tyra Banks, the chief executive producer and the advertising executive were waiting for the data. There was a knock on the door.

"Come in, please!"

Tina set the piece of paper down on the desk carefully and left silently, closing the door behind her considerately.

"It's time for the harvest."

As the executive producer spread the paper slowly, Tyra Banks saw his eyes opening wider and wider. "William! William, what happened?"

William's eyeballs had reached the edges of their sockets.

He suddenly came back to his senses. His shaking hands betrayed his excitement.

"I'm sorry. We will know the audience ratings tomorrow, but we can have a glimpse of the results through the instant online data. Here it is..."

They all looked down together. The number indicating the online visitors during the program was 597,896!

Chapter 558: The Whole World Joins in the Fun

It was a scary number. Plus, this was only the group discussing online. There was still the offline audience to consider.

After some careful thinking, everyone was cheered up by the news.

Their PR agency also sent them the results of their large-scope audience survey.

Gender Ratio: 2:8

Age range: 14-34

It was the target group they had been aiming at! Everyone was excited about the details. This meant that CW's program was popular! It would be a big source of money!

"We should get a bottle of champagne to celebrate!"

"No!" Tyra Banks was the most prudent person in the room. "Let's leave the celebration for tomorrow, when we get the audience ratings of all the TV stations all over the country."

"Yes! Champagne only costs 19 dollars. I bought one from the supermarket downstairs. If we get good audience ratings, I'll wear my Karl Lagerfeld. It will go well with the occasion!"

"That's it! A fashionable outfit designed by a famous designer and a classic Dom Perignon!"

The man seemed wild with joy.

Everyone was celebrating in advance, except Qin Guan, who was stupefied.

The team was so cunning. They had included some unnecessary, controversial scenes in the episode in order to attract attention. Soon, the netizens were divided into different camps. The

contestants who hadn't made the cut nearly threw their remote controls away. The whole world had seen them complain, curse and quarrel!

I will die of embarrassment...

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was thinking about something else. After his audition at Paramount the next day, the new semester would begin. He had become a celebrity during summer vacation, but what would he do when he faced his rigid professors again?

He shivered at the thought. Cong Nianwei misunderstood his behavior and tried to comfort him. "This is a reality show. You didn't have any accidents during filming, so you don't need to worry..."

Your concern is misplaced, but I'm still touched...

An air-conditioner could ease the scorching summer heat, but nothing could ease their fast, nervous heartbeats.

The chief executive producer was sitting in his large chair. There was a bottle of champagne in the drawer of his desk. He had had hundreds of rounds in his office since early in the morning.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He pressed the handsfree button and heard the sweet voice of his assistant.

"Good morning, Mr. William. What can I do for you?"

"I'm still waiting for the audience ratings."

"Wait a minute, I'll check for you again..."

She hung up with a sigh. I'm busy today! Why is he so nervous? He has called me five times in the last 20 minutes!

Fanny sighed helplessly. Putting on her most professional smile, she got up and headed to the technical department again.

"Come in, Fanny!" Winnie shouted at her. "Here is the form you were waiting for. Take it to your director as soon as possible!"

"Thanks!"

Fanny left with the form immediately. In one minute, William had gotten what he wanted. The numbers were clear right away.

Top News Programs

CBS Evening News: 57 million viewers

ABC Radio and Television, Good Morning, United States: 50 million 10 thousand viewers

NBC Radio and Television, Today: 43 million viewers

Ranking List of Entertainment Programs

Here it is!

WWE, American Professional Wrestling: 37 million viewers

Victoria's Secret Fashion Show: 29 million viewers

FOX, American Idol: 20 million viewers

CW, America's Next Top Model: 13 million viewers

Fourth place! There were five large TV stations in America, as well as hundreds of local, private and satellite stations. Each of them had unique features that supported their formal operations.

As a new competitor in the arena, CW had placed fourth on the list! The whole world would join in the fun now.

Besides, the top two programs were classic shows with a large audience. It made sense that a new program would lose to them.

Chapter 559: Broadway

William called his colleagues happily as he opened the drawer, placing the black bottle with the dazzling golden trademark on the desk.

Bang!

The cork shot up to the ceiling. As he filled the glasses one by one, the director of the advertising department rushed in, looking wild with joy.

The program had originally gotten the cold shoulder from other countries, but Mexico and Canada, their friendly neighboring countries, had purchased it. Other foreign clients hadn't thought much of the program. Only when the audience went crazy about it did they finally notice how unique it was.

Why was it so attractive? Was it because of the bizarre and diverse modelling circle? The splendor of luxury brands? Its study of human nature? Or maybe the charm of the judges?

All the above elements made the program successful.

The phones at the advertising department kept ringing one after another. People from the UK, France, Italy and Germany were eager to buy the rights to the show. All those countries were leading forces in the international fashion circle.

Japan and South Korea were also in line to buy it, and so were Singapore, Malaysia, Hong Kong and Taiwan.

In one day, they had received calls from 150 countries, 20 of them asking to buy the adaptation rights of the whole program.

The word "fashion" was being uttered all over North America.

Tyra Banks suddenly recalled something and called the people who had participated in the show one by one. Qin Guan's phone was busy.

His participation had caused some changes to the program. In his past life, the program had demonstrated its power during its third and fourth episode and then started attracting a bigger audience, eventually reaching 8 million viewers.

By participating, Qin Guan had played an important role during the first episode, thus creating a shortcut for the outstanding program.

CW appreciated Qin Guan's contribution. Meanwhile, Qin Guan was sitting in a theater on Broadway, watching the play "Closer".

There was not a big audience in the hall, which made his viewing experience even better.

As an actor who had participated in an outdoor play, Qin Guan knew all about the difficulties of plays that did not include music.

During his audition, Director Nichols had insisted that Qin Guan watch the play first. This meant that it had to be worth his attention. That was why Qin Guan had gone to the theater, which Chinese people did very seldom.

The curtains opened slowly. The background was simple and the costumes were ordinary, but the play was excellent.

It was a classic Broadway play. After three years on stage, the actors were able to perform very efficiently.

The conflict at the very beginning attracted everyone's attention.

Daniel, the hero, was an exquisite man of rich emotions. Anna was dull and overbearing. As for Alice, she was sometimes wise and sometimes superficial, but she always seemed mysterious.

The other characters were minor details for Qin Guan though, who only focused on Lari, the character he would be playing in the film.

He was a rude man who always sneered at everyone. He was very

proud and hard to get along with.

There was constant conflict between the four characters. The play narrated a complicated love story through different scenes, dialogues and monologues.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei frowned at the performances. That explained why most of the audience members were single or homosexual. This play was not right for lovers.

It was a lovely depiction of people who had lost the ability to love. It was actually a very sad story.

The four characters fell in love and betrayed their lovers without fail, showing their hidden bitterness.

They needed love. Desire couldn't help people understand themselves. There were so many different standards set for love, but love was actually blind.

A girl who loved money would never know if she truly loved her man or not.

In an effort to improve the play, the scriptwriter and the director had replaced money with desire in the film.

They wanted to show that they were men of high taste who expressed their inner thoughts through their work.

It would be a commercial film with an artistic vibe. Paramount Pictures attached the same importance as Miramax to the film.

Qin Guan, who had decided to dedicate himself to art, finally finished watching the play with Cong Nianwei. He was really annoyed. As the curtains fell slowly, he let out a long breath of relief.

Chapter 560: Don't Speak, Just Kiss Me

Qin Guan held Cong Nianwei's soft hand as he said seriously, "Wei, Chinese men are simple and honest. You are the only girl in my life. I hope you and I can be together forever. I want to hold your hands like this every day."

"You want us to come to the same play every day?"

Thanks for the chat, it was very productive...

Qin Guan turned to Cong Nianwei helplessly. His restraint was gone with the wind as he saw her bright smile.

That's my girl...

Qin Guan craned his neck towards her, their faces getting closer and closer. They could feel each other's eyelashes flatter against their noses.

Their breaths felt hot on their faces as their hearts beat faster.

Cong Nianwei's lips were pink, and her breath smelled like orchids. Qin Guan closed his eyes.

Bang!

The big lamps on the ceiling lit up suddenly, making Cong Nianwei shrink back like a scared doe.

"Ouch!" Qin Guan cried out.

"What's the matter?"

Qin Guan covered his mouth with tears in his eyes, shaking his head helplessly.

"Let me have a look. Why did you cry out?"

"What a shame! I bit my lip..."

It really was a shame! He had tried to steal a chicken only to end up losing his rice.

"Show me your lips. No one will pay attention to you. Everyone is leaving."

Qin Guan put his hands down, revealing his bunny-like mouth.

Ha ha! That mouth would definitely attract attention the following day on campus.

The next morning was the beginning of the new term.

Cars were heading to campus from all directions. The entrance was jammed, and the quiet college was now bustling with noise. It felt like the opening day of the stock exchange on Wall Street.

Cars of unique styles came from different cities, carrying whole families to New York and the famous University of Columbia.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei avoided the groups of freshmen and spotted Xu Xiaoxiao, who was pushing a heavy wagon towards his dormitory building, wearing a green volunteer uniform.

A family was following him, composed of the grandparents, parents, kids and a tall, thin boy, who had to be the freshman.

There were several household appliances on the wagon, including a microwave oven, an electric fan and a television. They had moved almost their entire household there.

It was rare to see three generations of an American family at once.

They all had bags in their hands. Even the little boy was carrying a small Disney box, trying to contribute to his elder brother's move.

"Shall we help them?" Cong Nianwei took her backpack from Qin Guan.

"Of course! Helping others is one of our virtues!" Qin Guan

walked up to Xu Xiaoxiao, waving his hands at him.

"Hey, do you need a hand?" he asked, grabbing the handle of the wagon.

Xu turned around in surprise. "Qin Guan! What are you doing here? I thought you would enrol on the last day."

"I wanted to suck up to our professor."

They chatted happily as the family behind them talked in confused tones.

"I think he is the handsome guy from 'Sex and the City'!"

"That's a women's show. I've never watched it. He looks like an indie film actor though. Old Carter and I watched this movie he was in. You know, the one based on Chuck's life... He won an award for his performance!"

"But this boy is a student! He's not an actor! Am I right, Linda?"

The mother of the freshman recognized Qin Guan immediately.

"Wow! Our Timmy is right! He is that advertisement actor! He really is a student at Columbia!"

"Honey, come and see! He is the man from the newspaper!"

The housewife was blonde. All her kids had inherited her hair color. According to popular stereotypes, blondes had a lower IQ than people with other hair colors.

Chapter 561: A Living Landmark

She attracted the attention of all the members of her family. Qin Guan and Xu overheard their words. As a polite Chinese guy, Qin Guan turned around and greeted them with a smile.

"Wow!"

His smile shocked them. They had originally thought that models on TV were made to look better through makeup, costumes and photoshop, but the ordinary boy standing in front of them was much prettier than the one they had seen on screen.

Qin Guan turned around to push the wagon, when a pair of arms suddenly locked around his legs.

"Are you the prince from 'Snow White'? I want to see the dragon!"

Dear, you have mixed up two different tales. There is no dragon in "Snow White"! If there was, the princess would have died along with the prince.

The blond kid with the sparkling blue eyes seemed really happy to meet a prince in real life. Before his elder brother could greet Qin Guan, he was already there.

I want to hug his legs too!

The whole family gathered around them.

"Qin Guan? Are you the hero from 'Confessions of a Dangerous Mind'?"

"Yes!"

"Great! The trip here was definitely worth it. Come take a picture with us! We could show this to our neighbors!"

"Good idea! They will be really jealous!"

They all acted fast. The kid climbed up Qin Guan's legs till it

reached his chest. He would certainly grow into a good rock-climber in the future.

Everyone smiled wide at the camera as they stood around Qin Guan. Poor Xu Xiaoxiao had failed to get in the picture. He had stayed by the wagon to take care of their luggage.

The strange family attracted public attention. Why aren't they taking pictures of the campus, the sculptures, or the athletes on the field? Who is that student?

Everyone fixed their eyes on the young man surrounded by the family.

"Darling, doesn't that boy look familiar?"

"There must be something wrong with my eyes. He looks like that model from the Armani advertisement!"

"Oh my! Is there a celebrity studying at Columbia?"

"Shall we take a look?"

"Sure!"

People started gathering around them. In one minute, Qin Guan was surrounded by curious freshmen and their parents, who thought he was some kind of campus landmark. Everybody wanted to take a picture with him.

Timmy and his family squeezed out of the crowd and left with Xu, who was pulling the wagon alone with all his might.

The college authorities took advantage of the event. No one knew when it happened, but suddenly an emergency medicine distribution post, a guidepost and several maps had been placed next to Qin Guan. He was treated as a temporary landmark of the university.

Vivian set up a flag of his fan club in the ground behind him.

Cong Nianwei was laughing at him. If somebody put a small tin can by his feet, people would think he was a monkey in a zoo.

People were usually charged for taking pictures with animals.

When it was time for lunch, everyone started leaving. Cong Nianwei stood up from the grass and patted Qin Guan on the shoulder. He looked almost stupefied.

"Let's go to your professor's office and say hi. There is no one around. Don't forget, you need to ask for leave at the beginning of the new semester."

Qin Guan came back to his senses and turned around like a robot.

"Help me, Wei. I can't move!"

Everyone had tried their best to hug Qin Guan while they had been taking pictures. Some girls had even taken advantage of him. Qin Guan felt as tired as if he had just finished 10 Fashion Week runway shows.

"Can you massage my back? It hurts..."

Chapter 562: The Big Urchin

Qin Guan moved slowly with Cong Nianwei's help. Vivian took advantage of this to take a picture of them. Another perfect photo of my idol.

Qin Guan rushed into Prof. Martin's office like a storm.

"What are you talking about? You want leave at the beginning of the new semester? Are you daydreaming?"

Qin Guan smiled in a flattering manner. "Just for a week, sir. One week..."

Prof. Martin shook his head. "Impossible! Don't you want to keep your scholarship and get full marks?"

"I've finished all my elective courses during the last semester."

"What? You finished all of them in the first semester? Are you kidding me?"

Prof. Martin began to type on his computer. Qin Guan was right. He had already passed all the elective courses for his postgraduate degree. He could make further choices on that solid foundation during the new semester.

Prof. Martin looked at the Asian boy as if at a rare treasure.

"Would you be interested in getting a PhD in Finance? If you keep up these scores, I think you could do great in the field of Finance."

Qin Guan was speechless as he heard the passionate old man. If he said no, he would never be able to ask for leave in the future. Besides, he couldn't arrange his schedule at will. Prof. Martin noticed his hesitation and poured oil on the fire.

"A PhD student doesn't need to do much homework. If you finish the necessary research and complete your thesis, you can graduate happily without having to show up on campus every day. Besides, you could get to meet government officials and talented people of a

higher class from all academic fields."

In an effort to impress Qin Guan, Prof. Martin used his final weapon. "If you finish all your academic projects independently, you could get a sponsor. This would elevate your popularity, influence and social status."

"Oh, I nearly forgot! The green card! Our government would be happy to issue a green card to a talented young man like you!"

His voice faded away gradually as he saw Qin Guan shake his head. "I'm not interested in getting a green card. As far as I know, only big investors get green cards. Plus, when one's personal assets reach a certain standard, getting citizenship is a piece of cake. I'm happy to be Chinese. My career in America is supported by my compatriots. I'm only interested in having a looser schedule."

"I have to think about it and discuss the matter with my family."

So there's still hope?

Prof. Martin rolled his eyes. I have to look for any short-term profits, if there are not going to be any long-term ones.

"Okay, you can consider my proposal. Take it easy. Now let's get back to the problem at hand. The courses are not so intense during the first two weeks of the new semester, but we don't encourage students to ask for leave without a proper excuse."

Qin Guan grimaced. Who would ask for leave without a proper reason? There is so much homework! The time one spends on homework would be enough to take on a second major.

He made the wise decision not to contradict his tutor though. Instead, he waited for him to speak.

"Considering that your previous short absence had no influence on your studies, I'll accept your application. But you have to compensate me in some way..."

Qin Guan remained calm. "Bribery is prohibited at our college."

Prof. Martin looked mad as he took a DV out of a drawer.

"Bribery? Rubbish! I just want a short video!"

"That's all?"

"That's all!"

"Deal!"

Qin Guan stood by the old man consciously. "What should I do?"

Prof. Martin combed his hair in front of a mirror and then cleared his throat. "Just smile. Leave the rest to me..."

He turned on the DV and smiled at the camera solemnly.

"Hey, my old friend! It's Martin! Long time no see... A new semester has begun. How are things on the other side of the ocean? I'm brilliant! The college assigned two more projects to me. Besides, I'm pleased with my boy Qin Guan. Here he is! Isn't he your favorite too?"

Qin Guan was confused, but he remained calm, his poker face still in place. Who will see this video? It seems like they know me too!

Prof. Martin kept singing his own praises as cold sweat covered Qin Guan's forehead.

Chapter 563: An Old Schoolmate

"Chen Kang! How do you feel now that I stole your favorite student? I want to inform you that he finished most of his courses in one year with outstanding marks. Remember when you had the chance to stay at Columbia, but you chose to return to China. Is that country really that attractive?"

Qin Guan shivered as he thought of the meaningful expression in Professor Chen's eyes. Why is Martin reminiscing the past? Maybe their friendship was much deeper than I thought...

Two minutes passed as Prof. Martin rambled on. After finishing the video, he pushed Qin Guan out of his office like kicking down a ladder after climbing over a wall.

Qin Guan had gotten permission to leave college though. Now he could fly to London to finish shooting the part Julia Roberts had helped him get. It was a film about the confused love affairs of a whole generation.

As soon as he left his office, Prof. Martin made a copy of the video on his computer and sent an email to Professor Chen on the other side of the ocean. Qin Guan was smiling with heartfelt delight before the camera.

My boy is doing well in America. He has managed to both succeed in the fashion circle and rein in that strange old man Martin.

Chen Kang sighed at the video. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in! Oh, Ye Dong!"

The visitor was Ye Dong, who had registered for the civil servant exam as soon as he had graduated from college. Thanks to his outstanding scores and perfect resume, he had been selected by the central government among millions of candidates.

Then, thanks to his good connections from college, he had gotten

assigned to his favorite post, the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Trade.

Although he had started his career from just a small department in the ministry, this was a great step towards achieving success and realizing his dream. He was a very ambitious young man.

"Professor Chen, I'm here to show my appreciation to you. I didn't realize that my director had also graduated from the same college as me. He was also one of your students. Thank you for helping me..."

Every step he had taken in college had made a difference. His experience with the Student Union and his socializing skills had made him stand out among the other employees at the ministry.

The graduates of the Financial University of the capital could be found everywhere in the financial circle. They were working for banks, the stock market, insurance companies, government departments... Keeping in touch with one's schoolmates was very useful.

"This is the first time I'm responsible for a negotiation in Europe. Is there anything you want me to bring you back? I wanted to see you before I left."

Ye Dong was very smooth at establishing social connections. He was in touch with all his schoolmates and relatives in Beijing, and he had also maintained contact with Professor Chen.

He would always care about his talented professor.

Professor Chen turned his computer screen to show Ye Dong.

"It's been a long time since you saw Qin Guan, hasn't it? Didn't you two use to share the same dormitory?"

"Qin Guan? He is a very active young man. We are both too busy with our studies and work to contact each other."

Ye Dong watched the video and laughed heartily. "He is so funny!"

He helped that old man make fun of you! I'd teach him a lesson if I could!"

"Oh! He is going to London to shoot a film! London is my first stop!"

Ye Dong patted his own chest as Qin Guan sneezed in his sleep on the airplane.

Who is missing me? It must be my dear girlfriend!

When the airline stewardess with the small red hat woke him up, Qin Guan realized that he was not in his apartment.

Grinning, he looked down at the city of London through the small window. The whole city was covered by fog. London was quite different from the average Chinese city. It could not be described with a single word. London was composed by London City and 32 municipalities. The Thames River divided it into the northern and southern part.

The British capital had been playing a leading role in Europe since the beginning of the 20th century. As the Big Brother, it was famous for its profound inside information, as well as its financial history.

The UK had played an awkward role in the rise of the United States, but it still cherished its proud nobility.

British people were born with a natural pride and thought of Americans as thieves, criminals and vagrants that they had expelled from their country. These people might have accomplished great achievements on another continent, but they still remained inferior to the British.

The British sneered at Americans in various ways. Americans laughed at their British accent, but Londoners turned up their noses at American English.

Chapter 564: London, London

The taxi drivers in London didn't get a chance to make fun of Qin Guan's accent though, as Paramount Pictures had sent a car to get him.

The sun tried its best to declare its presence among the thick fog, but it was in vain. It helplessly buried its head into the clouds again as the car reached the urban area, revealing the historical European city's beauty to Qin Guan.

There were no European nobilities dressed elegantly, just busy people shuttling among the streets of the financial center. London looked a lot like Wall Street.

There were more Asian people there than in New York though. Indians, Pakistanis and Bengalese took up one tenth of the population of the city. The people who worked in the service industry, including waiters, baby-sitters and doormen, were mainly from the Asian continent.

Qin Guan sighed at the sight. The East India Company was the best example of a colonial operation. The people in South India had been born with a yearning to live in Great Britain and participated in the commonwealth games from afar.

In London, they would enjoy a nobler education and lifestyle. That concept was planted in their minds since early childhood, taking root deep in their hearts.

Great Britain had accepted the heritage of its old colony, so it also had to accept a large group of immigrants.

When Qin Guan joined the crew, he was completely confused. He knew that it was a film with four main characters, but he couldn't see Natalie Portman, Jude Law, or Julia Roberts anywhere.

He was the only star among the crew.

Nichols had to time to explain anything to him, but the

screenwriter did.

"The four actors never appear together in the same scene. The first half of the film focuses on their different lives and personalities, so the actors need to express themselves well and the director must be confident through the editing process."

"After discussing this many times, we decided that this small risk is worth it. Just show us your ability, young man. You have gotten a precious chance. If you ruin my script, I'll kick your ass!"

The writer was serious. In Europe and America, screenwriters were much more powerful than their peers in China. In the movie industry in Europe and the United States, a good writer was like a gift from Heaven. They were the soul of the crew and played an important role during the shooting.

This was a good chance for Qin Guan to do his best. I like this!

Qin Guan rushed into the makeup room excitedly. As soon as he saw him, Nichols said, "Tell the stylist not to shave your stubble!"

Qin Guan got his costume from the prop team. It was a simple white robe, but he was going to be playing a famous doctor, so it was necessary.

The first scene was set in a public hospital in London. The crew had rented an independent hospital office. All the lamps were out. Only the lights in the corridor outside were left on, so that the camera across Qin Guan's office could work properly.

Qin Guan entered the office with a cup of coffee and checked the chat software on the computer screen.

He had read the script many times, so he was not surprised. London Anonymous BBS was a website where many lonely Londoners and adults who had lost their passion for life tried to meet strangers. It was basically a dating website.

Doctor Larry was one of those people.

The camera was rolling.

"Larry's opening scene starts in three, two, camera!"

Qin Guan began performing, his fingers typing quickly on the keyboard.

He was chatting with a user named DDW, who was actually Jude Law posing as a woman.

Qin Guan's name was DOC9 and had been assigned to him randomly by the system. He looked casual as he searched through the website.

DDW: Are you a frequent visitor?

Qin Guan: No, this is my first time here.

DDW: What's your name?

Qin Guan's hands paused on the keyboard in hesitation before he gave his name.

Qin Guan: I'm Larry.

The stranger on the other end of the screen fabricated a woman's name.

Chapter 565: Hint

DDW: Nice to meet you. I'm Anna.

Then came the teasing words, "I like big c*cks..."

Qin Guan's eyes widened at the answer.

When one looked in the distance, their pupils would shrink to focus on a specific point. On the contrary, if something was close to a person's face, their pupils would expand to cover more than 60% of their eyeballs.

One could achieve the same effect by controlling the muscles of their eyes. Qin Guan's face occupied the whole screen, his transparent black pupils clear on the camera. Director Nichols couldn't help but admire his charming eyes.

There was surprise in his eyes. The playboy smiled faintly.

Qin Guan: You are really bold.

DDW: Do you want to make love with me?

At her bolder words, the strict doctor started wondering what to do.

He suddenly walked to the door and looked around the corridor. Then he locked the door from the inside, locking himself in the solitude of his office.

There would be no interruptions from patients or nurses now.

Of course, this was the UK. If this had been China, the doctor would have been too busy to have any spare time.

The camera zoomed in on the only source of light in the room, the computer on the desk.

Jude Law sent some even dirtier messages, which would have been impossible to appear on a large screen in China in the fall of 2003.

The two of them had cyber sex. Qin Guan pulled down the shutters and unzipped his pants...

Compared to the things he'd had to do during filming "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind", this was nothing for him.

A call came just in time. The two of them talked unscrupulously about sexual fantasies online.

DDW: Who did you imagine just now?

Qin Guan: My ex-girlfriends...

DDW: Details...

Qin Guan: They fought over me. They bound me down in a hotel and pleasured me.

Qin Guan: I'd like to share a secret with you. My c*ck is nine inches long...

Qin Guan glanced down unconsciously, his expression getting captured by the camera.

Then he looked up again, typing fast on the keyboard. Everyone present was convinced that he really had a nine-inch c*ck.

He took a piece of chocolate out of his pocket excitedly. Chocolate was the best energy source for doctors.

His teasing words became bolder and bolder as he chewed on the chocolate as if he wanted to swallow the woman up.

He had gotten absorbed in the open sexual nature of the woman, when suddenly another call came in. He hung up immediately.

Then Jude Law made an unreasonable demand. "Shall we meet?"

Qin Guan was a doctor with morals. Feeling disappointed, he replied hesitantly, "Sorry, but I'm a doctor on duty. We could meet tomorrow afternoon at 1:30."

Jude Law was satisfied. His trick had worked.

DDW: See you tomorrow, darling.

Then he turned off his computer.

Qin Guan was sad that Anna had left, yet a smile still lingered on his face. The woman had attracted his interest. His confident smile was recorded by the camera.

"Good! Excellent!"

Nichols looked at his watch in satisfaction and realized it was not time for lunch yet. If he was lucky, he could finish another scene.

"Qin Guan, do you need a break after your long journey? Is there a time difference?"

"It's okay, I slept well on the plane."

"Good! Shall we move on to the next scene?"

"No problem!"

Chapter 566: Getting A Room

Directors loved easy-going actors who were not picky about filming conditions and did not perform based on their own interpretation of the script.

Their car went through the bustling London streets. The historical city was pretty, but typical in style.

The policemen patrolling the roads were wearing high round hats that looked like the Saint Paul's Cathedral sitting on their heads. This took people back to 1900s. They looked handsome in their black traditional uniforms, the hats fastened loosely around their jaws.

If this was Chicago, the city would have been filled with criminals, and any idiot wearing such a hat would have been the first to be shot.

The two sites were quite close to each other. Before Qin Guan could appreciate the policemen's uniforms, they had arrived at the largest aquarium in the city.

The aquarium was a part of many free tours, as it was the favorite place of many primary schools. The director had easily gotten permission to shoot a few scenes there.

There was a strict rule though, that dictated that no random passerby could be filmed by the cameras. According to the relative regulations, one had no right to film someone else without informing them first.

The cameraman was very careful during the shooting. There were two portable cameras filming the same scene. One was focused on Qin Guan, and the other on the aquarium, which would be used as a background.

It was dim in the hall, and there were lots of kids running around Qin Guan. An adult was a rare sight there, so it was easy for Qin

Guan to spot Julia. The woman was sitting in the hall, lost in her thoughts.

She was a photographer, so she liked visiting the aquarium to snap pictures of the visitors. Her name was also Anna, and she was a blonde woman with fair skin and a big sexy mouth. Qin Guan mistook Anna for DDW, who was supposed to meet him there. If Jude Law had known that he had unconsciously introduced his lover to an idiot, he would have cursed out loud.

Qin Guan waved at the girl, as if they were acquaintances.

"Hey, Anna. Look at my robe! Nice to meet you!"

Qin Guan lifted his arms up to show off his doctor's robe to the sexy woman. A dolphin in the pool smirked and swam away.

Both Julia Roberts and director Nichols burst into laughter. The expression on the dolphin's face was very human-like.

This was the perfect effect, as well as proof of Qin Guan's unbearable confidence. Even animals couldn't stand him anymore.

It was both funny and absurd.

"Cut!"

Everyone paused and laughed. They had to repeat the scene, yet no one complained about the naughty dolphin. Qin Guan was sad, while the other two felt guilty for laughing at him.

The camera started filming again. The cameraman was unhappy, because the fleet he had been shooting was now swimming desperately towards the other side of the glass pool, as if it were trying to escape from a monster. It was only Qin Guan and Julia sitting there.

"What the hell are they doing? There is no shark around!"

The administrator looked at them calmly. "Maybe a typhoon is coming to London. My babies are very clever."

Qin Guan and Julia were unaffected by this. The two actors

worked perfectly together thanks to their previous experience.

Qin Guan sat down next to Julia happily. "Wow, Anna... I'm so lucky. I thought you'd be an old ugly woman, but you are a true beauty."

Julia looked confused as Qin Guan smiled. He was very confident and aggressive. There was a flame in his eyes that symbolized his power. This woman must become mine!

Suddenly, he said, "You want to get a room with me? It's a pity that I can't right now. I have a surgery scheduled at three o'clock."

Julia looked even more confused. She was not sure who he was. "You are having surgery?"

"No, I perform surgery on others. I told you that I'm a doctor."

A doctor? A doctor who talks to a stranger about getting a room to have sex?

Chapter 567: The Right Person Will Wait

Qin Guan was perplexed by her confusion. "Have we met before? Have I taken pictures of you in the past?" Julia asked him.

Maybe I met him on the street while I was taking photos.

Smiling, Qin Guan told her sincerely, "Don't mess with me. You are the nymph from the chatroom. You said that you wanted to have sex with me. You kept teasing me!"

Julia smiled at his words. "You must have mistaken me for someone else."

Her words were like a lightning striking Qin Guan's head.

"Quick! Zoom in on his face!" Nichols urged the cameraman.

Qin Guan's face covered the whole camera. His mouth was wide open in shock.

As a confident man though, he could never admit that he had made a fool of himself before a beautiful woman. He just turned around and said, "Liar! You were chatting with me!"

Julia smiled. The charming woman was not a classic beauty. Her big mouth was actually ugly.

It was her confidence and good acting skills that attracted everyone. Larry was attracted to her as well. Her smile shocked him, making him get lost in it.

They had met each other through a beautiful mistake. Her splendid smile had brought them together.

They went out of the aquarium and walked to the riverbank, a damp wind blowing around them.

"Can I take a picture of you?"

"I look bad in pictures." Qin Guan declined awkwardly. The aggressive man looked cute though.

"Today is my birthday."

No one could deny such a request.

Captivated by her smile, Qin Guan's eyes softened immediately.

"One minute..." Qin Guan walked over to the pedlar, who was selling tourist souvenirs. "Give me a dolphin balloon!"

Qin Guan was a careful man. After talking to her for a while, he had discovered her love for fish.

Julia's eyes filled with delight as she accepted the small blue dolphin.

"Happy birthday!" Qin Guan told her.

Sometimes love didn't need luxurious gifts or dramatic gestures. An accidental touch was enough to express that simple emotion.

People said that true love was hard to find in a materialistic society, but a simple gesture was able to move one's heart. Only grumpy people covered their eyes before such beauty.

If only they stopped complaining and calmed down, they would discover the beauty around them. Maybe the right person was standing right across from them with a bright smile.

The warm, sweet wind lingered around them. Even the dirty Thames seemed beautiful to them now.

Nichols used the slow-motion effect. Everyone around the couple moved slowly, as if they were puppets. Only Qin Guan and Julia moved normally.

"Thanks!"

Qin Guan's second scene ended.

The whole crew was over the moon. They had cooperated very efficiently, thus avoiding any extra work. Now they could finish work before the deadline set by the company and the producers.

The price of the contract would remain the same if they finished

filming in advance. That was why the crew was concentrating so hard on the whole process.

"One-hour break! Good work, everyone! We can shoot another scene in the afternoon. Let's have lunch now!"

There were many small tourist restaurants along Thames. They could have lunch there fast and then move on to the next shooting location.

"What are your plans for lunch?" Qin Guan asked Julia politely.

Julia abandoned her team without hesitation. "Wanna have lunch together?"

"Okay! How long have you been in London? Have you tried fish and chips yet?"

Julia grimaced. "You mean the worst food in the world? The British love it because it's their only choice."

It seemed like she hadn't tried it.

Qin Guan smiled and pointed to a small snack shop not far away. "Wait a moment. My nose is the best radar for delicious food!"

When one thought of British food, fish and chips always came to mind first. The famous dish couldn't be mentioned in the same breath as Chinese dishes, but one needed to try it anyway...

Everyone had been there.

Chapter 568: Disastrous Food

Maybe British cuisine was only loved by people with special taste.

The restaurant Qin Guan chose was a simple street shop. Two employees were busy behind the counter. One was the cashier, and the other was the cook.

The ingredients were quite simple, and so was the cooking method. It was actually even easier than cooking bean jelly back in China.

There were more than 10 kinds of potatoes in Britain, but the one with the highest percentage of starch was the most suitable for the dish.

The chips looked like sticks as thick as two human fingers.

The cook dealt with the fish roughly. He got rid of the bones and covered the fish in flour without peeling its skin. Then he fried it in oil. Unlike in China, in Britain they didn't pickle the fish to remove its strong flavor. They just added some eggs and salt to the flour, sometimes even some milk or black beer.

The employees were busy working. There was a long queue in front of the shop. Some natives had seen Qin Guan and kindly recommended the restaurant to him.

"Are you a tourist?"

"Sort of..."

"You seem like you have a sweet tooth."

The old man gave Qin Guan a thumbs-up. "I'm a regular here. This shop is wonderful!"

He smiled proudly. Qin Guan felt like he had just won the lottery.

The cook put the fish and chips for two on the counter. Then he tore a piece of newspaper into two and spread the hot chips on it, putting the fish in the middle. The paper roll looked like an ice-

cream cone.

Qin Guan was shocked. Bro, this is newspaper!

The old man behind him explained kindly, "It's a tradition to wrap fish and chips in a newspaper. Some arrogant experts say that it's not healthy and we should be using food containers, but that's nonsense! Fish and chips have to be served in a newspaper! Otherwise, it's not the real thing!"

Qin Guan was speechless. He was surprised to discover that this was actually a traditional shop. The older men behind him all agreed with the man.

"That's right! That way, when we finish the food, we can read the newspaper. Young guys are so thriftless!"

So you are only here for the free newspapers?

Qin Guan picked up the second portion speechlessly and added some vinegar to the fish.

Then he walked over to Julia with the food.

"It smells good. My keen nose finds it wonderful! Any food is better when fried!"

Julia took the food with a soft smile. She didn't have the heart to reject his kindness .

"My treat. You are welcome! The prices here are very reasonable."

Qin Guan took a bite of the fish.

The crust was quite thick, but flavorless. Then his tongue touched the fish and tasted its terrible flavor. The British didn't use the same process as the Chinese when dealing with raw fish, so the fish had kept its pure taste.

The floury crust was also unsalted, so it felt like the small fish had been taken directly out of the oil before it was served to the customers.

A foodie would never waste food though. Fighting back tears, Qin Guan swallowed the whole fish up. Then he stretched his hand out to Julia.

"Give it to me. Don't eat it, it's a disaster! This is all my fault..."

Julia was happy to see Qin Guan's regret. "I thought the Chinese could stomach anything. I feel so relieved now!"

She opened her big mouth to swallow half of the fish. Her action shocked Qin Guan.

"I always eat like this in London..."

This was racial discrimination. Qin Guan couldn't stand this.

Angrily, he swallowed his food up as if it was wax. Julia had already finished her food and wiped her lips.

There was still a long queue in front of the shop. Suddenly, Qin Guan felt sympathy for the British.

Do they even know how terrible their cuisine is? Actually, according to an international poll, the thing most people remembered about the UK was not the Buckingham Palace, the Queen, the Beatles or Shakespeare, but fish and chips.

Julia laughed happily. The sparrows looking for food beside them got scared. Abandoning their food, they flew up to the grey sky above the Thames.

Chapter 569: The Four Actors Together

After the break, Nichols called the whole crew back to continue their work. The next scene was very important. It was the only scene where all four actors would appear together, so it was the most essential scene of the film.

It was a clash among four talented actors, as well as a feast of excellent shooting skills.

The role of Alice, which was the smallest part, was played by Natalie Portman, a famous former child star whose first role had been the female lead in "Leon The Professional". This was proof enough of her acting skills.

The two groups met on the set. This would be the first and last time Qin Guan would see all the actors of the film in one place.

Jude Law and Natalie Portman got out of a business car and waved at Nichols warmly.

They all realized that this was an arena. They had to defend their honor with all their power.

Nichols could sense the tense atmosphere between the four actors. He didn't care about it though. He just led them over to the set slowly.

He had rented the exhibition hall at a very high price. Maybe the actors' competitiveness would save the crew some money.

The exhibition hall was inside a famous gallery in London. The prop team had transformed it completely though.

Large portraits were sparkling in the modern hall as the black-and-white photos told unique stories to the audience. The hall looked beautiful under the light of the LED screen.

Satisfied with the prop team's work, Nichols asked the actors to get ready as soon as possible.

Their performances had better be worthy of the fine set.

When they got out of the fitting room, the prop master felt distressed. All of them were dressed in expensive high-end attire. He just hoped that they deserved all these expenses.

The director seemed to know what he was thinking, so he asked the crew to get into position and begin shooting.

"Get ready! Three, two, camera!"

At his order, the four gifted actors immediately got into character.

One of the cameras followed Qin Guan as he approached Natalie.

The successful guy was wearing a black silk shirt and a grey suit. He had not felt like wearing a tie to a photography exhibition.

The first two buttons of his shirt were unfastened, expressing his self-confidence.

Holding a glass of champagne in his hand, he fixed his eyes on the beautiful girl with the black hair.

Nice prey...

He walked over to Natalie. The woman was wearing a black backless dress and vintage hair jewellery. Her sexy shoulders were exposed, and the cigarette in her hand was telling stories about her.

The lonely couple expressed their own feelings before Julia's photos.

"What do you think of the man in the photo?"

The rebellious girl smiled. Her long earrings were swaying slightly, as if sneering at Qin Guan's words.

She was a lively woman living at the bottom of society.

Suddenly, Qin Guan got serious about his performance. That actress was like a gift from Heaven. She was a muse herself. Unlike

other actresses, she had been born to perform.

Qin Guan had to try his best to catch up with her.

This was his second commercial film, but this supporting role required better acting skills than his leading role in "Mean Girls" had.

Qin Guan had to make a big leap.

Summoning all his powers, he tried to act like a confident, upper-class man.

Fortunately, he had met a lot of men like that in his line of work, so he just applied what he had learned to his performance.

He watched the woman criticize the photos with a subtle smile and an aggressive desire to conquer her.

"The concept of this artwork is aiming at people like you. Liars! All liars! The strangers look beautiful in the photos. They are meant to satisfy those vulgar bastards who pretend to be art lovers. This is exactly what they like."

The camera was shooting from Natalie's point of view, so the audience would only be able to see Qin Guan's back. Nichols found Qin Guan's expression both funny and annoying.

Chapter 570: Competition

Qin Guan kept acting.

Natalie's words made him feel like he had been hit by countless arrows. The bastards she had mentioned were Qin Guan and his class, who she thought were vulgar, yet confident about their taste.

"I'm the boyfriend of this vulgar woman," Qin Guan answered.

Alice grimaced at his confidence, but got her expression under control fast.

"Perfect!"

He and Natalie finished their first scene smoothly. The crew couldn't help but applaud them.

Julia and Jude exchanged a meaningful glance and shot an urgent look at the director.

They were crying out silently. Quick! It's our turn! Our scene will be even better!

A war over honor began.

Qin Guan and Natalie smiled at each other.

"Your black hair and eyes are so beautiful. If it wasn't for your deep eyes, high nose and fair skin, you would look like an Asian beauty."

Natalie felt flattered, but she was not shy. She accepted the compliment of the handsome man politely. "I'm half American, half Israeli. I was born in the mysterious city of Jerusalem."

That explained her fine, elegant features. Jerusalem was a cradle of beauties.

Qin Guan was lost in thought, when suddenly Natalie patted his chest.

"I'm so happy to be complimented by a handsome man like you.

Ha ha..."

She was not a very smart girl. She seemed more like a crazy child.

Bang!

"I like you Chinese. You always tell the truth..."

That hurts! This girl must be gifted at combat.

Before they could focus on the other actors, Julia and Jude had already finished their performance. They exchanged a guilty glance and then burst into laughter.

We watched their performance carefully, didn't we?

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Why is she still patting my chest?

Nichols turned his back to them and looked at his watch. We could shoot another scene. It's a pleasure to cooperate with such talented actors.

Qin Guan and Natalie were still fighting and laughing.

Those two are idling around!

"Qin Guan, Natalie! It seems like you are well-prepared. Let's move on to the next scene!"

What? Natalie paused. In the next scene, she and Qin Guan would have to cast amorous glances at each other. It would be hard for them to get back into character considering their current mood.

She was right. Director Nichols was a film god though. Qin Guan walked over to his place tamely.

"Can you do it?"

"Sure!"

At that resolute, decisive answer, they turned their heads towards each other.

Qin Guan was curious about her occupation and private life. He lifted his arms slowly without hesitation, his hand caressing her neck. His thumb was on her cheek as his other fingers pressed against the side of her head.

Natalie got lost in his strong manly smell.

Qin Guan moved closer and lowered his proud head. The girl in his arms was moving closer to him as well.

His lips were right over hers, a small gap separating them. Natalie sucked in a breath.

Suddenly, Qin Guan smiled and let her go, like a cat tired of playing with a mouse.

Everyone let out a long sigh of relief, like divers resurfacing on the water.

They couldn't tell whether they had wanted them to kiss or not. Their feelings couldn't be described acutely.

"Perfect!"

At the director's order, the passionate couple stopped.

Bang! Bang!

"Well done, Qin Guan! You changed your expression really fast! Natalie, you should be on the same page. Pay attention to your behavior, please."

Bang! Bang!

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing!"

Suddenly, the director walked over.

"Good! Keep up this sense of familiarity. We will be shooting a wonderful scene tomorrow!"

Chapter 571: Old Friends

Natalie felt awkward. In the next scenes, she would have to strip dance before Qin Guan in an effort to seduce him. The two of them exchanged a glance.

"See you tomorrow. I have to read the script again at the hotel."

"Me too!"

The two of them got into their separate fitting rooms.

Unlike the people in New York, the people in London preferred to lead more fun lives. When Qin Guan opened the door, he found a surprise waiting for him outside.

"Ye Dong! Sister Xue! What are you two doing together? I thought I would see you a few days later!"

Qin Guan was surprised by Ye Dong's sudden visit. They had made an appointment on the phone for a few days later. Little did he know that Ye Dong would drop in along with his agent.

"It sounds like I'm not welcome here."

"Of course not! I'm so glad to see you!"

Sister Xue massaged her sore shoulders and yawned as the two guys hugged each other.

"I'm too old for this. I'll see you tomorrow!" she said before she opened the door to her room.

Qin Guan and Ye Dong burst into laughter.

"You bastard! You have gotten even more handsome!" Ye Dong said, hitting Qin Guan on the chest.

"Ouch! That hurts!" That was the exact place where Natalie had hit him.

"What's the matter? Did you get hurt during filming? Are you shooting a romantic film or a martial arts film?"

Qin Guan invited Ye Dong into his room awkwardly and changed the topic.

"Well done! I heard that you are a Chinese ambassador now!"

"Yes, but I'm only in charge of a small project. It actually has something to do with you."

Qin Guan was confused. "The State Administration of Radio, Film and Television is in charge of promoting films internationally. Your ministry is in charge of imports and exports. Which department do you belong to?"

"Economic Relations with Foreign Countries."

Even Qin Guan knew what this meant.

"You are in charge of textiles, right?"

Ye Dong snapped his fingers. "Bingo! Smart boy! I'm also in charge of traditional Chinese art textiles, which are small batches of handmade textiles. What do you think of that? It definitely is related to your work."

His intention was clear. He wanted to promote Chinese textiles all over the world by taking advantage of Qin Guan's influence in the high-end clothing market.

Qin Guan was cunning though. Ye Dong's flattery did not sway him.

"As far as I know, China is a huge textile exporter. We have been making a big surplus these past few years. Most clothes are made in China, and many foreign brands have moved their plant factories there. Our cheap products have nearly driven the British industry, which used to be famous for its textiles, out of the market. Why do you need to promote them even more?"

Qin Guan had gotten to the core of the problem. Ye Dong couldn't help but sigh.

"I don't care about ordinary products. I don't need to do anything

in Europe for orders to come pouring in an endless stream. I'm worried about the guys working for the Ministry of Culture though. They insist that materials can help propel our success."

"In their opinion, our non-material cultural heritage is fading away. The Chinese market doesn't welcome expensive folk art and traditional handmade products. These things are not cherished. They are being taken for granted."

"On the other hand, Westerners have been obsessed with Chinese silk products ever since the maritime navigation era. It's in their blood, so exporting handmade silk products could save us. People will be able to pass on their skills automatically."

Ye Dong seemed like a great man who cared about the fate of his nation.

"You're scaring me! I thought that you wanted me to steal advanced technology from top brands. Don't worry, if this is just about promoting traditional Chinese textiles, I have a gallery that matches what you are looking for!"

"There are limited export channels though, so I'm only a supplier of Hermes and Gucci products. I also introduced Yunjin and shredded silk to America. Because of the complicated production process and low production rate though, as well as the inconvenience of importing goods, the trial is still on a primary stage."

"If you are in charge of this field though, this is a win-win situation! If you could coordinate the two ministries and open a safe source of supply for me, you wouldn't need to worry about sales in Europe. I could sell anything!"

"The Milan Fashion Week opens in September. We are talking about one of the most famous international fashion weeks. Armani would never miss it."

Chapter 572: The Trust of the Nation

"Time is pressing though. There's only two months left, and I only work part-time. I wonder how many shows I will be able to get in the fashion week..."

Ye Dong was very excited about this, even though he had no idea which were the top four fashion weeks.

He was a go-getter though. After calming down, he suddenly realized something.

"Qin Guan, did you just say that you could steal high-tech textiles developed by top brands? Are you aware that domestic textile production is limited to a simple repeated process?"

Qin Guan felt like slapping his own face. You foolish boy! The fox caught your tail! You couldn't do such a thing! It would be a crime!

No one knew if top brands were overconfident about the uniqueness of their high-tech textiles, or if they thought textiles were hard to analyse and produce.

Tailors, designers and buyers didn't care about that. Leftover materials were just piled up on the floor of every studio.

I can't promise him this. I gave him an inch and he reached for a yard. I could abandon the plan after a successful beginning...

Qin Guan turned down Ye Dong's unreasonable demand. "F*ck off! Do you want to land me in jail?"

"Let's get back to the topic at hand. I will be doing you a great favor as a national celebrity. How are you going to pay me back for it? My job is related to yours, right?"

Ye Dong laughed. "The government knows about you, so you'll get a satisfying compensation. You must be really happy about that."

"Really?" Qin Guan opened his eyes wide. "What will it be? Which

division needs an accountant? The National Railway? The coal, electricity or oil supply?"

Ye Dong was speechless. "Please! Your profit will be relative to show business! You'll become famous all over the world!"

"Are you kidding me? If the government decides to shoot a film, it would definitely not air all over the world."

Speechless, Ye Dong opened his handbag.

"The film will be directed by Zhang Yimou and financed by all ministries, the National Olympic Committee and the General Administration of Sports! It will be a short documentary that will be played during the Athens Olympics in August 2004 as the preview of the Beijing Olympics."

"Our government is treating you very generously, isn't it? Do you feel like doing something for your country now?"

"You misunderstood!" Qin Guan cried out. "I will give you a helping hand!"

A second later, his expression turned to surprise.

"F*ck! You fooled me! Stop using flattering words! I only want to know what the payment will be!"

As night fell, Ye Dong turned on the lights. Qin Guan was sobbing sorrowfully. "You cheated me! There will be no pay... And I will have to return to Beijing... Do you know how much money I can make in a minute?"

Ye Dong patted his own stomach, which was inclined to get bigger in the future. "My comrade, do you know how many people would kill for such a chance? You should be content with what you got. Both the party and the people need you. It's difficult to impress a director, you know..."

"If you complete this task successfully though, many revolutionary directors will welcome you on board. You could be a

spy on both sides!"

"Do you mean that I could only play a traitor?"

"You do look like a high-ranking KMT officer."

"Okay, your treat tonight."

"As you wish!"

"I'm craving some Alain Ducasse at Dorchester. I want their most famous table, the Table of Light."

"You do realize we are not lovers. What about some fish and chips?"

"..."

Neither time nor distance could separate the two friends. The two of them talked and laughed till midnight.

The next morning, they parted ways at the entrance of the hotel, both of them feeling energetic despite the dark circles under their eyes.

Sister Xue followed Qin Guan to the production car, talking about the promotion plan for her Chinese models. They belonged to different agencies, so their treatment would differ in a lot of ways.

Lv Yan had agreed to do three top shows for IMG. Du Juan had also done well in commercial spots. The other girls had begun to work in runway shows of second-level brands. August was the busiest month of the year. The Fall-Winter collections of all brands would be released one month later.

Chapter 573: What Strong American Men Want

High-end brands were looking forward to the Milan Fashion Week. Sister Xue's Chinese models were also competing for a chance to participate in the event.

Qin Guan didn't respond to Sister Xue's plan. Instead, he frowned slightly and asked a question about something he and Ye Dong had discussed the previous night.

It was about the neglected potential of Asian designers.

Although they only composed a small part of top brands, their classic style and perfect interpretation of oriental and occidental culture were quite different from those of European and American designers.

As a result, their work was adored in Italy, France and the UK. They were also beloved among fashion critics. Maybe Chinese models could take advantage of this to open another gate.

"As far as I know, only a few Asian designers have their own independent brands, so why not create our own designer group? We could have control over our work and promote our own design studio..." Qin Guan suggested.

"We could play the roles of both the supplier and the buyer. That way, we would be more confident during our negotiations."

Sister Xue was nearly convinced, yet her brows were still furrowed. "But where will I find such outstanding designers? Most design school graduates follow the standard procedure. They join a company and start out working as assistants to famous designers. A few years later, they leave and open their own shops. Their talent and confidence are lost in the process. Most of them become average designers. Besides, I can't steal assistants from high-end studios. They would unite and come after us."

Qin Guan smiled mysteriously and pointed to the bustling street outside the window.

"I have a tight schedule today. You have nothing to do on set, so maybe you could take a walk around. Maybe you'll find something!"

Before Sister Xue could make any further inquiries, the driver pulled over to the side of the road.

"We have arrived at your destination, Mr. Qin Guan. Have a nice day!"

Qin Guan got out of the car slowly, winked at Sister Xue and turned around to greet director Nichols.

Sister Xue stomped on the sidewalk before greeting the director with a warm smile.

"My boy! I'm glad to see you look withered today. You must have thought about the role overnight. You are so dedicated to your art. I'm looking forward to your perfect performance today!"

Sister Xue almost burst into laughter. He was just talking with a friend all night long!

She had to protect Qin Guan's dignity though. Smiling, she pushed Qin Guan into the makeup room, where the stylist was waiting for him with some grey powder.

In the next scene, Julia would betray Qin Guan. This would be the first time the ever-victorious doctor would experience failure.

Larry happened to walk into his favorite club, which had changed into a gorgeous strip club.

The depressed man found Natalie there. The hot girl had become a member of the adult club.

The crew had spent a lot of money and energy on the scene. They couldn't film during the working hours of the club, so they had to work early in the morning.

All the staff of the strip club, including the strippers, were paid extras.

They were paid 10 dollars an hour, which was very low for Great Britain. Actors who thought of themselves as artists had more principles than those Americans living the American dream.

An effortless cooperation between the actors would naturally speed up the process.

"Qin Guan, you should look aroused in the scene. Understand?"

Qin Guan didn't understand until he saw Natalie walk out of the fitting room. She was wearing a revealing stripper outfit.

A T-string, a small bra and some swaying tassels were the only clothes on her body.

Sister Xue fell into deep thought. At least he doesn't need to take off his clothes in this film. Only his partner has to show her body. Has he been cursed by someone?

"Qin Guan, I won't leave until you finish the scene."

Thank you.

Natalie was a serious girl and a dedicated actress. She began warming up right next to Qin Guan. Soon, Sister Xue realized why.

Chapter 574: Crying Easily

Natalie was dancing on a round table, facing Qin Guan. Her back was turned to the camera.

Qin Guan's shirt was wrinkled and the buttons were unfastened, revealing his strong chest and sexy muscles. His legs were open unscrupulously. He looked completely lost and heartbroken.

Natalie performed a beautiful split and exposed herself to him.

Sister Xue was scared, but the whole crew was pretending to work carefully.

They had to act like this. They loved watching a girl strip dance for free!

Qin Guan was holding a slender glass in his hand. He took a 10-pound bill out and stuffed it into the black silk stocking on Natalie's leg. The girl with the purple wig cheered up and started dancing even more vigorously.

Qin Guan lowered his head and buried his face into his hands, hiding his expression. The powerful man had burst into tears.

"Is he really sobbing, or is he just pretending?"

"No idea. Let's check later." The man was too busy appreciating the beautiful dance to cry.

Where is your dignity?

Nichols was very confident about Qin Guan though. Crying should be nothing for him considering his Best Actor awards.

Qin Guan didn't disappoint him. He looked up with tears running down his face, his bloodshot eyes and red eye sockets expressing his sadness.

Natalie seemed absorbed in his sorrow. The same grief was evident on her face.

The two outcasts were like two hedgehogs. They couldn't get close to each other for fear of getting hurt.

A 10-minute dialogue followed. It was difficult to deliver long lines, but they did so perfectly.

No one on set, including idlers like Sister Xue, focused on Natalie's body. They were all attracted by their splendid performances.

The cameraman recorded the scene calmly. He didn't come back to his senses until the actors had finished all their lines.

The director started shouting at them happily. The complicated scene had been completed smoothly!

This was a success for Qin Guan, who hadn't realized when he had stopped acting.

Natalie didn't move. This was their last scene in the film, so there was a cantankerous sparkle in her eyes.

Disaster is imminent!

Before Qin Guan could escape, Natalie hit him again!

"Well done, Qin Guan! Your performance exceeded my expectations! I was completely captivated! How did you do that?"

Qin Guan grimaced helplessly. He had learned a lot from that Shakespeare play on the beach, as well as the play he had watched on Broadway.

He had a general idea of what Nichols wanted from him. Unlike his implicit performance in other films, good acting skills were essential this time.

He would rather call "Closer" a play than a film though. Plus, he liked competing with other actors while filming.

Sister Xue showed up in time to save him from the girl.

"My agent is here!"

Qin Guan pointed to Sister Xue, who was waving at him, and left the girl as fast as he could.

The director was talking to Sister Xue happily. At the sight of his favorite actor, he gestured and said, "Let's call it a day. Your last scene is tomorrow, so you can go around London in your free time."

Qin Guan forced a smile at Sister Xue's silent threat and left reluctantly.

I have no time to idle around.

"Okay, there's nothing else for you to do now. Just tell me why you told me to take a look at that street!"

Sister Xue and Qin Guan were walking slowly along the bustling narrow street, which was filled with all kinds of stores and restaurants.

"Take it easy..." Qin Guan looked at the stores carefully. As he passed by a pretty fruit stand, he picked up a green apple.

"How much is it?"

"You just want one? Take it, it's a gift. I like handsome boys."

"Thanks!"

Qin Guan washed the apple under a water pipe.

"Do you want it, Sister Xue?" Before she could answer, he took a big bite. He had just wanted to be polite.

Chapter 575: Discovering An Asian Designer

Qin Guan pointed to a shop in the corner with a naughty smile.

"Here it is!"

It was a small shop hidden behind a fine curtain.

Sister Xue lifted the curtain curiously and heard the sound of a sewing machine. A man was busy working at one corner of the small room.

"Something is glowing..."

Sister Xue narrowed her eyes. Before her voice could fade away, the man looked up. A big bare head was shining under the lamp.

"Come take a look. Tell me if you see anything you like..."

The man didn't stand up to greet them. Instead, he buried his head back in his work.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan entered the shop, looking carefully at the finished and semi-finished costumes on the models. After browsing through all the outfits in the shop, Sister Xue let out a long sigh of relief.

The man was a gifted designer. His work had even qualified for an independent small-scale fashion show. He was a gem hiding in a small corner.

Sister Xue always appreciated talent, so she concealed her excitement and tried to talk to the man.

"Excuse me. All the costumes in here are your work, right?"

The bald man was really happy that his customers had not been scared away by the prices of his work.

Looking up from the sewing machine, he answered, "Yes, I made them all with my own hands. Look at this one! It's traditional Chinese satin with an embedded pattern made of feathers and

paillettes."

He stood up to show them the costume. When he saw his customers clearly though, he was shocked.

"You are Qin Guan! The Asian top model!"

As an insider of the fashion circle, he was able to recognize Qin Guan at first sight.

"Hello! Nice to meet you, Andre Gn." Qin Guan stretched a hand out to him with a smile.

"How do you know my name?"

"Did I make a mistake? I saw the name of your store and thought that it must be your name."

Sister Xue looked back and saw the sparkling letters embroidered on the silk threads of the curtain. They spelled out the name Qin Guan had mentioned.

It was too difficult for costumers to read though.

The bald man flushed with excitement and rubbed his wet hands before taking Qin Guan's hand.

"Nice to meet you, too! Don't call me Andrew Gn. You can just call me by my Chinese name. I'm Yin Changtao!"

"I have read about your story in magazines and newspapers. Although you began your career in America, you are still a favorite of European fashion magazines."

"I can't believe I am finally seeing you in person! You are much more handsome than you look in your photos. I'm so excited! You are a source of inspiration for designers. So many thoughts are running through my head right now! You are exquisite!"

Sister Xue was speechless. The strong man seemed fierce, but he acted like a tame dog.

After some time, Yin Changtao finally calmed down. Then the

three of them began to talk about a possible collaboration.

When Sister Xue introduced her proposal, she saw the man's eyes turn red. Tears started running down his face, but he cleaned them with his sleeve.

"Thank you... I would like to be a part of your team!"

He was so straightforward that Sister Xue didn't have the heart to mess with him.

"Come to New York with your work. Please read the contract carefully though. You are an independent designer after all. You have to study the terms carefully."

"Thank you so much!" the man cried out at her considerate words. If Sister Xue and Qin Guan had not shown up that day, he would have had to find labor work at a construction site.

Ever since he had graduated from the Central Saint Martin's College in 1996, he had been leading a poor life. The few customers he had didn't make a difference for him and his store.

Yin had nearly given up his career. He thought his style might not be accepted by the mainstream fashion circle, so he had been about to abandon the dream he had been cherishing ever since he was a child.

It felt like Qin Guan had descended from Heaven that day and showed him the way to the top of the fashion circle. He had finally found the key to the international fashion week.

Let's forgive the Chinese-Singaporean, who had only read one classic in his life. By the way, it was "A Dream in a Red Mansion".

Only the following idiom could express his feelings: Only spring can pay back the mercy of the dripping water.

Qin Guan didn't need to worry about the details. While Sister Xue and Yin Changtao were talking about the contract, he found a toyshop at the corner of the street.

The store had a light green glass window and an ancient wooden door. Behind the glass were several cute dolls.

After staring at them for a long time, Qin Guan felt like a child. He finally pushed the door open and entered the shop.

"Welcome!"

An old man with golden-framed glasses was standing behind a tall counter. He greeted Qin Guan without looking up from the tin soldier in his hand.

Chapter 576: The Iron Frog

It was a traditional British toyshop. If Qin Guan was not mistaken, the owner sold both staple goods and handmade products.

Under the tall green counter was a big red fire truck with a line of bold yellow letters that spelled out "made in China".

It felt like it was mocking the British toy industry. Thanks to the low prices of Chinese products, 60% of toys in Britain were produced in Chinese factories.

The fire truck was filled to the brim with passengers. There were teddy bears of different shapes and sizes in it. One of them was wearing a traditional red military uniform, a second one was wearing a black policeman uniform, a third one was wearing a deerstalker and a pipe like Sherlock Holmes, and the fourth and last one was wearing a pink crepe dress.

Smiling, Qin Guan picked up a serious-looking bear in a Chinese Cheongsam from the last row. She looked calm, proud and cute. Qin Guan's heart suddenly softened.

The old man behind the counter stopped working and set the tin soldier down on the counter.

"You might find something you like on the shelf behind you. You don't need to just buy a present for your girlfriend. Men sometimes need to buy something for themselves too!"

He pointed to the shelf behind Qin Guan, which was candy-colored.

"Okay, thanks. Could you wrap this one for me first?" Qin Guan handed the bear to him with a smile.

A pair of female hands appeared from behind the counter and took the bear.

There's another person in the shop?

Qin Guan craned his neck to see a gentle old lady with grey hair sitting behind the counter. There was a pile of colorful straps, cotton padding and sparkling accessories in front of her. A half-made doll was on her knees.

This shop was a traditional family business, probably as old as the elderly couple.

Qin Guan felt happy. Mutual help and relief did wonders in times of poverty.

The shelf was filled with popular boys' toys. There were iron trains, soldiers carrying guns and mighty tanks. The whole collection looked like a primitive memory of Qin Guan's childhood. Although those toys were finer than his, their sense of history was irreplaceable.

"Wow! Iron toys!" Qin Guan found the treasure in a corner.

"An iron frog!" A friend from his neighborhood had once given him a frog as a gift. The toy had been able to leap after being winded up.

"A tangram! In Britain!"

"A bus pencil box!"

"A whole set of toy soldiers!" Those plastic soldiers had been Qin Guan's army when he had been a child.

The old couple exchanged a glance and smiled warmly at the boy. A man with such childlike innocence had to be a good person.

Qin Guan put all the toys he liked in a bag and walked over to the counter reluctantly. If he stayed there any longer, he would buy the whole store.

The old lady wrapped the toys up in a transparent wrapping paper decorated with flags of the United Kingdom. Qin Guan generously purchased a bag embroidered with a bear.

The old man smiled like a fox as Qin Guan put the bulging bag over his shoulder.

"Thank you for choosing our shop! It's 250 pounds in total!"

Qin Guan took out some bills. Feelings were a privilege of the rich. His parents would have beaten him if they knew that he had bought a cheap frog at such a high price. Qin Guan was 22 years old though and he was currently in London.

The street lamps lit up one by one as the old couple that owned the toy store locked the door and left hand in hand.

Qin Guan had no idea that there was a gift wrapped in red velvet in the bag. It was a surprise from the old man, who had given him the one-legged tin soldier and a ballerina in a white dress. The two toys were hugging each other.

There were many acts of kindness in life. They were usually hiding around the corner, waiting for somebody to discover them.

Panting, Qin Guan returned to his hotel, climbed on the large bed and fell asleep. His suitcase was so full that a corner of the colorful wrapping paper could be seen through the gap.

The next day, Sister Xue took Qin Guan to the set and left as fast as she could with the bald man. Qin Guan looked at their retreating backs in confusion. They seemed to have gotten quite familiar with each other in only a few hours.

Chapter 577: Beating Jude Law

Qin Guan shivered at the thought. He suddenly recalled Ou Qiang's sad face far away in China. Before he could consider it any further, Nichols shouted at him. It was time for his last scene.

Forget it. No one can control their emotions...

Qin Guan adjusted his blazer and sat down at his luxurious executive desk. This was his last scene in the film, as well as his only chance to face the other male actor. The camera started filming in the corner as Jude Law pushed open the door angrily.

Qin Guan had stolen his lover again.

"You are a rude man without any temperament or interests. Why don't you let your wife go?" The bastard's figure occupied his whole pupils.

Qin Guan turned his watch around calmly. He was sitting comfortably on the couch without any intention of standing up.

Qin Guan looked at Jude Law silently. The whole crew could feel the strange tension between them. It looked as if a junior assistant had met a CEO, a young officer had encountered the head of the nation, or a playboy had come across his strict father.

No one could breathe.

Even though Jude Law was a good actor, he was still suppressed by Qin Guan's vigor. Although his every movement, expression and line were right, he seemed inferior compared to Qin Guan's acting skills.

Yes, the outstanding actor was inferior to Qin Guan.

The director was hesitant. He wanted to stop them so they could repeat the scene, but Qin Guan made the final decision for him.

His eyes were sparkling in the camera as if his wish had come true. He was bold and elated with the joy of vengeance as he

delivered his cruellest lines.

"You took my wife away, but I got her back. I also made love with your ex-girlfriend Alice. We had a lot of fun together. We stayed awake the whole night..."

"I didn't want to tell you those private things at first, but I will never forgive you anyway..."

Qin Guan raised an eyebrow at Jude with unreasonable contempt.

Jude Law surrendered before Qin Guan's acting skills. All he could do was finish the scene uncertainly.

"Liar..."

He happened to be in the same emotional state as his character in the film. Both he and his character were on the verge of breaking down. He had finally earned some points himself.

"Cut!"

Nichols saved Jude Law, who was now completely out of breath. After shooting a meaningful look at Qin Guan, he left as fast as he could and tried to calm down in a quiet corner.

In a few minutes, he had fallen under Qin Guan's control. He had lost himself and unconsciously followed the young man's lead. The feeling had been so terrible that he didn't want to relive it.

Jude Law's team was busy around him as Qin Guan walked over to director Nichols to watch the playback with him.

Once, twice...

After watching it four times, the director looked up at the young man with a confused expression in his eyes.

Jude Law was more experienced than Qin Guan by a full 10 years, yet he couldn't rival Qin Guan's abilities.

I was lucky to choose him...

Jude was waiting for the director to ask them to repeat the scene, when he suddenly saw the crew pack up the cameras and props. His assistant walked over to them and then came back.

"The director said that the scene is finished. Well done! We still have time to shoot your scene with Natalie."

Jude's cup paused before his mouth.

"So Qin Guan's scenes are finished?"

"Yes, he has a very tight schedule. He will return to America as soon as possible."

"Really?" The assistant saw a helpless weakness flash over Jude's face.

"He is the most talented actor I have ever met..." he murmured to himself.

Qin Guan had no idea about Jude Law's opinion of him. He was just eager to return to his nest in New York. He had been away for seven days now!

It was not just a distance over rivers and mountains, but also a distance across time.

Qin Guan didn't know that Sister Xue had booked a first-class ticket for him until the air hostess led him to his seat.

That was so unprecedented for Sister Xue that Qin Guan felt the impulse to check if the sun had risen from the west that day.

Chapter 578: First-Class Romance

Sister Xue was planning on returning to America with Yin Changtao a few days later. She hadn't told Qin Guan, but she had an American Express Platinum, so when her total credit reached the necessary standard, the airline company would present her with two free first-class tickets.

One could use those tickets any time they wished.

The ignorant guy felt moved as he got ready to enjoy the high-end flight service. He had always abided by diligent, thrifty principles, which was why Barris had said that the Chinese were just like the Jewish.

This was the first time Qin Guan, who was a frequent business class passenger, was travelling first-class.

There was a large seat occupying the space of a single bed and a folded desk right next to it. They were both simple, yet luxurious.

The cabinet could only hold eight passengers, but there were two air hostesses leading the way for him. Despite being an experienced and sophisticated guy, Qin Guan was shocked.

When he took his seat, the air hostess opened a small cabinet in front of him considerately, indicating that he could store his backpack inside. When everything was ready, she took a bow and left.

In one minute, she returned with a wet towel and a glass of champagne. She opened a package carefully and put a pair of disposable slippers before Qin Guan's feet.

Qin Guan felt awkward. I feel like a master ordering about a maid.

The girl was wearing a short skirt and her hair was tied back in a tight bun. She looked really happy. Her name was Matta and she was a famous United Airlines beauty. She had seen Qin Guan at the

check-in counter earlier and had taken advantage of her post to serve him herself.

"Dear passenger, it will take us eight hours to reach New York. Would you like to change into your slippers?"

Hey! If there had been another passenger sitting nearby, they would have complained. Since when did United Airlines offer such luxurious services?

It was a pity that there was no one else in the cabinet. Matta looked up gracefully.

Suddenly, the plane shook slightly and Matta fell towards Qin Guan.

"Ah!"

Bang!

Thankfully, Qin Guan was capable of dealing with such girls. Before Matta could fall into his arms, he reacted smartly.

He stretched one of his legs towards her for support, so that she wouldn't smash her face against the floor.

Unfortunately, while he did so, a second passenger was being led in by another stewardess.

"Wow!"

"Hush..."

They saw Matta throw herself at Qin Guan and bury her face between his legs without hesitation.

It was just a misunderstanding caused by a different point of view.

The other stewardess covered her mouth with her hands. She was actually eager to spread the gossip. Meanwhile, the passenger whistled happily in an effort to stir up trouble.

Qin Guan shot a disdainful look at Matta, who was holding his

knee tightly, and looked back at the whistle.

When the passenger saw Qin Guan clearly, his smile got even bigger. He gave Qin Guan a thumbs-up before he burst into laughter.

Qin Guan sighed helplessly. "Long time no see, Chris Angel!"

The man was an American magician who had just finished a show in Europe and was on his way back to New York.

"Ha ha! Qin Guan! Serves you right! Aren't you a knight in an ivory tower! I thought you were as pure as an angel! What are you doing right there? You are like a candle in the dark. Silly women rush up to you like moths."

He sat down in the seat across Qin Guan, rolling around and covering his stomach. Matta took advantage of this to get up.

"What can I do for you?" She tried to cover up her embarrassment by offering her services.

Chris stopped laughing and sized her up from head to toe. Then he asked both the air hostesses to leave.

Lilian was so angry that she nearly exploded. You took advantage of your post to serve Qin Guan and now you seized this passenger from me too! What are you after?

They had both been flying for a whole year, and their unstable schedule made it difficult for them to find a boyfriend. Their only choices were male colleagues and single passengers.

Chapter 579: Never Collaborate With A Madman

It seemed that there were only two passengers in the first-class cabin, and both of them were New York celebrities. Matta couldn't have them both.

Matta walked to the workbench disappointedly, her knees hurting from her fall. If she hadn't reacted quickly, Qin Guan's knee would have hit her on her nose. The guy had no compassion for women!

Suddenly, she paused in the aisle. Lilian nearly ran into her back.

"What are you doing? Watch your step!" Lilian said in discontent.

"Lilian, can you help me?"

"With what?"

"Shall we exchange passengers? You take Qin Guan, and I'll serve Chris. Is that okay?"

Lilian was wondering why she had changed her mind.

"As you saw, Lilian, I just fell down. It would be awkward for me to serve for Mr. Qin again. Please take my place!"

Lilian felt sympathy for Matta. "Fine. Be more careful next time!"

Matta let out a long sigh of relief. It's unnecessary to waste time on stubborn people. There will probably be a complaint anyway. I have to think of another plan.

Chris crossed his legs excitedly in the first-class cabin. Boy, I've got you now!

"Will you accept my offer this time?"

Qin Guan took a sip of champagne and pretended not to understand. "What offer? I think my agent has already rejected it."

"Stop acting like an idiot. As far as I know, no film company in Los Angeles is going to be working with you for the next few months, and your jobs at the Milan and New York Fashion Weeks will be a piece of cake for you. Just tell me! Will you be my model during my Las Vegas tour?"

"No!"

Qin Guan gave him a resolute answer. Chris was considered a madman in the magician circle. He would never consider his proposal, but if he got an offer from David Copperfield, he might accept it if his schedule allowed it.

This guy though... One could judge him just by his costume. His hair was long and colorful, and thick bangs covered one of his eyes. The other one looked like the eye of a panda. He was wearing a black sweater filled with skulls and poppies, even though it was summer. He had tied a pair of handcuffs around his neck like a necklace, and his leather pants and boots looked like a Gestapo uniform.

He was completely crazy. His performance was so full of blood and gore that Qu Xuemei and Sister Xue would never accept an offer from him.

Chris was not dejected by Qin Guan's rejection though. He took off his boots and stretched his feet out towards him.

They smelled like fermented bean curd, feces and men's locker room... Qin Guan tried to get away from him, but Chris laughed proudly.

"It doesn't matter. I will announce the news before the reporters at the JFK."

"Come here, everyone! This is the Best Actor Award winner, Qin Guan! A stewardess just gave him a blowjob!"

"If they ask me for proof, I'll swear to God..."

Qin Guan was speechless. Chris was a real scoundrel.

"I thought Americans were faithful to God. Does He know that you are using Him like this?"

"I'm Greek, you know. I believe in Zeus."

Liar... Qin Guan sighed.

"I have to discuss it with my agent. I have several arrangements during the next six months."

"So I have your word? Thanks, bro!"

Hey, watch what you say. I said I would discuss it, I did not promise anything!

Chris was happy with the outcome though. He grinned, revealing his white teeth. Suddenly, the captain spoke through the speaker, reminding everyone that the plane was about to take off.

A flight attendant handed Qin Guan and Chris a pair of earplugs.

"Thank you for flying with United Airlines..."

"Oh, I'm scared! I'm afraid of flying!" Chris tried to hold on to Qin Guan's hand.

"F*ck off! You have hung from a skyscraper in New York for three days!"

"Just kidding..."

Before Qin Guan could sneer at Chris, the plane had risen to the stratosphere. It was an easy time for both the plane and the passengers. Matta and Lilian began serving dinner in the first-class cabin using a small wagon.

The champagne was clear and smooth. Lilian filled Qin Guan's cup with an aperitif. The champagne cost 500 dollars, but the airline was generous with its first-class passengers.

Matta placed the knives and forks on the white linen and served them along with the appetizer. There were plenty of choices, although they were in small amounts. The white bream fillets were

transparent and the boiled broccoli stimulated everyone's appetite.

Chapter 580: Asian People Eat Vegetables Every Day

There were also purple sweet potato balls filled with foie gras and a bare shrimp wrapped in orange caviar.

One could eat one with just one bite. First-class food could be compared to a gourmet restaurant menu.

The delicious food and good wine filled Qin Guan's mouth and mind, making him forget about his annoying fellow traveller. He was completely absorbed in his food.

When he swallowed the last bite of shrimp, he tried the fresh fish roes. Their taste exploded in his mouth as he narrowed his eyes in content.

"Hey, Qin Guan. Has anybody told you that you look like a proud Persian cat when you narrow your eyes like that?"

It was terrible to have such an annoying companion during such a long journey.

Qin Guan ignored Chris as Lilian walked out of the kitchen with a basket in her hand. In the basket were all kinds of different snacks.

They were not the kind of snacks one could find at a supermarket though. There were pickled shrimps and vegetables among them.

Qin Guan took several packages out of the basket curiously. When he noticed that Chris was twisting his nose disdainfully, he put some back in the basket.

Then he opened the first package to reveal its contents. There was a shrimp, a piece of lotus root and two pieces of boiled cabbage inside.

Qin Guan didn't find anything strange about them as he chewed. He shot a questioning look at Chris.

"Only sheep eat cabbage!"

Hey, wild kid! You are 10 years older than me, yet you act like a spoiled child! Don't you know that Chinese people have the healthiest diet in the world? Most of their meals are composed of vegetables. Americans eat meat and potatoes every day! That's why there are so many obese people in your country!

Qin Guan didn't want to pay attention to him anymore. The meal was included in the ticket!

There were two choices for the main course, Western cuisine and Japanese cuisine. Because of his love for boiled milled rice, Qin Guan chose the Japanese option. Chris chose the other one without hesitation.

In the plain dishes were fruit, vinegar-boiled scallops, grated radish with fish spawns, sprout tofu and broiled river eel, all of which Chris had never seen before.

When Qin Guan's broccoli soup was served, Chris couldn't control himself anymore.

He took a careful look at Qin Guan's fine face and then caressed his own tough skin, which was a result of cannabis and wild gay life. He let out a long sigh.

"Are vegetables the reason for your good skin?"

"Of course!" Qin Guan lied. "I eat half a kilo of different kinds of vegetables every day. The Chinese include more than eight food groups in their diet to maintain a healthy body."

Qin Guan began to preach about the mystery of the Chinese diet. When Chris came across some chopped, cooked entrails, he realized it had been a mistake to share a meal with Qin Guan.

He stood up to change seats, so that he wouldn't starve.

Qin Guan accepted the small black bowl Lilian handed him with a smile. The simple girl shivered at his smile.

That was why Matta had been frustrated. The celebrity was a beautiful monster that tempted people to jump into the void.

Lilian didn't have contact with passengers during work, but Qin Guan's smile was a curious coincidence that made her happy.

She placed the Japanese steamed egg and seafood on Qin Guan's table along with the main course before she escaped like a scared rabbit.

The main course was rice and beef with a thick sauce and an orange boiled egg. It was the most delicious food in the world.

When he tasted the cold mustard lobster and the conch, Qin Guan felt like an immortal.

The dessert was just as impressive. Yoghurt with seasonal fruit was the best choice after such a feast.

After dinner, all the tableware was cleared away. Qin Guan was about to fall into a satisfied sleep.

Suddenly, someone broke the silence. Chris and Matta had gotten to know each other well during dinner.

The two of them exchanged looks filled with fierce emotion. In an effort to get away from Qin Guan, they went into the first-class bathroom together and locked the door from the inside as they kissed.

Qin Guan was totally speechless. That was a small washroom with a thin door, so he could hear what was happening inside clearly.

"Come on... Oh!"

Timid Lilian closed the curtain as soon as she could to hide them from their curious colleagues, who were craning their necks around to see.

Chapter 581: A Peaceful Time

Qin Guan was left alone in the cabin. As he heard the background sounds, he started to miss Cong Nianwei so much that he teared up.

Some people were gifted, or they tried to seem impressive. Qin Guan had to relieve himself in the business class washroom. When the plane began to descend, Chris went out looking satisfied.

"I love american airlines! Don't forget your promise, Qin Guan. See you in Las Vegas!"

Matta's black lace panties were still in Chris' pocket, but he had already switched to business mode. Matta went out looking normal, but the money in her hand betrayed the nature of their deal.

"Are you crazy? You paid her?"

"All adults do. It's normal, dude!"

Qin Guan was speechless. The trend of sexual liberation would also reach China in the future, but this had been unheard of even at ancient Chinese whorehouses. Back then, people would be thrown into a river for committing such a sin.

Qin Guan got off the plane with his luggage as fast as he could. Chris was unable to catch up with him.

Cong Nianwei had occupied his mind. The two of them hugged each other at the terminal and then escaped from the keen reporters chasing them. The reporters abandoned the chase when Chris went out.

"Chris, tell us about your popular tour in Europe!"

"Chris, what are your plans for the next six months?"

"Chris, we just saw Qin Guan. Did you two collaborate in Europe?"

They all stretched their microphones out towards Chris. The popular magician threw a figurative bomb at them.

"We were on the same plane. The two of us became good friends during our short journey. I invited him to join me on my tour across America as my special guest. All our fans will be very lucky!"

"Scream, everyone! Go crazy! Chris' magic month is waiting for you!"

He stuck his tongue out, shaking his piercing. The reporters were over the moon. Due to the dangerous nature of his performance, no celebrity usually dared to join him on such an adventure.

Qin Guan had accepted his invitation? This was big news!

Ignoring his vague words, everyone began to celebrate in advance.

Qin Guan had no idea that he had been trapped. He was currently in the land of warmth and tenderness.

There was an array of faithful soldiers on guard on the window sill. Next to them, a pretty ballet dancer was radiating love and tenderness through her eyes as she looked at the one-legged tin soldier.

A hairy bear had been carefully placed on the headboard. The bedside lamp had been turned off, and the lovers were sleeping amid the lingering fragrance of roses.

There was some simple Chinese food on the table. It was a beautiful, peaceful time. Where one's love was, that was where their home was as well.

...

Love was the best incentive. Qin Guan showed up on campus again holding a large bag and Cong Nianwei's drawing board. He was a good man through and through.

It would have been the perfect morning if it weren't for the

terrible news Xu Xiaoxiao shared with him.

"Qin Guan, you were so brave to accept Chris Angel's invitation! Good luck being his special guest!"

Xu was waving a newspaper at him as he stood by the entrance of the classroom.

"I read it in the newspaper! He said that you two were good friends. Is he lying? I like him though. He is so rebellious!"

"You have been very popular lately, Qin Guan! Tell me what happened with the three celebrities! Does Britney have big boobs?"

Qin Guan cast a supercilious look at him. He didn't want to speak with Xu. The guy was drooling over his romantic affairs. Qin Guan took out his new timetable.

Xu didn't know that they wouldn't be sharing many classes in the future. Postgraduate students were always lonely.

Prof. Martin entered the classroom with a pleasant smile. He was delighted to see his good student back on the right track.

From that day on, Qin Guan would return to his normal life.

There was a bustling lunch party taking place on the lawn. People gathered around Qin Guan, many of them new friends. His classmates greeted him as they walked by.

"Hey, Qin Guan! How are you doing?"

"Your film was good. Got any new plans?"

Disharmonious voices were heard everywhere.

"Qin Guan! Qin Guan, over here!"

Paris Hilton waved at Qin Guan from afar. Qin Guan picked up his backpack helplessly.

"We'll do something on the weekend!"

Chapter 582: Going Back In Time

Xu smiled meaningfully at them. Only when their car disappeared did he realize that he had to clean all the rubbish after the party.

The country road leading to Vermont was getting narrower and narrower. Wild flowers, cool streams and waterfalls decorated their journey.

After driving for a long time, they came across a small wooden cabin by the road. Outside it was a simple desk with a board indicating its real estate price and a simple piggy bank.

There were also agricultural products, including fresh cucumbers, corn and wild honey stolen from poor bears.

The drivers could take the products and leave money behind. If one didn't have enough change, they could even leave something of theirs in exchange for the goods.

Qin Guan took a few cucumbers. He noticed that there were different kinds of payment on the desk.

Sunglasses, a hair pin, an expensive scarf... Travellers left stuff there just for fun.

As he was chewing on the cucumbers, Hilton slowed down. They had reached their destination.

If Qin Guan had covered his eyes on the way there, he would have thought that they had traveled back in time.

The cabin was quiet. On the wooden fence door was a board that said "Tudor's Cabin". The board creaked as the breeze blew it back and forth.

Hilton pulled the car over. Then the two of them entered through the fence and stepped onto the naturally-growing grass.

Suddenly, a rabbit jumped out of the grass. It shot a curious look

at the strange visitors and then disappeared again.

Blue sky, white clouds, green grass... Anyone would feel relaxed and happy there. An artistic paved path led to the door.

"Grandma Tasha, it's Paris!"

"Oh, my dear kitten! Come in, please!"

It seemed that Hilton and the famous artist were very close. At her response, Hilton opened the door easily.

The bell declared the guests' arrival. Qin Guan saw a room with a wooden floor and a Middle-Age fireplace front and center.

There was a tin heater in the middle of the hall, and an iron chimney that went directly outside the wooden house.

Firewood was burning in the fireplace, a plain kettle boiling on it.

Time seemed to have paused one century ago inside the cabin. When he looked at the old lady, Qin Guan thought that they had travelled back in time.

Tasha Tudor was 79 years old, but her steps were firm and her smile was soft. She was wearing a long dress and a headscarf that made her look like an English milking maid.

"Welcome! My kitten brought my guest. I'll send you my catalogue as soon as it's published!"

Her voice was as peaceful and elegant as a spring breeze as she introduced another man to Qin Guan and Paris Hilton.

"This is Lin, a reporter from Time Magazine. He heard that I asked Qin Guan to be my model and decided to pay me a special visit. You are a popular Asian model here in America after all."

The man didn't look sorry for coming without an invitation. He took a bow, admiring Qin Guan as if he was a piece of art.

He was so focused on him that he forgot to greet Paris Hilton. Tasha Tudor was familiar with her old friend though.

"Just forget about him. He is always like this when he comes across good material. Let's have some tea first. It's scented tea that I produce myself."

Wild chrysanthemums bloomed in the white porcelain cups. The honey and milk on the table had been produced by the woman as well.

The environment made everyone feel relaxed.

"We can start working anytime."

"Okay, I'll get my tools!"

Cong Nianwei and Tasha Tudor were both painters, but the difference between them was like the one between the city and the countryside. Anything related to drawing roused both their interests though.

Qin Guan pushed the door open and saw a big garden outside.

There were clusters of white wildflowers, twisting vines and blooming morning-glories that grew without any human intervention.

Qin Guan pushed his shirt into his pants and suddenly saw an old banyan. He rolled his pant legs up and climbed up the tree until he reached a larch branch. He sat down comfortably on it, his long legs hanging down unscrupulously.

The wind blew over a sweet smell. His white shirt was shaking in the wind as he smiled like a fairy amid the rural scenery.

Tasha went out with her tools. She sat down on the wooden path and got to work.

Chapter 583: A Family Of Squirrels

Lin had already gotten to work. He took countless pictures of Qin Guan without sparing the film.

"Cong Nianwei, come here! It's so beautiful!"

Qin Guan looked like a fairy descending from Heaven amid the golden sunshine. His smile seemed very delicate.

However, after joy came sadness. When he waved at the people under the tree, a naughty squirrel saw the uninvited guest sitting before his door.

That troublemaker is shouting right beside my home. My babies cannot sleep!

As the head of the family, he had to drive the intruders away.

"Wow! Look at that cute animal with the fluffy tail!"

Paris Hilton, who was focused on Qin Guan, was the first one to notice it.

"Don't scare it away, Qin Guan! Good boy! Try to play with it!"

Both Tasha and Lin gave him instructions. That would be a perfect picture for both painting and photography.

The two of them exchanged a tacit glance before they focused on Qin Guan again.

There was only one normal person there and that was Cong Nianwei, who knew what was going to happen and smiled to herself.

"Come here, my friend..."

Qin Guan, who had already forgotten about the disaster at the aquarium, carefully stretched out his slender fingers towards the squirrel.

The squirrel took a chestnut from under its tail and held it before

its chest as it leapt towards Qin Guan.

When it was in the air, it threw the chestnut in the face of the intruder.

Bang! The chestnut hit Qin Guan on the forehead, bounced back and fell down on the ground.

"Ha ha ha..." Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. Qin Guan made her life so much fun.

Tasha stopped drawing in shock. Then she smiled.

Lin was lucky enough to capture the moment. It was a rare photo full of childish fun.

The only sad person around was Qin Guan. The chestnut had reminded him of his strange nature and the laughter of the spectators had awakened the entire family of squirrels.

Father Squirrel was enraged when he saw his babies go out. He threw another chestnut at Qin Guan and then climbed down the tree.

The four cute squirrels were watching Qin Guan silently. Tasha's inspiration was flowing like a spring river.

Cong Nianwei was about to climb up to help Qin Guan, when she saw Father Squirrel return with a chestnut shell.

Qin Guan's eyes widened. As the only enemy on the tree, he was the first to be attacked.

The shell got tangled in his hair.

The four kids seemed excited over their father's courage. Realizing that things did not look good for him, Qin Guan jumped down from the tree and ran away as fast as his feet would move.

"Ha ha! You are a good professional model, Qin Guan! Could you be my exclusive model and drop by once a month?"

Qin Guan lowered his head to allow Cong Nianwei to pick the

shell out of his hair. Paris Hilton didn't move though.

He doesn't seem to like animals. I have eight puppies back home...

You are missing the point, dear. Why don't you ask the puppies about their feelings?

Lin, who was laughing tearfully, rolled his eyes and pointed to a corner of the garden. "Dear Qin, would you please walk to the small wooden house behind that fence?" he asked Qin Guan in his most sincere tone. "There is a beautiful paved road there and plenty of flowers. I think it's a great place to take pictures."

Qin Guan didn't object. He just winked at Cong Nianwei and ran in that direction. Paris Hilton walked up to Cong Nianwei.

"Is he always like this?"

"What do you mean?"

"Doesn't he like animals?"

Cong Nianwei grinned, an apologetic smile emerging on her pretty face.

"No, he is a kind man. He likes animals. You have it backwards. It's the animals that don't like him. He has failed an audition because of it. He has been in a bad mood for a long time."

Chapter 584: A Spanish Cow

Cong Nianwei suddenly smiled sweetly, as if she had recalled something. "I knew that from early on. Back then, we had just been friends. Qin Guan used to sit in a corner of the playground and pretend to read Tolstoy. All the girls around him admired him. Only I noticed the grey mice running out of a small hole behind him disdainfully."

"I guess you could say that I have been paying attention to him for a long time. The idiot never realized it though."

Hilton was no longer in the mood to compete with her after listening to that anecdote. She shot a secret look at Cong Nianwei as she said, "So you fell in love with him at school? How old were you when you met for the first time?"

Cong Nianwei shook her head. "I was not in love with him, I just paid attention to him out of curiosity. I wanted to see if all animals hated him. He wasn't aware that birds, cats and dogs were trying their best to keep a distance from him."

"It was so funny! I'm always happy around him..."

Cong Nianwei looked at Hilton, who was looking down and drawing circles on the ground with her toe.

"We met when we were 15. It's been about eight years now, I think. Loving somebody is different than being fond of them. Women always fail to tell the difference."

My love rival sounds reasonable.

Hilton looked at Cong Nianwei, who was waving at Qin Guan with a smile.

Tasha smiled meaningfully at Lin's arrangement. My old friend is still playing tricks on others. She took out another piece of blank paper.

"I'm here, Lin. What should I do?"

Qin Guan waved at the artists. The view there was much more beautiful. There was a wide yard behind the flowering shrubs that stretched toward the horizon.

Lin grinned and pointed to the small wooden house. "Stand by the door, Qin Guan. Yes, by the fence. Look over here!"

Qin Guan had just gotten into position, when he suddenly heard a cow moo.

Speechless, Qin Guan looked at Lin and Tasha. The two old artists nearly fell down from laughter.

A beautiful cow with black dots exited through the fence looking around indifferently. She seemed curious about the strangers.

When she caught sight of the stranger in her domain though, she got angry. She went out decisively to protect her home.

"Moo..." The bell on her neck jingled along with her steps, and her smooth hair was floating in the soft summer breeze as she ran after the young man. The two of them seemed to be playing a game on the cabbage field. The game was called "Cat and Mouse".

Tasha's brush was dancing on the paper and Lin's shutter was moving up and down. The two artists were in their own world. They were paying no attention to the miserable model.

Run, Qin Guan! Run for the sake of art!

Qin Guan dared not stop. Is this cow from Spain? Am I wearing anything red? I can only think of my underwear!

When the sun set, Tasha lifted her brush and Lin filled his pipe with tobacco.

Cong Nianwei sorted out the sketches as Qin Guan lay on the ground. He did not struggle as the cow craned her neck over his face.

A pink tongue slipped out and licked him. Thanks for playing

with me. I hereby welcome you to the farm. Here is your reward.

When night fell, Tasha lit up the candles in the candelabras. There was no electricity there, so she had to use firewood for the heater. She got drinking water from the nearby stream. She lived a pure life in nature.

The milk in the glasses was a gift from the cow and the vegetables in the large iron pot were harvest from the field. Cong Nianwei put some wildflowers in a vase.

If one ignored the creaking wooden bed and the scratchy handmade wool blanket, life in isolation sure seemed beautiful.

Without electricity, all they could do was lie in bed in the dark and wait for Morpheus.

Chapter 585: Genius

Qin Guan's ambition was evident in his sparkling eyes.

"Wei?"

"Yes?"

"Shall we buy a small house? Not as an investment. I want us to spend the holidays there. This way, I will have a house everywhere and I won't need to stay at boring hotels. That would be fun. Having a house everywhere would be wonderful! What do you think?"

Cong Nianwei closed her eyes and rubbed her head against Qin Guan's shoulder. "That's not a good idea. What kind of house do you want to buy? A tree house would only cost a little, but do you know the average price of a house in Los Angeles?"

"You'd have to maintain it when you are not staying there, and the property tax would cost you a lot. Are you a billionaire or something?"

"You know that the profits of my firm are rising. My value as a model is almost equal to an international top model now. Plus, I have property in China. Considering all my intangible and fixed assets, I'm already a multimillionaire. What do you think of your amazing boyfriend?"

Cong Nianwei was confused. "What else do you own back at home besides your apartment and the Cherokee?"

"I forgot to tell you that I bought eight lots near the East Second Ring. They are about 500 square meters," Qin Guan murmured proudly. "This year, the government assigned an important task to me. I'll return to China to check the market information."

"What important task? You only care about money..."

"Thank you for reminding me..."

When one was away from the bustling city, they were inclined to return to the origins of nature. They usually adjusted to the inconvenience of not using high-tech products.

Dew was slowly running down along the leaves as caterpillars struggled in their cocoons.

Qin Guan got up early in the morning, put on a black top and shorts and went out to the yard.

He started cutting firewood, scattering branches around him. That was all he could do for the respectful old woman before they left the lovely farm.

Her mate and offspring had left her to her isolated life, but she had stuck to her original idea. In the winter, the old woman didn't need to deal with the firewood by herself.

Lin, who was watching Qin Guan work, took the pipe out of his mouth and patted Qin Guan on the shoulder.

"I'll call your agent when I return to New York. I want you on the cover of Time Magazine."

Qin Guan was shocked. "Are you their photography director? Does this mean that you are the boss?"

Lin kept smoking. "You have no idea who I am, but Qu is always telling me about you."

He knocked his pipe against the fence. "I haven't taken pictures for many years. My first job was the cover of the first issue of VOGUE. I had always dreamed of becoming an artist. As you know though, back in the 1940s, photography was not a good job."

"Now I'm old and I had to stop working, but if I want to, my work could be featured in the most influential magazines in America. I'm still Irving Penn Lin after all."

Qin Guan watched the old man fill his pipe with tobacco again. He still felt uncertain. "But why do you want to help me?"

Smoke rose between them, forming a blurry wall.

"Because you are the dream of all image photographers. Not figure photographers though. Figure photography relies on the market demand. I do not need that anymore."

"Considering my fame and success, I don't need to meet the market demands or flatter the audience. I engage in image photography because it helps me observe real human emotions."

"Time Magazine just featured a large image on its cover..."

He smiled again and pointed to the pile of firewood next to Qin Guan's feet. "You are a good boy. I'll be glad to see your face on the cover of Time."

Qin Guan scratched his head speechlessly. Our ancestors were right. If you are kind to others, you'll be rewarded.

Chapter 586: Busy Working

Tasha's long dress and the lovely cow were lingering in Qin Guan's mind as he returned to New York. His free time was sadly over.

Sister Xue was already busy working, and Qin Guan got serious when he went back to his office.

Yin Changtao was putting forward ideas. They would soon be submitting an application for the press conference of the Milan Fashion Week.

A few days later, they got a positive response. Even though he was a new designer, Yin was outstanding at both fashion design and tailoring.

As the trendsetter of the international high-end clothing market, the Milan Fashion Week was open to newcomers. Yin would show up 22nd along with seven other designers from different countries. It was a special day for promising young designers.

Everyone in the studio applauded at the news. This was a big deal for a rookie.

It made sense to keep the goodies within the family, so all the Chinese models got a chance to go to Milan. Qin Guan, who was the most important model among them, would get on the stage during the opening show.

Armani had sent their timetable to Sister Xue, and the Italian Clothing Association and the organizers of the Milan Fashion Week had sent Qin Guan a personal invitation.

They were inviting Qin Guan to be a part of their official opening show. In the letter, which was particularly moving, they told him all about the difficulties they were facing.

It went a little like this:

Dear Qin Guan, we consider you an important male model and representative of the Asian continent in the fashion world. Milan Fashion Week is among the top four fashion weeks in the world, yet it is still suffering from great stress. We have to try our best to attract famous brands and international top models.

We heard that you are an exclusive model of Armani, which means that other haute couture brands are unable to collaborate with you. With the exception of your own studio's show, we are afraid that you might feel a little bored during the fashion week.

Therefore, we would like to present you with another option. You could come to Milan in advance and meet the many designers waiting for you here. They need your help, as they have failed to find the right models for their designs.

We are confident that both the payment and the opportunity will meet your standards.

The long list attached indicated the power of the Milan Fashion Week.

Bertha, Lucio Fontana, Laura, Du Chen, Corot, Li Meiqi (also known as Maggie Q).

Qin Guan was shocked. These were all top models ten times more prestigious than him, yet they were just ordinary participants at the Milan Fashion Week.

As the only male model among them. Qin Guan felt inclined to join them.

His schedule was posted on his blog soon, making his fans sigh before their screens.

"Even if we were in Milan, we wouldn't be able to attend the show. Guests there have to have an invitation."

"Those invitations are not mere parking tickets either. They are very expensive."

After a long silence, some fans became happy again.

"This means that none of us can attend the show. We are all equal! We all have to wait for the pictures!"

Wood, who was an American, was really angry with Qin Guan's Chinese fans. I should not enjoy seeing photos of him. I'm not fond of him, I just...

The tough American guy had not heard of the following Chinese saying: It is inequality, and not desire, that causes all the trouble.

For his fans, Qin Guan's trip to Milan was another milestone in his career. To profit-oriented businessmen though, it was just a good opportunity for promotion.

The fame he had gained thanks to his awards and romantic affairs had faded away, so the brands and advertising agencies he was collaborating with were considering how to promote him in the future. The Milan Fashion Week was a perfect chance for them.

A new advertisement aired before the most popular TV programs.

"Cadillac, a supreme choice..."

The shocking symphony was broadcasted through subwoofers. Qin Guan hadn't showed his whole body in the advertisement, but the montage of different scenes made up a complete picture of his figure.

His slender fingers, strong wrist, elegant jaw, bright eyes and sexy lips expressed his pleasure at driving a luxurious car. The audience could sense the quality of both the driver and the car.

Chapter 587: A Musical Interview

The cliff, the combination of high speed and danger, the mix of strength and beauty, and the sharp turn between the blue sky and the ocean was a feeling that men loved. The male audience was inspired with a desire to conquer.

"Bloody hell! What a wonderful advertisement!"

"Is this a new car?"

"Shall we buy it, darling?"

"Oh, my! Let me check my bank account..."

Qin Guan's fans expressed their confusion immediately.

"The model driving the Cadillac looks like Qin Guan."

"Yes! We couldn't see his full face, but the different parts we saw looked like Qin Guan."

"It must be Qin Guan."

"How do you know?"

"Check his blog!"

The fans refreshed their browsers and saw the latest news about the car advertisement.

That was proof enough of Qin Guan's presence in the advertisement. However, Qu was in a bad mood as she looked at the screen.

Some even more striking news would be released later that night.

Those cunning businessmen kept exchanging information with each other.

That explained why Guo Nuoyan had announced in the afternoon that J Clothing would open three flagship stores in New York. The locations included the New York Times Square, the Upper East Side, and the most central part of Wall Street and Chinatown.

As the director of J Clothing in America, Guo was smart enough to grab this opportunity.

Qu sighed and kicked her lunch box away before she changed the channel to the most popular music show.

Record companies were also good at seizing opportunities. During the scorching summer, both Madonna and Britney had been busy preparing for their tours. Their joint single had suddenly been released.

After a short news broadcast, the host interviewed the two singers. The two blonde women were smiling.

"Did anything interesting happen during the recording?"

The host showed them the latest issue of VOGUE with a meaningful smile. Qin Guan was smiling on the cover.

"It's said that this Asian model caused a fight between you! We are really curious about the details."

The singers exchanged a glance and smiled widely.

"You didn't see him. He is so handsome... Pictures only capture one tenth of his charm."

"Really? But this is a famous magazine!"

"That's true..." Britney backed up Madonna. "Do you want to know why we didn't deny the news? He is a really handsome guy, but as you know, the three of us are good friends. We would never fight over a man, but we all admire his beauty. Anyone who has seen him would agree with us."

Britney winked at the camera. Her reply aroused the interest of the host.

"It's said that your single, which was released yesterday, features Qin Guan in the video clip..."

The two famous singers nodded.

"You could buy it and find out. It's a song of very high quality that combines our different styles. It also features the most handsome male model in the world..."

"Yes!" Madonna nodded energetically. "Double enjoyment for both your ears and eyes!"

"We fought to get Qin Guan in the video."

The host covered his mouth dramatically. "So those news were just a warm-up?"

"You have a point!" the two women answered together.

Qu tittered and threw the remote control on the tea table. Some banana peels fell down from the table.

"My house needs cleaning again. Why did the housekeeping company ask for extra money?"

Meanwhile, Paris Hilton was watching the show in her apartment, all kinds of feelings flooding her heart.

Her housekeeper unpacked her luggage silently. He did not speak until Paris turned the TV off.

"Miss Hilton, I have already sorted your luggage out. The rooms here are not enough to hold all your pets though. I only moved a few of them in here."

Hilton smiled with joy. "Bring them here, please!"

The housekeeper asked the staff to bring her pets in one by one.

Chapter 588: Record Release

It was two small Teddy Bear dogs and a Chihuahua with the mighty names Omar, Barton and MacArthur.

The puppies were so glad to see their master that they jumped up on the couch.

The housekeeper asked his men to bring in the tortoises, parrots and hamsters. In five minutes, the small living room was filled with different kinds of small pets.

The housekeeper took a bow. "What else can I do for you?"

Hilton waved him off happily. "Nothing, you can leave now. Shut the door for me."

When he left, she turned on the TV again. The video clip was broadcasted again at the end of the program. The company sure used every opportunity to promote the record.

Paris Hilton was focused on Qin Guan, who was sitting on the couch. Suddenly, MacArthur pulled on her sleeve, bringing her back to her senses.

Paris sighed gloomily and caressed her dogs' heads. "My boys, this is your master's favorite man..."

She looked at the three cute puppies sitting on her thighs. "If I had to choose between you and him though... I don't think I could abandon you... Oh, my lovely kids..."

They all rushed into her embrace. The hamster felt that something was wrong and stopped treading on the wheel. The tortoise in the glass box shrank back in its shell. He could only deal with such a situation by sleeping.

Qin Guan had no idea that he had been defeated by a group of animals. Cong Nianwei's plan had finally worked. It was good for a couple to get to know each other first. That way, one could

discover the shortcomings of a possible partner.

If they still liked them, then they could continue their journey together. Otherwise, it was better to find out before they got married.

Qin Guan, Britney and Madonna's fans were excited about the program, which ranked among the top three entertainment shows in America.

They all expressed their joy online. The next morning, record stores in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Chicago and other cities experienced high sales.

The sales should have been slow in the morning, but the staff at the stores were really busy. There were long queues between the shelves. Young men in different outfits waited to sample the single before the TV.

The record company had paid for that particular service. The single had to be the main attraction in all stores during the week.

Posters of Qin Guan and the other two stars were everywhere. On the windows, on the shelves, on the doors... As soon as the doors opened, the people passing by would hear the music.

The unscrupulous publicity attracted the public. If they could have, the store managers would have taken their subwoofers out on the streets. There were actually some people who were doing this in some towns in the South.

Qin Guan was reminded of past times in China, when all stores had been playing the same pop song for the public to hear.

The shelves were empty soon. The store owner received urgent calls from his staff.

"Boss, the third store in Manhattan is out of stock. We don't have enough VD113 and VD456 left!"

That was the power of connected sales. The customers would buy

other albums as they waited. That explained why some independent stores liked to cooperate with record companies.

The store owner possessed half the record stores in New York. He was busy answering calls in his office, all of them asking him for more stock.

He had originally thought that he had overestimated the single's sales potential, but he had actually sold out all the stock in half a day!

All he could do now was beg the record company for more copies. He was quite content with the adversity.

I like to suffer this way.

As the actor featured in the video of the hit song, Qin Guan felt strange. He was standing on Times Square, witnessing the rise of a Chinese brand among foreign brands.

Guo Nuoyan was in full formal attire. Even though it was scorching summer, he was still dressed properly. Qin Guan was just a guest at the ribbon-cutting ceremony, so he didn't need to dress like an official.

Chapter 589: Cutting the Ribbon

As the company's ambassador, he had to wear the latest collection of J Clothing before the media. They would present the Chinese brand to the American fashion circle together and face the test of the insiders and the critics.

Sweat covered Guo's forehead and palms. As more and more reporters and spectators gathered in the store, he started sweating like a pig.

Qin Guan noticed his nervousness and patted his shoulder to comfort him.

"Look at me!"

Guo turned around to look at Qin Guan. Suddenly, his beating heart calmed down.

Qin Guan was wearing a bright-colored hoodie. Even though he was not wearing any accessories, the pattern on his chest made the hoodie look fashionable.

The design was a large fancy carp of a traditional Chinese style embroidered with yellow and green threads. The exaggerated design and striking contrast of the colors made the hoodie, which cost only 29 dollars, really fashionable.

If Qin Guan walked on the T stage with it, the audience might think that it was the latest Valentino collection.

Under the hoodie he was wearing a pair of loose linen pants. They were long enough to cover the yellow shoes that matched the fancy carp.

Only an international top model like Qin Guan could transform that cheap casual outfit into high fashion.

Guo restored his status with his cunning and ability. Qin Guan smiled at him. The young man had created a new world for J

Clothing in New York. Qin Guan had promoted J Clothing in China, while Guo had prospered in America.

Guo carried out the ceremony according to the arrangement of the PR agency. The invited guests were glad to maintain a good relationship with the new rich brand.

The reporters recorded the ceremony with their cameras, trying to catch sight of Qin Guan after it was over.

Guo attracted everyone's attention by pulling down a large poster.

It was a giant poster that hung down from the top of the store. All the spectators were shocked, not by its size, but by the person pictured on it.

It was a full-body poster of Qin Guan with a green lawn as a background. Qin Guan was lying on the grass leisurely, wearing a pair of white sneakers. The boy looked so fresh and clean. His arms were under his head as he watched two balloons float up to the sky.

People's hearts warmed at the sight of the poster, but the keen insiders of the fashion circle and the reporters immediately began to think about its meaning.

The cabs passing by slowly, the shoppers at the Times Square parking area and the bicycle-riding passersby were speeding down to appreciate the beautiful view of the bustling city.

Attracted by the humongous poster and the exquisite guy on it, the staff of the surrounding stores went out shamelessly.

The GAP manager shot a supercilious look at the poster. His small posters looked inferior compared to it.

In 10 minutes, the poster had proved its power.

Before the ceremony staff could clean up and the guests could leave, customers poured into the store.

"Look at that poster! Is that Qin Guan?"

"Impossible! He only wears high-end clothes! This is a casual brand."

"I know that brand. Their first store opened at the Hilton Fair. I saw his poster there too!"

"Really? So this is a new one! Let's take a look!"

Those could be considered calm, ordinary people. Some crazier fans were rushing towards the obvious landmark.

They went out of the record stores with the single and saw the large poster right away.

This was destiny. They had to go into the store the handsome guy in the video clip advertised. Everyone surged into the store in a wave.

Chapter 590: Out Of Control

The reporters were shocked by the crazy customers, who were shuttling among the shelves freely.

"Look at this! It's the shirt from the poster. It feels so good... Plus, the price is reasonable!"

"You are right! I'll buy one for my dad. Hey, is there a larger size?"

Everyone around was thinking of the strong man in the yellow outfit. As they burst into laughter, more and more people poured into the store. Some of them were curious customers, while others were just looking for Qin Guan.

"I can see him!"

"Qin Guan!"

"He's here!"

A girl finally spotted Qin Guan through the crack of the warehouse door.

Before he revealed the poster to the public, Guo had led Qin Guan to the warehouse. It was a smart decision on his part. When most people left, Qin Guan would go out to meet a few customers so the reporters could take some pictures of the warm scenes. This would be really good publicity.

Reality was cruel though. Who could predict that the combination of the record and the poster would cause such a disaster?

The troublemaker was eventually spotted by the sharp-eyed fans.

The girl attracted the attention of all the customers, who put the clothes they had been holding down and looked towards the door.

They all headed in that direction in a formidable array. Even the aggressive reporters retreated before them.

Guo turned around nervously and looked at Qin Guan.

"What should we do? Run away, Qin Guan!"

Impossible! There was no door. There was only a vent hole.

Amused, Qin Guan stood up calmly.

"Don't worry. My fans love me. My charm can solve any problem!"

He suddenly pushed the door open. The screams outside were followed by a riot.

"Ah! Qin Guan! Catch him!"

"Wow! I liked his dance moves with Madonna!"

"Come here, handsome!"

Countless hands reached out for Qin Guan. The problem was not solved by any means.

"Help!" Qin Guan cried out as he was pulled into the crowd, questions still flashing in his mind.

Why aren't my fans listening to me?

Why aren't they greeting me politely?

Why are these guys crazy?

If he had observed his fans carefully, he would have known the answer.

The fans that admired his looks and acting skills had been shocked by his outstanding performance and talent. That group were polite and reasonable individuals.

This was the first time Qin Guan was meeting crazy music fans though. Those kind of fans could destroy a stage during a live concert or hurt the security staff.

Qin Guan was facing a disastrous defeat.

Guo was shaking in the warehouse. His men had also failed to

contain the crazy fans.

This was a bad day for Qin Guan. There were numerous record stores around Times Square.

Safety was always a priority though, so the clever reporters retreated from the store and gathered around the entrance to take pictures of the striking scene.

The situation was completely out of control. Fortunately, Guo thought of Qu.

Qu answered Guo's call, covering her face at his stupidity.

"Call the police! They are responsible for crowd control. I thought this was a simple event... That was such a mistake!"

"Our priority is to keep Qin Guan safe. Tell him to stop struggling. We don't want him to get stamped on! Do as I tell you! I'll get there as soon as I can!"

Qu hung up and drove to Times Square at high speed.

Guo made several quick calls and then shouted at the crowd, as if he was about to die a heroic death.

"Calm down, everyone! Qin Guan is working. Don't bother him. He'll set aside some time for you..."

It was a pity that his effort was in vain. Some outraged girls pushed him away. He was standing in the way of their idol after all.

Bang! A few shelves were knocked down during the riot. Meanwhile, several police cruisers pulled up to the store.

Chapter 591: At The Police Station

Guo rushed over to them awkwardly.

"What's happening? Did you call us?"

"Yes, help us! Our model is surrounded by crazy fans. Disperse them before they kill him!"

The first policeman to get out was a new recruit. After hearing the alarm, he rushed into the store to save the poor victim.

At the sight of the crowd, his partner, who was a veteran, returned to his car. "This is PA4769. We need support at 998 Times Square... A gathering crowd is causing havoc... Yes!"

The policeman lit up a cigarette as he stood by the entrance calmly.

"Who are they?"

In one minute, the young policeman squeezed out with scratches on his face.

"Young man, you have a lot to learn!" The older policeman was not surprised. He just looked in the direction of the crossroads, his voice fading away as several police cruisers drove over to support them.

"Okay, let's start!"

The man took a loudspeaker from the backseat and shouted at the crowd inside the store as if they were robbers in a bank.

"Attention, please! The police is in charge now. Please walk out one by one. We were notified that there is an unlawful assembly here that is disturbing the social order."

The excited people around them seemed shocked. They all exchanged surprised looks.

They were an experienced, sophisticated group that had been

following bands on tour and attacking celebrities. The police was no threat in their eyes.

They went out in a line with their heads held high, as if they were victorious generals.

"Line up facing the wall! Lilith, check for weapons!"

"You have inflicted illegal damage to commercial stores and meddled with public security... Write down your names here. They will be transferred to the police station records later."

"As for you..." The policeman put out his cigarette on the ground and pointed at Qin Guan, who was walking out with wobbling steps.

"You were the cause of the riot. Follow us to the station!"

Guo, who was used to the kinder manners of Chinese policemen, was stupefied.

"But he is the victim, sir! He is all right now. Can't he leave?"

"No way! I have to file a report. He was involved in the riot, so he is obliged to cooperate with us. Follow me. When the procedure is completed, we will let you go. You have to follow us too, sir!"

He had just finished his words, when a MINI pulled up to the side of the road. Qu got out and shouted at Qin Guan, "You have to follow them! Can I drive him to the station, sir?"

"Sure!"

Guo asked his men to clean the store and move on with the operation. Then he sat down in the backseat, murmuring, "I should ask Xu Xiaoxiao for help, but I have to go to the police station now."

Qu shot a supercilious look at him and destroyed his illusion.

"They will turn this into a real gangster fight... Nobody will be able to save Qin Guan. The media will be over the moon."

Guo was shocked, but Qin Guan, who had remained silent for a long time, turned around calmly.

"According to my observation, the fans didn't want to hurt my face."

He seemed proud. "So they hurt your body instead?" Qu asked, fixing her eyes on the road ahead.

Silence prevailed in the car. Guo sized Qin Guan up from head to toe before he turned his eyes away.

The red hoodie Qin Guan was wearing had been torn apart. His shoulders were visible through his collar and his sleeves were no longer the same length.

Qu cast an unconscious look at Qin Guan's pants. At least they were still intact. She tried her best to hold her laughter back.

Qin Guan didn't enjoy any special treatment at the police station, even though he was a celebrity. Qu called Cui Ming, who was his lawyer, while a receptionist came over with a pile of forms.

"The person who caused the riot and the one who called the police have to fill in these forms. An officer will come and take your statement later."

This was the standard procedure. When she looked up carelessly, she noticed that the guy before her looked familiar.

"Are you that Asian model on TV? What's your name? Qin Guan!"

It wasn't her fault that she was ignorant. After a busy day at work, she preferred to go to sleep or go out with their girlfriends. She had no time to pay attention to the entertainment circle.

"Yes, it's me." Qin Guan fixed his eyes on the forms. After suffering under the hands of those crazy music fans, nothing could scare him anymore.

Unfortunately, he had underestimated his appeal. The policemen did not worship him like an idol, but they loved to gossip about

celebrities.

Chapter 592: Captivated

A confirmed rumor was a great topic for conversation. They were all glad to be the witnesses of such an important social issue.

As a result, other officers visited the bustling office one after the other with different excuses. They tried to act calm as they exchanged a few words with the receptionist to get a general idea about the cause and effects of the incident. Then they left, covering their mouths to suppress their laughter.

In a few minutes, the news had spread all over the station. The sergeant was the last one to hear them. He rolled his eyes and knocked on his desk with a pen, a cunning smile forming on his face.

"Let's go! I want to have a look at this troublemaker..."

People were usually inclined to flatter their boss, so a group of people followed him in a formidable array as he walked to the office on the first floor.

The officer in charge was sitting behind his desk. He had gotten a cup of instant coffee and a doughnut for Qin Guan. It was a boring, kind task, but someone had to do it.

"What's your name?"

"Qin Guan."

"Age?"

"22."

"Occupation?"

"College student."

"Huh? Something is wrong here. How could a college student cause a public riot?"

"It was not a riot. His fans were just trying to express their joy..."

The officer gestured, interrupting Qu. "I'm questioning him. Who are you?"

Qu gave him a business card, trying to express her opinion in the nicest possible way. "Qin Guan's lawyer is on the way. The man who called the police was just trying to save him. That can't be a crime!"

"That remains to be determined. Was there any damage to public property? Was public security risked? Did you register the event at the administrative office? You are too careless when it comes to your job!"

Qu tried to suppress her anger. How was she supposed to know that the record company would release the single that day? It was just a video clip after all. Neither Qin Guan nor Qu had paid any attention to it.

Qin Guan pulled at Qu's sleeve in an effort to calm her down. The officer was being mean to him for no reason, so all they could do was wait for Cui Ming quietly.

They both answered the man's questions. As a Chinese guy with great viability, Qin Guan tried to make things better for himself.

The officer finished questioning him and went into another office. Taking advantage of his absence, Qin Guan tried to put on a performance.

"Hey, beautiful. May I have some water?"

Qin Guan looked at the receptionist with a helpless expression. His black eyes were misty as he pursed his lips and fixed his eyes on the coffee in her hand.

The receptionist was a black girl of about 90 kilos. She flushed at his look. She just couldn't control herself in front of the young man.

"What would you like? William is taking this too far. This is a police station, not a high-security prison. An innocent young man

shouldn't be tortured like this. Wait a minute..."

The girl left and came back in two minutes with a tray.

"Mineral water, juice and coffee. Make yourself at home!"

Qu was ignored once again.

Qin Guan smiled shyly at the receptionist. "Thank you so much! You are such a kind girl..." Then he looked at the young policeman. "You too. You are the hero who saved my life!"

The young man was shocked by the acknowledgment. He felt as refreshed as if he had drunk a glass of iced water in the summer.

"You are welcome. I was just doing my duty..."

Qin Guan kept acting. By the time William came back, the whole office was captivated by him.

"You and your oriental magic! Don't try to play tricks on me!"

"What tricks?"

Before the man could finish his threat, he heard a familiar voice behind him. The Police Chief was standing at the entrance of the messy office with his right-hand men.

Another voice came just in time. "Hello, I'm Cui. I'm Qin Guan's lawyer!"

Cui Ming had appeared like the Savior, followed by Xu. The charged atmosphere eased up immediately. William's attitude changed when he saw his superior, and he sighed helplessly at the arrival of Qin Guan's lawyer.

Cui started taking care of the standard procedure as the Chief met with Qin Guan and Qu in his office.

Chapter 593: An Invitation From The Sergeant

"Nice to meet you, I'm Henry, the Chief of the station."

"Nice to meet you, Henry. What can I do for you?"

"Ha! Chinese people are so eager to help. My friends were right. Actually, I have two problems that need solving..."

Qu was alarmed. The Chief was an old fox, so she had to be careful around him.

"You could talk to our lawyer about those problems. I'm sorry, but we can't agree to any terms like this."

Henry was shocked by her words. She seemed to be on her guard about any possible danger. The man burst into laughter.

"You misunderstood! What I want has nothing to do with my job, but it is relative to yours."

"This is usually the job of our PR department, but I would like to take over. I'm the one talking face to face with a celebrity after all. Everyone knows that the image of the police is an essential part of a city."

Qin Guan and Qu relaxed. They thought that the Chief would ask them to be his spies or something else along that line. Considering that they were both Chinese though, that would be impossible...

As they talked about the job, Qu got a grip on herself again.

"Could you please describe the job for me?" she asked. Qin Guan's schedule was fixed after all. It was hard to add something spontaneously.

"Well, it's pretty simple, actually. In late September and early October, we will be shooting a short film of public interest regarding community service. As you know, a lot of defendants

tried in New York are sentenced to community service, especially younger criminals. Most people are unsatisfied with the results though. The majority of the defendants just muddle through the work without being productive."

"Therefore, the New York Police and the municipal government want to promote the importance of community service. The job will only take a day."

Qu took out her notebook and saw that Qin Guan had some free time then. The Milan Fashion Week would have ended by that time. She nodded at the Chief. "What about the second problem?"

Henry seemed awkward at the question. He fixed his clothes and sat up properly.

"That is a private affair of our station. At the end of the year, a New Year Police Party will be held all over America. Except for the policemen on duty, all junior policemen will take part and have a good time. This event promotes the cooperation between different departments and reduces stress."

"Of course, our seniors will be having another party, which is strictly exclusive. All the guests invited are private connections of the sergeants. You must be aware that destiny ties colleagues together. I can't be friends with some guy named Jack from a Los Angeles police station..."

"Each party is very proud... It's easy to find a celebrity in Los Angeles, but in New York our only choice is finding a talented Wall Street broker. As soon as I found out that Qin Guan was in my station, I felt the need to visit you personally and express my sincerity."

"What would beat a two-time Best Actor Award winner? Am I right, my agent?"

The Chief skipped the diplomatic language and talked to them like old friends. Qu had a general idea of the job now.

A short film would be okay. Of course, it would be free of charge. Showing up at the private party will also be free. Considering his value, Qin Guan will suffer a loss.

Putting on her most professional smile, Qu answered, "We would be honored to support the work of the government, but how would Qin Guan get rewarded for his contribution?"

Henry rubbed his hands to hide his excitement. "We will issue medals for the people who have made a great contribution to the community. They will be traditional police badges. How does that sound?"

Qu exchanged a glance with Qin Guan and saw that he was interested. She turned around with a meaningful smile.

"We will be waiting to hear from you. We can't wait to collaborate with you!"

"I am looking forward to it!"

They shook hands, and then Qin Guan and Qu left the meeting room.

The two of them went out of the station feeling relaxed. Xu had already heard about the affair. The rest was left to Cui Ming, who would of course charge them.

Chapter 594: Milan: An Art Paradise

A black-haired girl ran into the office building across the parking lot. She spotted Qin Guan right away.

"It's Qin Guan!" she screamed and rushed up to him with her backpack.

"Qin Guan, may I have your autograph?" She took a pen out of her backpack. Qin Guan had been through this before. He just smiled and took the pen.

"Where?"

"Here!"

The girl pointed to her chest. "On my shirt, so that your signature will lie against my beating heart."

She was really obsessed with Qin Guan. After she got the signature, she stuffed her thumb into her mouth and started biting her nails. What should I do now? Should I let him go or kiss him?

As she was absorbed into her happy thoughts, a horrible urgent voice was suddenly heard from the building. "Rosalie, what are you doing there? Come here! Come home with me!"

It was actually the old policeman. He fixed his eyes on Qin Guan's back with the thought of shooting him.

That Asian magician has made my daughter fall in love with him! There are posters of him everywhere at home! She even organized her classmates so they could steal posters from stores and shopping malls!

As a policeman, all he could do was help his daughter.

The girl waved at her father and then rushed over to Qin Guan and kissed him on the jaw. She had aimed higher, but he was a lot taller than her.

The roar of the policeman echoed through the whole parking lot.

Feeling guilty, Qin Guan and the other bystanders ran to their cars as soon as possible and left the crime scene fast. The upset man felt the desire to shoot them. Curses were heard from afar.

"Wait for me, you f*cking bastard!"

"Ha ha!" Xu Xiaoxiao was the first to burst into laughter. That explained why the policeman hated Qin Guan. Never underestimate a father's rage. They would hurt anyone who tried to get close to their little girl.

Qin Guan's adventure at the police station was only a tiny interlude in his life though. Meanwhile, his team was getting ready for the trip to the Milan Fashion Week. Unlike their previous trips, Qin Guan didn't have to fight alone for a part-time job at this event.

He had received an official invitation from the organizing committee. He was going to be the representative of all the Chinese models at the event, which was the pride of Milan. Milan Fashion Week was among the top four international fashion weeks, and all the brands that were invited or had qualified to attend it were top brands in their own countries.

Rising stars would also get a chance to shine on the last day. If they had a powerful enough background and an outstanding concept, they would get to participate in the event. Milan Fashion Week was considered a weatherglass for the sales of top brands. It certainly deserved that title.

Therefore, Qin Guan had not accepted any offers for little money, like he had at the Beijing Fashion Week, or rejected any offers from unfamiliar parties, like he had in New York.

He would go to Milan as an ambassador of both Armani and China.

A group of people went out of the terminal in Milan. Several business cars were waiting for them at the exit. Even though this

was the capital of fashion, they still stood out.

The group was led by two Asian women. The first one was cool and decisive, and the second one was very capable at dealing with men. The man following them was exquisite. Although he was surrounded by others, he was still under the spotlight.

He was wearing a traditional Chinese garment made of black silk, a pair of loose pants and a pair of cloth shoes. His outstanding demeanor resembled that of an immortal.

To the people of Milan, the man seemed like a gift from Heaven.

There were 20 people following him, including Yin's group and his exclusive stylist. They got into their cars quickly, leaving the bystanders to stare at their backs.

Milan was one of the biggest metropolitan areas in the world. Its important economic status had nothing to do with the Fashion Week though. One needed to pay attention to its art and culture.

Four percent of the most treasured art in the world was in Milan, and all top fashion brands had independent agencies there. More than half of the top-brand headquarters were located in the city, which was a holy place for international designers.

The Duomo di Milano reached the sky like white flames, showing the might of the fashion capital. The great Leonardo da Vinci had left his best paintings there, and the La Scala Theater Orchestra was the most popular international opera.

Chapter 595: Marco Polo's Contribution

Milan was the cradle of Armani, Versace, Prada, Valentino, Moschino, and Dolce & Gabbana... They had all started and developed their businesses there before they had spread all over the world.

Ever since the Renaissance, the city had dedicated itself to art and inspired countless artists.

Milan was a fascinating city for many people.

Qin Guan's agents were talking about his schedule with the staff of the organizing committee. The long list annoyed Qin Guan.

Although there were three days left before the opening show, Qin Guan had to spend his free time working hard. That afternoon would be his only spare time in Milan.

It was a rare opportunity for him to see the city. He wouldn't work all day long, so he wanted to take a food trip around Milan.

Milan had excellent Italian food to offer after all. There were Michelin restaurants everywhere in the city.

When one talked about the historical origins of Chinese and Italian food, they couldn't avoid talking about Marco Polo's carelessness.

His journey to China had made him fall in love with the mysterious oriental cuisine. As a culture ambassador, he had brought the delicious food back to Italy. It was a pity that he had not been an intelligent man though. Chinese dishes were very complicated, and all he had remembered was that in China noodles were served with sauce. He had known nothing about the precise cooking method used. He had also remembered that pancakes were filled, but had not known how to wrap them up with paste.

Lastly, he had known about something called wonton, but forgotten how to cook it. He had just recreated the original food

according to his weak memories.

Italians loved pasta, pizza and wonton soup now. Shocked by the delicious food, Europeans honored the Italian cuisine by naming it the second best in Europe.

After the meeting, Qin Guan and the other two ladies decided to try Italian food. They walked along the dark picturesque streets, heading to a restaurant with original Italian dishes.

The traditional Italian stewed rice in combination with the uniquely-cooked meat could give a person magical powers.

AL PONTE DE FERR was a unique restaurant. The food there was delicious, and the view was exquisite.

The customers could look over the canal amid the cool autumn breeze. Under the lamplight down by the river, people felt ready to enjoy a rare beautiful night in Milan.

As Chinese foodies, Qin Guan and his friends ordered traditional Italian rice as an appetizer.

People said that, other than Asians, it was Italians who liked rice the most. According to an Italian saying, rice was born in the water and it died in red wine.

The grains were soaked in the juices of other ingredients, which made them look full and crystal-like. The sliced meat, sausage and vegetables created a very diverse dish.

The rice was covered by rich Parma cheese, which made it smell amazing. The stewed Italian pork stimulated everyone's appetite.

Qin Guan wondered if Marco Polo had been to the Northeast of China, because the traditional Italian dish resembled a unique dish from that area. Italians had just replaced the vermicellis with onion and cabbage.

The white Lugana wine made them feel like they were walking on clouds. The beautiful night and delicious food made them relax

and look forward to the fashion celebration.

It was a nice September day in 2003. Qin Guan got up early in the morning and his stylist got busy working on him. This would be his debut in Milan, so he had to be perfect.

His short hair was clean and clear, and there was no powder on his face, only some moistening milk.

He was wearing a traditional outfit designed by Yin Changtao. His upper body was bare. When he put the top on, a boy swallowed his saliva shamelessly.

The sound was deafening in the quiet room, which caused some kind laughter. The boy tried to defend himself.

"I can't help it, he is really tempting. His body is like a gift from God."

"Your reaction was natural. I have been working with him for half a year now, but sometimes I still get distracted..."

Chapter 596: Traditional Chinese Costumes

Xue Wanyi put on a pair of cloth shoes that were comfortable to walk in. They would be perfect for work that day.

Sister Xue and Qu exchanged a glance and cheered up.

"Acting independently is good for you!"

Then they turned to their hero, Qin Guan.

"Are you ready?

"Yes!"

"Let's go!"

They pushed the door open together. Their team was waiting outside, and so was Qin Guan's guide Alessandro, who saluted them. "Follow me, please!"

Flashlights were twinkling at the entrance of the hotel. The reporters, who had been waiting there for a long time, pointed their microphones and cameras at Qin Guan. There was still dew on their clothes.

"Mr. Qin Guan, is this your first time in Milan? What do you think of the city?"

"Do you like it here?"

"Mr. Qin Guan, may we know what your schedule will be in Milan?"

Qin Guan looked back and saw that some hotel residents were jammed at the entrance by the crowd.

He turned his head around with a professional smile. Alessandro whispered something to him just in time.

He didn't answer any of the questions. Instead, he pointed to a street not far from the hotel.

"Thank you for your warm welcome. My first job in Milan is over

there. If you are interested, you can take a look. I'll be very happy to go with you. We should give the hotel residents a chance to go out though..."

Then he winked at the guests jammed at the entrance.

The reporters relaxed. Qin Guan was kind and considerate with everyone. He was a sweet guy with a soft heart.

They all followed him out on the street. Before the security guards could arrive, the crowd had already dispersed automatically.

The location was an ancient alley with plain paved roads and moss growing in dark corners.

The high roofs of the old houses blocked most of the sunshine in the alley, making it seem gloomy.

Qin Guan's first task was to shoot some promotion photos for the Fashion Week. He could take any pictures he liked, regardless of the style and outfit.

Of course, if the photos were not good enough, the organizing committee would throw them away and not invite him again next year.

The photographer took all his cameras out, and the lighting master assembled all his tools. They wanted to get to work as soon as possible.

Sister Xue took out a small camera to take a street snap for Qin Guan's fans. She also had a laptop on hand for gathering data.

"Are you ready, Qin Guan? There are no fixed poses. Just move as you like!" the official photographer of the Milan Fashion Week told him.

Qin Guan nodded and fixed his costume. Then he spread his arms and leaned against the wall. A lone beam of sunshine was hitting his face like a kiss from the rising sun.

Everyone looked away from his face and focused on the clothes on his body. The black silk had a unique noble texture with no color or pattern.

It was not a simple outfit by any means though. It was actually very soft and fine. Besides the silk clothes, there was also a thin white linen coat. It was a combination of traditional Chinese garments and Western clothes, so the pure white color was not flamboyant. It actually looked like a traditional Chinese landscape painting.

Qin Guan's pose made him look like an immortal.

The camera started functioning as the reporters got lost in the scene.

Chapter 597: Tough Questions

Qin Guan opened his eyes. Instead of calm and cool, he was happy and relaxed. He began to jump on the paved road on one leg like a naughty boy. Everyone felt his inner delight.

The paved road reminded Qin Guan of his childhood, when the girls used to play hopscotch without the boys.

The audience was just as pleased. The atmosphere was warm and harmonious, unlike the first scene, which had been very solemn.

The reporters were all affected. A brave one began to ask questions.

"Qin Guan, is this your first invitation to an international fashion week? How are you feeling?"

As the flashlights blinked, Qin Guan walked in leisurely, as if he was crossing his own garden. He thought for a moment.

"Yes, it's my first trip to Milan. My feelings are really complicated right now. I couldn't express them with words, if I tried. If you insist though, I would compare Milan to the most famous seafood pizza in Italy. I love its profound content."

The Milanese nodded in agreement. Seafood pizza is delicious...

The reporters were confused by his answer, but it was their job to ask questions.

"As far as we know, you moved to the US in 2002 and became a top model in one year. Even though you had been working in this industry in China for a full three years, you didn't manage to reach this level back at home. Is this because your laggard nation blocked your way? In other words, did China's rigid system limit your professional development?"

As soon as he finished his question, the reporters tried to keep some distance from him.

What a brave man! He brought nation and race into the conversation. Is he an idiot?

Actually, it was a Russian reporter who was very respected among his Italian and French peers.

Qin Guan didn't mind the question. He stopped jumping and turned around, looking fierce and aggressive.

He struck a perfect pose at the reporters, as if he was on the T stage of a top show.

"As you see, my steps and poses were taught by a Chinese instructor. In three months, I was able to perform independently in a public show."

Qin Guan began to walk as if he was floating on a cloud. He looked like an immortal in Heaven. The white linen and black silk were floating behind him like steaming clouds.

"A different tutor helped me cultivate my inner temperament. In six months, I became a flexible model qualified to work for high-end brands. I owe all my achievements to what I learned in my motherland. Without my three-year training back at home, there would be no Qin Guan, let alone an Asian top model in an international fashion week."

The atmosphere around him changed again. He was not a gentle man anymore. The temperature suddenly dropped.

"My country is not behind on fashion. On the contrary, it has a historical sense of beauty that would impress any fashion capital."

"It is China, and not some foreign country, that helped me succeed in the international fashion circle!"

Qin Guan finished speaking and returned to his team. He sat down slowly on a small chair.

The reporters were convinced by his firm answer. Models were always good at stage performance, but not at dealing with the

acute questions of the media.

The Asian model was fluent in expressing himself and very good at selecting the right words. It sounded as if he had rehearsed his answer in his mind dozens of times.

The Russian reporter left silently, but the other reporters used all their tools to take advantage of this chance. They all gathered in the small alley. An Italian policeman stopped by a couple of times.

I would prefer meeting a female model. What a pity!

Qin Guan's first task was finished smoothly. When a business car pulled up to the alley, the reporters realized that their time was up. There were photographers standing along the street, waiting to take a picture of Qin Guan's back as he left.

Chapter 598: A Love For Fur

The car drove away, leaving smoke behind it.

"Don't block the way!" the policeman shouted at the lingering reporters.

It was hard for those lazy Italians to be diligent. After the crowd dispersed, the policeman took out his phone in secret with a gentle expression on his face. There were photos of Qin Guan on it.

"God..." The man kissed the screen and put the phone back in his pocket carefully. Love was love, regardless of nationality, race or gender. In that romantic country, there were Casanovas everywhere.

Qin Guan attended the Gucci press conference. He was not the brand's ambassador, but he had been invited by the organizing committee.

Top brands held small press conferences before the Fashion Week as a way of testing the waters. Any designs that got a negative reaction would be cut from the formal conference.

The people invited were all VIPs in the fashion circle. As a top model, Qin Guan had been assigned to different shows as a representative of Chinese models in Milan.

It was his first time sitting under the stage among the audience. He also had the right to reject or approve a design, which was wonderful.

The empty chairs around him were gradually occupied by the audience. Some spectators were acquaintances, while others were complete strangers.

Qin Guan had no idea that the people there were all fashion insiders and designers from different countries. Maybe they weren't enjoying worldwide fame, but they were all god-like figures in their own countries.

Kim Sheji from South Korea was sitting next to Qin Guan. His specialty was designing wedding dresses. On Qin Guan's other side sat Rei Kawakubo, one of the most famous designers in Japan. The two of them were among the top designers in the Asian fashion circle.

Qin Guan felt their gazes on him. He could actually answer their questions in both Korean and Japanese!

This impressed the men a lot. A top designer needed a good modeling team, and a top model had to be good at understanding instructions and performing.

Even though he was still young, Qin Guan had managed to reach that level in a few years. His talent at languages was evident to everyone around him.

The designers kept this in mind and considered opening a door for Qin Guan in the future if there was a chance of cooperation.

Some people were shocked. It was said that Armani didn't speak English, so being fluent in Italian was a must for working as an exclusive model for him.

Qin Guan was Chinese, but he also spoke Japanese and Korean. Plus, he was a college student in America, which meant that he could speak five different languages.

If he was not a model, he would have been considered a genius.

Suddenly, the host announced the opening of the show. The curtain opened and the models started walking on the stage one by one. They were all wearing the sample collection.

As the show went on, Qin Guan grew more and more serious.

The models were dressed in luxurious colorful outfits. They all looked gorgeous, but they were made of various types of fur.

Qin Guan could tell by the stripes and spots on the clothes. A jaguar, a python, a zebra and a snow fox had given their lives for

those outfits.

That year, Gucci had chosen luxurious fur for their new collection. They were a favorite of women and a symbol of talent.

Qin Guan was holding a piece of paper in his hand. It was his feedback for Gucci. The simple questions on the paper were very difficult for him to answer.

Although he was hated and rejected by animals, the fur on the stage still made him uncomfortable.

Qin Guan had never accepted an offer from a brand that used animal fur. He had even avoided leatherware made of rare animals. On his first night at the Milan Fashion Week though, he saw a whole collection made of fur.

He didn't know what to say. After the models left the stage, he wrote something firmly down on the paper.

Sheepskin and cattle hide are enough. Spare those rare wild animals!

He had a soft heart deep down.

Chapter 599: The Sicilians

There was a box in the hallway, where the audience could throw their papers when the conference ended.

Qin Guan watched his paper get buried under the others. He wondered if the Gucci staff would read it.

Sister Xue pulled him towards a big board composed by logos of different brands. The board showcased the formidable array of the Fashion Week participants.

There were plenty of cameras pointed at the board, recording the controversial people that passed by.

Qin Guan stood out among the designers. He definitely qualified for an independent interview, but the shy Asian preferred to stay at home after work. He had never said yes to an interview. If it weren't for the Milan Fashion Week, the reporters wouldn't have been able to catch him.

"Qin Guan, say hello to the Italian public!"

The Italian radio and television station was very popular, its fashion news section especially so. It actually had an audience rating of 70%.

Qin Guan waved at the camera with a splendid smile.

"Qin Guan, will you get a new job in the next six months? A little bird told me that Gucci is negotiating with Armani. They both want you to be their ambassador in 2004. Is that true?"

What little bird? Qin Guan had no idea about this.

"I'm impressed by your knowledgeable sources. Neither I nor my agent have heard about this. As far as I know, Old Giorgio Armani would never abandon a poor Asian boy like me..."

Qin Guan spread his hands towards the camera in mock sadness.

The reporter seemed amused. He didn't repeat the question

though. Instead, he moved on to the next one. "You have shot films in London, France and New York. Would you cooperate with an Italian director too?"

The sudden change of topic confused Qin Guan, but he still smiled wide. Even the Italians were obsessed with his smile.

"If it was a good script and a responsible director, I'd look forward to it!"

The reporter was so close to Qin Guan that his smile shocked him. The rest of the reporters rushed over.

Do you see him, my Italian brothers and sisters? Come and look at the fairy! Quick!

The interview was postponed again and again. In that country, a scheduled timetable didn't mean much after all. Qin Guan returned to his hotel late in the evening.

All the TV stations in Italy were focused on the fashion celebration. They all reported news about the festival, so more and more Italians got to know the beautiful Asian model.

As a country full of beautiful people, Italy was famous for its high standards. Qin Guan still impressed everyone though. Young people began to search for news about him online. He had managed to enter their secret world.

The island of Sicily was located at the southern point of the country, separate from the European continent. People there spoke Italian with a heavy accent. The natives were very tightly united and had their own social network.

The kinship among families connected all the residents on the island like a spider web. Their strict hierarchical relationship was very much like the old Chinese villages that shared a common family name.

Sicily was also the origin of the Italian Mafia.

Italians were cowards when it came to international battles, so their honor lay in their families instead of their country.

Only in China and Italy could one find such united mafia families.

The Salvador family, which was the largest family in Sicily, was having a big party in its manor. This was a good chance for friends and relatives to exchange information.

The TV was on, but only the girls had some spare time to enjoy an ice-cream and watch a TV program.

Their parents were drinking beer behind them, complaining about the difficulties of the business. Suddenly, a kid's voice was heard.

"Laura likes that boy!"

It was a girl with curly brown hair, who was looking at Qin Guan's smiling face on the TV. Michael, who was the most handsome boy in the room, felt jealous. He tried to attract Laura's attention.

"But he is Chinese... I know that country! It's filled with labor workers!"

The adults stopped talking. They held their laughter back as they listened carefully to the two kids.

Chapter 600: Warmth

"But he is different! He is a model. A model! Did you know that?"

Michael shook his head and had another bite of sausage gloomily. Laura held her head high proudly and pointed at the TV.

"Our dads always read such magazines. The people on them hardly wear any clothes. They are all models."

Michael sniffled. "You mean the magazines mom throws away? My dad takes them back secretly. If he is a model, you can't like him."

"Why?"

"He is too poor to afford clothes..."

"Ha ha!"

The adults burst into laughter. The children's words inspired them though.

"I heard that Chinese guy won two Best Actor Awards. He has shot films in different European cities."

"Yes. Should we invest in a movie considering the tough economic situation?"

"Stop joking! None of us knows anything about that industry. Besides, Italian films do not have a good reputation..."

As an authentic Sicilian family, they had lawyers and other people working for them, who were far smarter and better at solving such problems.

"But he said that he would like to work with a good director and a good script..."

"That would be simple. We could just find an Italian director."

"Nobody would dare turn down our money."

Just like that, a strange financial group formed, with a film

starring Qin Guan as their ideal investment plan.

After working for a whole day, the models were presented with two choices on the evening of the Fashion Week.

The first one was perfect for the average model who was focused on his or her career and public relations. They could attend the customary party before the festival, which brought together top designers from different countries. That event would help along their career and contacts.

The second choice was for people like Qin Guan, who were inclined to keep a distance from big crowds. Most of them were anti-social, but Qin Guan was just lazy.

He would rather call his girlfriend, put on a comfortable robe and say goodnight.

Sister Xue also felt good about the arrangement. Before sleeping, she uploaded the new photos on the blog.

There was a group of thirsty fans waiting for the photos like cubs crying out for food.

"The page has been updated!"

The news were spreading online. All the fans went crazy over the photos. They were even jealous of the wall that Qin Guan had touched.

Even the cab and the lonely fire hydrant in the background of the pictures became objects of obsession. They had been part of Qin Guan's journey after all.

"In my next life, I want to be a prop next to you..."

"What if Qin Guan was reborn as a tough man in his next life?" Wood objected. He was the one closest to reality.

Qin Guan didn't participate in the discussion. The receiver had fallen from his hand and landed on the blanket. He had fallen asleep.

The gentle voice of a woman could be heard through the receiver. Then there was a beep... She had hung up.

A greeting from her lover was enough for her.

The next day, the weather was sunny again. Qin Guan and some top models from other countries were waiting in the small backstage area. Assistants were holding clothes from different brands. It was a silent battle of the brands.

Even the best models had to work in that plain room.

People shuttled in the crowded dressing rooms and messy fitting rooms. Even an experienced director couldn't have maintained the order. There were no VIPs or senior executives there. The models had to fight by using their own abilities. Runway shows were important for evaluating a model.

Qin Guan was calmly waiting for his turn to use the fitting room. He seemed like a clear spring in the bustling backstage area.

"Look at that Asian model! Is it Qin Guan?"

"Yes, there is only one Asian man in the opening show!"

"He looks so calm!"

"Of course. He is the only Asian here, and he will be the first one to get on the stage. One has to be brave to get here!"

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